# THE LUCUBRATIONS OF *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq;

*Revised and Corrected by the Author.*

VOL. I.

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα.

Homer.

*LONDON:*

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BRITISH MUSEUM
14 57
OCT

TO

# Mr. *Maynwaring.*

*SIR,*

THE State of Converſation and Buſineſs in this Town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both Kinds; in order to open Men's Eyes againſt ſuch Abuſes, it appeared no unprofitable Undertaking to publiſh a Paper which ſhould obſerve upon the Manners of the Pleaſurable, as well as the Buſy Part of Mankind. To make this generally read, it ſeemed the moſt proper Method to form it by Way of a Letter of Intelligence, conſiſting of ſuch Parts as might gratify the Curioſity of Perſons of all Conditions, and

of each Sex. But a Work of this Nature requiring Time to grow into the Notice of the World, it happen'd very luckily, that a little before I had resolved upon this Design, a Gentleman had written Predictions, and two or three other Pieces in my Name, which had render'd it famous through all Parts of *Europe*; and by an inimitable Spirit and Humour, raised it to as high a Pitch of Reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

By this good Fortune, the Name of *Isaac Bickerstaff* gained an Audience of all who had any Taste of Wit, and the Addition of the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a Multitude of other Readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the Opinion of the Town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same Hand with the first Works which were published under my Name; but before I lost the Participation of that Author's Fame, I had already found the Advantage of his

his Authority, to which I owe the ſudden Acceptance which my Labours met with in the World.

The general Purpoſe of this Paper, is to expoſe the falſe Arts of Life, to pull off the Diſguiſes of Cunning, Vanity and Affectation, and to recommend a general Simplicity in our Dreſs, our Diſcourſe, and our Behaviour. No Man has a better Judgment for the Diſcovery, or a nobler Spirit for the Contempt of all Impoſture, than your ſelf; which Qualities render you the moſt proper Patron for the Author of theſe Eſſays. In the General, the Deſign, however executed, has met with ſo great Succeſs, that there is hardly a Name now eminent among us for Power, Wit, Beauty, Valour or Wiſdom, which is not ſubſcribed, for the Encouragement of theſe Volumes. This is indeed an Honour for which it is impoſſible to expreſs a ſuitable Gratitude; and there is nothing could be

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an Addition to the Pleasure I take in it, but the Reflection that it gives me the most conspicuous Occasion I can ever have of subscribing my self,

*SIR,*

*Your most Obliged, most Obedient, and most Humble Servant,*

**Isaac Bickerstaff.**

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THE

# THE TATLER: BY Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq;*

*Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.*

Tueſday, April 12. 1709.



*HO' the other Papers which are publiſhed for the Uſe of the good People of* England *have certainly very wholeſome Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds, they do not ſeem to come up to the main Deſign of ſuch Narrations, which, I humbly preſume, ſhould be principally intended for the Uſe of politick Perſons who are ſo publick-ſpirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Tranſactions of State. Now theſe Gentlemen, for the moſt Part, being Perſons of ſtrong Zeal, and weak Intellects, it is both a charitable and neceſſary Work to offer ſomething whereby ſuch worthy and well-affected Members of the Commonwealth may be inſtructed, after their Reading,* what to think; *which ſhall be the End and Purpoſe of this my Paper, wherein I ſhall*

*from Time to Time report and conſider all Matters of what Kind ſoever that ſhall occur to me, and publiſh ſuch my Advices and Reflections every* Tueſday, Thurſday *and* Saturday *in the Week, for the Convenience of the Poſt. I reſolve alſo to have ſomething which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have invented the Title of this Paper. I therefore earneſtly deſire all Perſons without Diſtinction, to take it in for the preſent* Gratis, *and hereafter at the Price of one Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to take more for it at their Peril. And I deſire all Perſons to conſider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I reſolved upon it, I had ſettled a Correſpondence in all Parts of the known and knowing World. And foraſmuch as this Globe is not trodden upon by meer Drudges of Buſineſs only, but that Men of Spirit and Genius are juſtly to be eſteemed Agents in it, we ſhall not, upon a Dearth of News, preſent you with muſty Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but ſhall divide our Relation of the Paſſages which occur in Action or Diſcourſe throughout this Town, as well as elſewhere, under ſuch Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner:*

*ALL Accounts of* Gallantry, Pleaſure *and* Entertainment, *ſhall be under the Article of* White's Chocolate-Houſe: Poetry, *under that of* Will's Coffee-houſe; Learning, *under the Title of* Grecian; Foreign *and* Domeſtick News, *you will have from* St. James's Coffee-houſe, *and what elſe I have to offer on any other Subject ſhall be dated from my own Apartment.*

*I ONCE more deſire my Reader to conſider, That as I cannot keep an ingenious Man to go daily to* Will's *under Twopence each Day meerly for his Charges; to* White's *under Sixpence; nor to the* Grecian, *without allowing him ſome plain* Spaniſh, *to be as able as others at the Learned Table; and that a good Obſerver cannot ſpeak with every* Kidney *at St.* James's *without clean Linen; I ſay, theſe Conſiderations will, I hope, make all Perſons willing to comply with my humble Requeſt (when my* Gratis *Stock is exhauſted) of a*

*Penny*

*Penny a-piece; eſpecially ſince they are ſure of ſome proper Amuſement, and that it is impoſſible for me to want Means to entertain them, having, beſides the Force of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by caſting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to paſs.*

*BUT this laſt Faculty I ſhall uſe very ſparingly, and ſpeak but of few Things till they are paſſed, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.*

*White's Chocolate-houſe, April 7.*

THE deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when the Men of Quality firſt appear, is what is very much lamented. His Hiſtory is, That on the 9th of *September*, 1705. being in his one and twentieth Year, he was waſhing his Teeth at a Tavern Window in *Pall Mall*, when a fine Equipage paſſed by, and in it a young Lady who look'd up at him; away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pull'd off his Night-cap, and inſtead of rubbing his Gums, as he ought to do, out of the Window till about four a-clock, ſits him down, and ſpoke not a Word till about twelve at Night; after which he began to enquire if any Body knew the Lady----The Company asked, What Lady? But he ſaid no more, till they broke up at ſix in the Morning. All the enſuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Play-houſe to Play-houſe every Night in the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Boſom. In a Word, his Attention to any Thing but his Paſſion, was utterly gone. He has loſt all the Money he ever play'd for, and been confuted in every Argument he has entred upon ſince the Moment he firſt ſaw her. He is of a noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, and is of a frank honeſt Temper: But this Paſſion has ſo extreamly mauled him, that his Features are ſet

and uninformed, and his whole Viſage is deaden'd, by a long Abſence of Thought. He never appears in any Alacrity, but when raiſed by Wine; at which Time he is ſure to come hither and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Senſe farther than juſt to obſerve, That our poor Lover has moſt Underſtanding when he is drunk, and is leaſt in his Senſes when he is ſober.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 3.

ON *Thurſday* laſt was acted, for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, the celebrated Comedy call'd *Love for Love*. Thoſe excellent Players Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, though not at preſent concerned in the Houſe, acted on that Occaſion. There has not been known ſo great a Concourſe of Perſons of Diſtinction as at that Time; the Stage it ſelf was cover'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, and when the Curtain was drawn, it diſcovered even there a very ſplendid Audience. This unuſual Encouragement, which was given to a Play for the Advantage of ſo great an Actor, gives an undeniable Inſtance, that the true Reliſh for manly Entertainments and rational Pleaſures is not wholly loſt. All the Parts were acted to Perfection: The Actors were careful of their Carriage, and no one was guilty of the Affectation to inſert Witticiſms of his own, but a due Reſpect was had to the Audience, for encouraging this accompliſhed Player. It is not now doubted but Plays will revive, and take their uſual Place in the Opinion of Perſons of Wit and Merit, notwithſtanding their late Apoſtacy in favour of Dreſs and Sound. This Place is very much altered ſince Mr. *Dryden* frequented it; where you uſed to ſee *Songs*, *Epigrams* and *Satires*, in the Hands of every Man you met, you have now only a Pack of Cards; and inſtead of the Cavils about the Turn of the Expreſſion, the Elegance of the Style, and the like, the Learned now diſpute only about the Truth of the

Game. But however the Company is altered, all have ſhewn a great Reſpect for Mr. *Betterton*: And the very Gaming Part of this Houſe have been ſo much touched with a Senſe of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs, (which alter with themſelves every Moment) that in this Gentleman they pitied *Mark Anthony* of *Rome*, *Hamlet* of *Denmark*, *Mithridates* of *Pontus*, *Theodoſius* of *Greece*, and *Henry* the Eighth of *England*. It is well known, he has been in the Condition of each of thoſe illuſtrious Perſonages for ſeveral Hours togther, and behaved himſelf in thoſe high Stations, in all the Changes of the Scene, with ſuitable Dignity. For theſe Reaſons we intend to repeat this Favour to him on a proper Occaſion, leſt he who can inſtruct us ſo well in perſonating feigned Sorrows, ſhould be loſt to us by ſuffering under real ones. The Town is at preſent in very great Expectation of ſeeing a Comedy now in Rehearſal, which is the 25th Production of my honoured Friend Mr. *Thomas D'Urfey*; who, beſides his great Abilities in the Dramatick, has a peculiar Talent in the Lyrick Way of Writing, and that with a Manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the Tranſlations of the Modern *Italian* Opera's.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April* 11.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 16th ſay That Major General *Cadogan* was gone to *Bruſſels*, with Orders to diſperſe proper Inſtructions for aſſembling the whole Force of the Allies in *Flanders* in the Beginning of the next Month. The late Offers concerning Peace were made in the Style of Perſons who think themſelves upon equal Terms: But the Allies have ſo juſt a Senſe of their preſent Advantages, that they will not admit of a Treaty, except *France* offers what is more ſuitable to her preſent Condition. At the ſame

Time we make Preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater Force than that which we are carrying into the Field. Thus this Point ſeems now to be argued Sword in Hand. This was what a Great General alluded to, when being asked the Names of thoſe who were to be Plenipotentiaries for the enſuing Peace, he anſwered with a ſerious Air, *There are about an hundred thouſand of us.* Mr. *Kidney*, who has the Ear of the greateſt Politicians that come hither, tells me, There is a Mail come in to-day with Letters, dated *Hague*, *April* 19. *N. S.* which ſay, a Deſign of bringing Part of our Troops into the Field at the later End of this Month, is now altered to a Reſolution of marching towards the Camp about the 20th of the next. There happened t'other Day, in the Road of *Scheveling*, an Engagement between a Privateer of *Zeeland*, and one of *Dunkirk*. The *Dunkirker*, carrying 33 Pieces of Cannon, was taken and brought into the *Texel*. It is ſaid, the Courier of Monſieur *Rouille* is returned to him from the Court of *France*. Monſieur *Vendoſme* being reinſtated in the Favour of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*, is to command in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Kidney* added, that there were Letters of the 17th from *Ghent*, which give an Account, That the Enemy had formed a Deſign to ſurprize two Battalions of the Allies which lay at *Aloſt*; but thoſe Battalions received Advice of their March, and retired to *Dendermond*, Lieutenant General *Wood* appeared on this Occaſion at the Head of 5000 Foot and 1000 Horſe, upon which the Enemy withdrew, without making any farther Attempt.

*From my own Apartment.*

I AM ſorry I am obliged to trouble the Publick with ſo much Diſcourſe upon a Matter which I at the very firſt mentioned as a Trifle, *viz.* the Death of Mr. *Partridge*, under whoſe Name there is an Almanack come out for the Year 1709. In one

one Page of which it is aſſerted by the ſaid *John Partridge*, That he is ſtill living, and not only ſo, but that he was alſo living ſome Time before, and even at the Inſtant when I writ of his Death. I have in another Place, and in a Paper by it ſelf, ſufficiently convinced this Man that he is dead, and if he has any Shame, I don't doubt but that by this Time he owns it to all his Acquaintance: For though the Legs and Arms and whole Body of that Man may ſtill appear and perform their animal Functions; yet ſince, as I have elſewhere obſerved, his Art is gone, the Man is gone. I am, as I ſaid, concerned, that this little Matter ſhould make ſo much Noiſe; but ſince I am engaged, I take my ſelf obliged in Honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the help of theſe Arts of which I am Maſter, as well as my Skill in Aſtrological Speculations, I ſhall, as I ſee Occaſion, proceed to confute other dead Men, who pretend to be in Being, that they are actually deceaſed. I therefore give all Men fair Warning to mend their Manners, for I ſhall from Time to Time print Bills of Mortality; and I beg the Pardon of all ſuch who ſhall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing ſhall find themſelves in the Number of the Deceaſed.

N° 2. *Thurſday April* 14. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 13.

THERE has lain all this Evening on the Table the following Poem. The Subject of it being Matter very uſeful for Families, I thought it deſerved to be conſider'd, and made more publick. The Turn the Poet gives it is very happy; but the Foundation is from a real Accident which happened among my Acquaintance. A young Gentleman of a great Eſtate fell deſperately in

Love with a great Beauty, of very high Quality, but as ill-natur'd as long Flattery and an habitual Self-will could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her like a Man of Quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever ſaluted her, till it was a Crime to kiſs any Woman elſe. Beauty is a Thing which palls with Poſſeſſion; and the Charms of this Lady ſoon wanted the Support of good Humour and Complacency of Manners. Upon this my Spark flies to the Bottle for Relief from his Satiety. She diſdains him for being tired with that for which all Men envied him; and he never came Home, but it was —— Was there no Sot that would ſtay longer? Would any Man living but you? Did I leave all the World for this Uſage? To which he —— Madam, Split me, you are impertinent! In a Word, this Match was Wedlock in its moſt terrible Appearances. She, at laſt weary with Railing to no Purpoſe, applies to a good Uncle, who gives her a Bottle of Water: The Vertue of this powerful Liquor (ſaid he) is ſuch, that if the Woman you marry proves a Scold, (which, it ſeems, my dear Niece, is your Misfortune; as it was your good Mother's before you,) let her hold ſix Spoonfuls in her Month for a full half Hour after you come Home —— But I find I am not in Humour for telling a Tale, and nothing in Nature is ſo ungrateful as Story-telling againſt the Grain, therefore take it as the Author has given it you.

## *The MEDICIN.*

### *A Tale — for the Ladies.*

MISS *Molly*, a fam'd Toaſt, was fair and young,
Had Wealth and Charms---but then ſhe had a [Tongue!
From Morn to Night th'Eternal Larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe Hearts her Eyes had won.

SIR

SIR *John* was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual Time, then wed the Dame;
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every Joy of Life;
But his Dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.
Exceſs of Fondneſs did in Time decline,
*Madam* lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine.
From whence ſome petty Diſcords would ariſe,
As, *You're a Fool*; —— and, *You are mighty Wiſe*!

THO' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet;
When ſhe began,—for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then after a faint Kiſs,—— cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*:
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Roſe*.
And, what Sir *John*, You'll get your uſual Doſe!
Go, ſtink of Smoak, and guzzle naſty Wine,
Sure, never virtuous Love was uſ'd like mine!
[Round,

OFT as the watchful Bellman march'd his
At a freſh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By four the Knight would get his Buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture Home,

MY Lady with her Tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! In a ſweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn ſends ſtagg'ring Home a drunken Beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Reſt.
[Spouſe!

HEY! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'rous
What, can't you find one Bed about the Houſe?
Will that perpetual Clack lie never ſtill?
That Rival to the Softneſs of a Mill!
Some Couch and diſtant Room muſt be my Choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noiſe.

LONG this uncomfortable Life they led,
With ſnarling Meals, and each a ſep'rate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his Advice, and ſcarce from Tears refrain.
Old *Wiſewood* ſmoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cauſe.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtick Jars, and Matrimonial Strife,
The beſt Elixir t' appeaſe Man and Wife;
Strange are th'Effects, and Qualities divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his ſullen Airs Sir *John* ſhould come, [Mum:
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth—then
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and [ſcold,
Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold;
One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride.
But, deareſt Niece, keep this grand Secret cloſe,
Or ev'ry prat'ling Huſſy'll beg a Doſe.

A Water-Bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not *Nants* could ſooner eaſe the Lady's Grief:
Her buſy Thoughts are on the Trial bent,
And Female like impatient for th'Event!

[clear,
THE bonny Knight reels Home exceeding
Prepar'd for Clamour and Domeſtick War:
ntring, he cries,——Hey! Where's our Thun-
[der fled!
No Hurricane! *Betty*,'s your Lady dead?
Madam aſide, an ample Mouthful takes, [ſpeaks:
Court'ſies, looks kind, but not a Word ſhe
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a Bow.
Then claſping her about —— Why, let me die!
Theſe Night-cloths, *Moll*, become thee mightily!

With

With that, he ſigh'd, her Hand began to preſs,
And *Betty* calls her Lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, *Molly* —— for I'm much inclin'd:
Her Lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

FOR many Days theſe fond Endearments paſs'd,
The reconciling Bottle fails at laſt: aroſe.
'Twas us'd and gone, —— Then Midnight Storms
And Looks and Words the Union diſcompoſe.
Her Coach is order'd, and Poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her Uncle for ſome freſh Supplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Converſion, and her happy State!

WHY, Niece, ſays he, —— I prithee apprehend
The Water's Water. —— Be thy ſelf thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldeſt Husband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be ſilent and complying, —— You'll ſoon find,
Sir *John* without a Med'cin, will be kind.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 13.*

LETTERS from *Venice* ſay, The Diſappointment of their Expectation to ſee his *Daniſh* Majeſty, has very much diſquieted the Court of *Rome*. Our laſt Advices from *Germany* inform us, That the Miniſter of *Hanover* has urged the Council at *Ratisbonne* to exert themſelves in Behalf of the Common Cauſe, and taken the Liberty to ſay, That the Dignity, the Virtue, the Prudence of his Electoral Highneſs, his Maſter, were called to the Head of their Affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means to make thoſe Excellencies uſeful for the Honour and Safety of the Empire. They write from *Berlin* of the 13th, *O. S.* That the true Deſign of General *Fleming*'s Viſit to that Court was, to inſinuate that it will be for the mutual Intereſt of the

the King of *Pruſſia* and King *Auguſtus* to enter into a new Alliance; but that the Miniſters of *Pruſſia* are not inclined to his Sentiments. We hear from *Vienna*, That his Imperial Majeſty has expreſſed great Satisfaction in their High-Mightineſſes having communicated to him the Whole that has paſſed in the Affair of a Peace. Though there have been Practices uſed by the Agents of *France* in all the Courts of *Europe*, to break the good Underſtanding of the Allies, they have had no other Effect, but to make all the Members concerned in the Alliance, more doubtful of their Safety from the great Offers of the Enemy. The Emperor is rouzed by this Alarm, and the Frontiers of all the *French* Dominions are in Danger of being inſulted the enſuing Campaign. Advices from all Parts confirm, That it is impoſſible for *France* to find a Way to obtain ſo much Credit, as to gain any one Potentate of the Allies, or conceive any Hope for Safety from other Proſpects.

*From my own Apartment, April* 13.

I FIND it of very great Uſe, now I am ſetting up for a Writer of News, that I am an Adept in Aſtrological Speculations; by which Means I avoid ſpeaking of Things which may offend great Perſons. But at the ſame Time I muſt not proſtitute the Liberal Sciences ſo far, as not to utter the Truth in Caſes which do not immediately concern the Good of my Native Country. I muſt therefore contradict what has been ſo aſſuredly reported by the News-Writers of *England*, That *France* is in the moſt deplorable Condition, and that their People die in great Multitudes. I will therefore let the World know, that my Correſpondent, by the way of *Bruſſels*, informs me upon his Honour, That the Gentleman who writes the *Gazette* of *Paris*, and ought to know as well as any Man, has told him, That ever ſince the King has been paſt his 63d Year, or Grand Climacterick,

rick, there has not died one Man of the *French* Nation, who was younger than his Majesty, except a very few, who were taken suddenly near the Village of *Hocstet* in *Germany*; and some more, who were straitned for Lodging at a Place call'd *Ramelies*, and died on the Road to *Ghent* and *Bruges*. There are also other Things given out by the Allies, which are Shifts below a conquering Nation to make Use of. Among others 'tis said, There is a general Murmuring among the People of *France*, tho' at the same Time all my Letters agree, That there is so good an Understanding among them, that there is not one Morsel carried out of any Market in the Kingdom, but what is delivered upon Credit.

N° 3. *Saturday April* 16. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, April* 14.

THIS Evening the Comedy call'd, *The Country Wife*, was acted in *Drury-Lane* for the Benefit of Mrs. *Bignell*. The Part which gives Name to the Play was performed by herself. Through the whole Action she made a very pretty Figure, and exactly entred into the Nature of the Part. Her Husband, in the *Drama*, is represented to be one of those Debauchees who run through the Vices of the Town, and believe when they think fit they can marry and settle at their Ease. His own Knowledge of the Iniquity of the Age makes him chuse a Wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his Security in her Want of Skill how to abuse him. The Poet, on many Occasions, where the Propriety of the Character will admit it, insinuates, That there is no Defence against Vice, but the Contempt of it: And has, in the natural Ideas of an untainted Innocent, shown the gradual Steps to Ruin and Destruction, which Persons

Perſons of Condition run into, without the Help of a good Education how to form their Conduct. The Torment of a jealous Coxcomb, which ariſes from his own falſe Maxims, and the Aggravation of his Pain, by the very Words in which he ſees her Innocence, makes a very pleaſant and inſtructive Satire. The Character of *Horner*, and the Deſign of it, is a good Repreſentation of the Age in which that Comedy was written; at which Time Love and Wenching were the Buſineſs of Life, and the Gallant Manner of purſuing Women was the beſt Recommendation at Court. To which only it is to be imputed, That a Gentleman of Mr *Wycherley*'s Character and Senſe, condeſcends to repreſent the Inſults done to the Honour of the Bed, without juſt Reproof; but to have drawn a Man of Probity with Regard to ſuch Conſiderations, had been a Monſter, and a Poet had at that Time diſcovered his Want of knowing the Manners of the Court he liv'd in, by a virtuous Character in his fine Gentleman, as he would ſhow his Ignorance, by drawing a vicious one to pleaſe the preſent Audience. Mrs. *Bignell* did her Part very happily, and had a certain Grace in her Ruſticity, which gave us Hopes of ſeeing her a very skilful Player, and in ſome Parts, ſupply our Loſs of Mrs. *Verbruggen*. I cannot be of the ſame Opinion with my Friends and Fellow Labourers, the *Reformers of Manners*, in their Severity towards Plays, but muſt allow, that a good Play acted before a well-bred Audience, muſt raiſe very proper Incitements to good Behaviour, and be the moſt quick and moſt prevailing Method of giving young People a Turn of Senſe and Breeding. But as I have ſet up for a Weekly Hiſtorian, I reſolve to be a faithful One; and therefore take this publick Occaſion to admoniſh a young Nobleman, who came fluſter'd into the Box laſt Night, and let him know how much all his Friends were out of Countenance for him. The Women ſate in Terror of hearing

ſome-

ſomething that ſhould ſhock their Modeſty, and all the Gentlemen in as much Pain out of Compaſſion to the Ladies, and perhaps Reſentment for the Indignity which was offered in coming into their Preſence in ſo diſreſpectful a Manner. Wine made him ſay nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon Condition he will never hazard his offending more in this Kind. As I juſt now hinted, I own my ſelf of the Society for *Reformation of Manners*. We have lower Inſtruments than thoſe of the Family of *Bickerſtaff*, for puniſhing great Crimes, and expoſing the Abandoned. Therefore, as I deſign to have Notices from all publick Aſſemblies, I ſhall take upon me only Indecorums, Improprieties and Negligences, in ſuch as ſhould give us better Examples. After this Declaration, if a fine Lady thinks fit to giggle at Church, or a Great Beau come in drunk to a Play, either ſhall be ſure to hear of it in my enſuing Paper: For meerly as a well-bred Man, I cannot bear theſe Enormities.

AFTER the Play we naturally ſtroll to this Coffee-houſe, in Hopes of meeting ſome new Poem, or other Entertainment, among the Men of Wit and Pleaſure, where there is a Dearth at preſent. But it is wonderful there ſhould be ſo few Writers, when the Art is become meerly Mechanick, and Men may make themſelves great that Way, by as certain and infallible Rules as you may be a Joiner or a Maſon. There happens a good Inſtance of this in what the Hawker has juſt now offered to Sale, to wit, *Inſtructions to* Vanderbank; *A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets; A Poem, occaſioned by the Glorious Succeſs of her Majeſty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of* Marlborough, *the laſt Year in* Flanders. Here you are to underſtand, that the Author finding the Poets would not take his Advice, he troubles himſelf no more about them; but has met with one *Vanderbank*, who works in Arras, and makes very good Tapeſtry Hangings: Therefore, in order to cele-

celebrate the Hero of the Age, he claps me together all that can be ſaid of a Man that makes Hangings: As,

*THEN, Artiſt, who doſt Nature's Face expreſs*
*In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dreſs;*
*Doſt figur'd Arras animated leave,*
*Spin a bright Story, or a Paſſion weave*
*By mingling Threads; canſt mingle Shade and Light,*
*Delineate Triumphs, or deſcribe a Fight?*

WELL, what ſhall this Workman do? Why? To ſhow how great an Hero the Poet intends, he provides him a very good Horſe:

*Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain,*
*Arch his high Neck, and graceful ſpread his Mane.*

NOW as to the Intrepedity, the calm Courage, the conſtant Application of the Hero, it is not neceſſary to take that upon your ſelf; you may, in the Lump, bid him you employ, raiſe him as high as he can, and if he does it not, let him anſwer for diſobeying Orders.

*LET Fame and Victory in inferior Sky*
*Hover with ballanc'd Wings and ſmiling fly*
*Above his Head,* &c.

A whole Poem of this Kind may be ready againſt an enſuing Campaign, as well as a Space left in the Canvas of a Piece of Tapeſtry for the principal Figure, while the Under-Parts are working: So that in Effect the Adviſer copies after the Man he pretends to direct. This Method ſhould, methinks, encourage young Beginners: For the Invention is ſo fitted to all Capacities, that by the Help of it a Man may make a Receipt for a Poem. A young Man may obſerve that the Jig of the Thing is, as I ſaid, finding out all that can be ſaid of his Way you employ to

to ſet forth your Worthy. *Waller* and *Denham* had worn out the Expedient of *Advice to a Painter*: This Author has transferred the Work, and ſent his *Advice to the Poets*; that is to ſay, to the *Turners of Verſe*, as he calls them. Well; that Thought is worn out alſo, therefore he directs his Genius to the Loom, and will have a new Set of Hangings in Honour of the laſt Year in *Flanders*. I muſt own to you, I approve extreamly this Invention, and it might be improved for the Benefit of Manufactury: As, ſuppoſe an ingenious Gentleman ſhould write a Poem of Advice to a Callico-Printer; Do you think there is a Girl in *England* that would wear any Thing but *The taking of* Liſle, or *The Battle of* Oudenarde? They would certainly be all the Faſhion, till the Heroes abroad had cut out ſome more Patterns. I ſhould fanſy ſmall Skirmiſhes might do for Under-Petticoats, provided they had a Siege for the Upper. If our Adviſer were well imitated, many induſtrious People might be put to Work. Little Mr. *Dactile*, now in the Room, who formerly writ a Song and a half, is a Week gone in a very pretty Work, upon this Hint: He is writing an Epigram to a young Virgin who knits very well: ('tis a thouſand Pities he is a *Jacobite*) But his Epigram is by way of Advice to this Damſel, to knit all the Actions of the *Pretender* and the Duke of *Burgundy* laſt Campaign in the Clock of a Stocking. It were endleſs to enumerate the many Hands and Trades that may be employed by Poets, of ſo uſeful a Turn as this Adviſer's. I ſhall think of it; and in this Time of Taxes, ſhall conſult a great Critick employed in the Cuſtom-houſe, in order to propoſe what Tax may be proper to put upon Knives, Seals, Rings, Hangings, wrought Beds, Gowns, and Petticoats, where any of thoſe Commodities bear Motto's, or are worked upon Poetical Grounds.

St.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 15.*

LETTERS from *Turin* of the 3d Inſtant, *N. S.* inform us, That his Royal Highneſs employs all his Addreſs in alarming the Enemy, and perplexing their Speculations concerning his real Deſigns the enſuing Campaign. Contracts are entered into with the Merchants of *Milan*, for a great Number of Mules to tranſport his Proviſions and Ammunition. His Royal Highneſs has ordered the Train of Artillery to be conveyed to *Suſa* before the 20th of the next Month. In the mean Time, all Accounts agree, That the Enemy are very backward in their Preparations, and almoſt incapable of defending themſelves againſt an Invaſion, by reaſon of the general Murmurs of their own People; which, they find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them Hopes of a ſpeedy Peace. When theſe Letters were diſpatched, the Marſhal *de Theſſe* was arrived at *Genoa*, where he has taken much Pains to keep the Correſpondents of the Merchants of *France* in Hopes, that Meaſures will be found out to ſupport the Credit and Commerce between that State and *Lyons*; But the late Declaration of the Agents of Monſieur *Bernard*, that they cannot diſcharge the Demands made upon them, has quite diſpirited all thoſe who are engaged in the Remittances of *France*.

*From my own Apartment, April 15.*

IT is a very natural Paſſion in all good Members of the Commonwealth, to take what Care they can of their Families. Therefore I hope the Reader will forgive me, that I deſire he would go to the Play, called the *Stratagem*, this Evening, which is to be acted for the Benefit of my near Kinſman Mr. *John Bickerſtaff*. I proteſt to you, the Gentleman has not ſpoken to me to deſire this Favour; but I have a Reſpect for him, as well in Regard to Conſanguinity, as that he is an intimate Friend of that famous and heroick Actor

Mr.

Mr. *George Powell*, who formerly played *Alexander the Great* in all Places, though he is lately grown ſo reſerved, as to act it only on the Stage.

N° 4. *Tueſday April* 18. 1709.

IT *is uſual with Perſons who mount the Stage for the Cure or Information of the Croud about them, to make ſolemn Profeſſions of their being wholly diſintereſted in the Pains they take for the publick Good. At the ſame Time thoſe very Men, who make Harangues in Pluſh Doublets, and extol their own Abilities and generous Inclinations, tear their Lungs in vending a Drug, and ſhow no Act of Bounty, except it be, that they lower a Demand of a Crown to ſix, nay, to one Penny. We have a Contempt for ſuch paultry Barterers, and have therefore all along informed the Publick, that we intend to give them our Advices for our own Sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to ſome Price in Money, for our more convenient Support in the Service of the Publick. It is certain that many other Schemes have been propoſed to me; as a Friend offered to ſhew me in a Treatiſe he had writ, which he called,* The whole Art of Life, *or,* The Introduction to Great Men, illuſtrated in a Pack of Cards. *But being a Novice at all Manner of Play, I declined the Offer. Another adviſed me, for want of Money, to ſet up my Coach and practiſe Phyſick, but having been bred a Scholar, I feared I ſhould not ſucceed that way neither, therefore reſolved to go on in my preſent Project. But you are to underſtand, that I ſhall not pretend to raiſe a Credit to this Work upon the Weight of my Politick News only, but, as my* Latin *Sentence in the Title-Page informs you, ſhall take any Thing that offers for the Subject of my Diſcourſe. Thus new Perſons as well as new Things, are to come under my Conſideration; as when a* Toaſt *or a* Wit *is firſt pronounced ſuch, you ſhall have the freſheſt Advice of their Preferment from me,*

*me, with a Deſcription of the* Beauty's *Manners, and the* Wit's *Style; as alſo in whoſe Places they are advanced. For this Town is never good-natured enough to raiſe one, without depreſſing another. But it is my Deſign to avoid ſaying any Thing of any Perſon, which ought juſtly to diſpleaſe; but ſhall endeavour, by the Variety of the Matter and Style, to give Entertainment for Men of Pleaſure, without Offence to thoſe of Buſineſs.*

*White's Chocolate-houſe, April* 18.

ALL Hearts at preſent pant for two Ladies only, who have for ſome Time engroſſed the Dominion of the Town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their Excellencies. The Beauty of *Clariſſa* is ſoft, that of *Chloe* piercing. When you look at *Clariſſa*, you ſee the moſt exact Harmony of Feature, Complexion and Shape; you find in *Chloe* nothing extraordinary in any one of thoſe Particulars, but the whole Woman irreſiſtible. *Clariſſa* looks languiſhing; *Chloe*, killing: *Clariſſa* never fails of gaining Admiration; *Chloe*, of moving Deſire. The Gazers at *Clariſſa* are at firſt unconcerned, as if they were obſerving a fine Picture. They who behold *Chloe*, at the firſt Glance diſcover Tranſport, as if they met their deareſt Friend. Theſe different Perfections are ſuitably repreſented by the laſt great Painter *Italy* has ſent us, Mr *Jervaſe*. *Clariſſa* is by that skilful Hand placed in a Manner that looks artleſs, and innocent of the Torments ſhe gives; *Chloe* drawn with a Livelineſs that ſhows ſhe is conſcious, but not affected, of her Perfections. *Clariſſa* is a Shepherdeſs, *Chloe* a Country Girl. I muſt own, the Deſign of *Chloe*'s Picture ſhows, to me, great Maſtery in the Painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the Dreſs he has given her of a Straw-Hat and a Ribband, to repreſent that Sort of Beauty which enters the Heart with a certain Familiarity, and cheats it into a Belief, that

hat it has received a Lover as well as an Object of Love. The Force of their different Beauties is ſeen alſo in the Effects it makes on their Lovers. The Admirers of *Chloe* are eternally gay and well-pleaſed: Thoſe of *Clariſſa*, melancholy and thoughtful. And as this Paſſion always changes the natural Man into a quite different Creature from what he was before, the Love of *Chloe* makes Coxcombs; that of *Clariſſa*, Madmen. There were of each Kind juſt now in this Room. Here was one that whiſtles, laughs, ſings, and cuts Capers, for Love of *Chloe*. Another has juſt now writ three Lines to *Clariſſa*, then taken a Turn in the Garden, then came back again, then tore his Fragment, then called for ſome Chocolate, then went away without it.

*CHLOE* has ſo many Admirers in the Houſe at preſent, that there is too much Noiſe to proceed in my Narration: So that the Progreſs of the Loves of *Clariſſa* and *Chloe*, together with the Bottles that are drank each Night for the one, and the many Sighs which are uttered, and Songs written on the other, muſt be our Subject on future Occaſions.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 18.

LETTERS from the *Hay-market* inform us, That on *Saturday* Night laſt the Opera of *Pyrrhus* and *Demetrius* was performed with great Applauſe. This Intelligence is not very acceptable to us Friends of the Theatre; for the Stage being an Entertainment of the Reaſon and all our Faculties, this Way of being pleaſed with the Suſpence of them for three Hours together, and being given up to the ſhallow Satisfaction of the Eyes and Ears only, ſeems to ariſe rather from the Degeneracy of our Underſtanding, than an Improvement of our Diverſions. That the Underſtanding has no Part in the Pleaſure is evident, from what theſe Letters very poſitively aſſert, to wit, That a great Part of the Performance

ance was done in *Italian*: And a great Critick fell into Fits in the Gallery, at seeing, not only Time and Place, but Languages and Nations confused in the most incorrigible Manner. His Spleen is so extreamly moved on this Occasion, that he is going to publish a Treatise against Opera's, which he thinks have already inclined us to Thoughts of Peace, and if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the War. He has communicated his Scheme to the whole Room, and declared in what Manner Things of this Kind were first introduced. He has upon this Occasion considered the Nature of Sounds in general, and made a very elaborate Digression upon the *London Cries*, wherein he has shown from Reason and Philosophy, why Oysters are cried, Card-Matches sung, and Turneps and all other Vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an Accent and Tone neither natural to Man or Beast. This Piece seems to be taken from the Model of that excellent Discourse of Mrs. *Manly* the School-Mistress, concerning Samplers. Advices from the upper End of *Piccadilly* say, That *May Fair* is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. *Pinkethman* has removed his ingenious Company of Strollers to *Greenwich*. But other Letters from *Deptford* say, the Company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several Heathen Gods and Goddesses, which are to descend in Machines, landed at the *King's Head Stairs* last *Saturday*. *Venus* and *Cupid* went on Foot from thence to *Greenwich*; *Mars* got drunk in the Town, and broke his Landlord's Head, for which he sate in the Stocks the whole Evening; but Mr. *Pinkethman* giving Security that he should do nothing this ensuing Summer, he was set at Liberty. The most melancholy Part of all was, that *Diana* was taken in the Act of Fornication with a Boatman, and committed by Justice *Wrathful*, which has, it seems, put a Stop to the Diversions of the Theatre of *Black Heath*.

*Heath.* But there goes down another *Diana* and a *Patient Griſſel* next Tide from *Billinſgate.*

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April* 18.

THEY write from *Saxony* of the 13th Inſtant, *N. S.* That the Grand General of the Crown of *Poland* was ſo far from entring into a Treaty with King *Staniſlaus*, that he had written circular Letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatinates to join againſt him; declaring that this was the moſt favourable Conjuncture for aſſerting their Liberty.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 23d Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, they have Advices from *Vienna*, which import, That his Electoral Highneſs of *Hanover* had ſignified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himſelf at the Head of the Troops of the Empire, except more effectual Meaſures were taken for acting vigorouſly againſt the Enemy the enſuing Campaign. Upon this Repreſentation the Emperor has given Orders to ſeveral Regiments to march towards the *Rhine*, and diſpatched Expreſſes to the reſpective Princes of the Empire to deſire an Augmentation of their Forces.

THESE Letters add, That an Expreſs arrived at the *Hague* on the 20th Inſtant, with Advice, That the Enemy having made a Detachment from *Tournay*, of 1500 Horſe, each Trooper carrying a Foot-Soldier behind him, in order to ſurprize the Garriſon of *Aloſt*; the Allies, upon Notice of their March, ſent out a ſtrong Body of Troops from *Ghent*, which engaged the Enemy at *Aſche*, and took 200 of them Priſoners, obliging the reſt to retire without making any farther Attempt. On the 22d in the Morning, a Fleet of Merchant-Ships coming from *Scotland*, were attacked by ſix *French* Privateers at the Entrance of the *Meuſe*. We have yet no certain Advice of the Event: But Letters from *Rotterdam* ſay, That a *Dutch* Man of War of forty Guns, which

was Convoy to the ſaid Fleet, was taken, as were alſo eighteen of the Merchants. The *Swiſs* Troops, in the Service of the States, have compleated the Augmentation of their reſpective Companies. Thoſe of *Wirtemberg* and *Pruſſia* are expected on the Frontiers within few Days; and the Auxiliaries from *Saxony*, as alſo a Battalion of *Holſtein*, and another of *Wolfembuttle*, are advancing thither with all Expedition. On the 21ſt Inſtant, the Deputies of the States had a Conference near *Weerden* with the Preſident *Rouille*, but the Matter which was therein debated is not made publick. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* continue at the *Hague*.

*From my own Apartment, April* 18.

I HAVE lately been very ſtudious for Intelligence, and have juſt now, by my Aſtrological Flying-Poſt, received a Packet from *Felicia*, an Iſland in *America*, with an Account that gives me great Satisfaction, and lets me underſtand that the Iſland was never in greater Proſperity, or the Adminiſtration in ſo good Hands, ſince the Death of their late glorious King. Theſe Letters import, That the Chief Miniſter has entered into a firm League with the ableſt and beſt Men of the Nation, to carry on the Cauſe of Liberty, to the Encouragement of Religion, Virtue and Honour. Thoſe Perſons at the Helm are ſo uſeful, and in themſelves of ſuch Weight, that their ſtrict Alliance muſt needs tend to the univerſal Proſperity of the People. *Camillo*, it ſeems, preſides over the Deliberations of State; and is ſo highly valued by all Men for his ſingular Probity, Courage, Affability, and Love of Mankind, that his being placed in that Station has diſſipated the Fears of that People, who of all the World are the moſt jealous of their Liberty and Happineſs. The next Member of their Society is *Horatio*, who makes all the publick Diſpatches. This Miniſter is Maſter of all the

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anguages in Uſe to great Perfection. He is held in the higheſt Veneration imaginable for a ſe-vere Honeſty, and Love of his Country. He lives, n a Court unſullied with any of its Artifi-es, the Refuge of the Oppreſſed, and Terror of ppreſſors. *Martia* has joined himſelf to this ouncil; a Man of moſt undaunted Reſolution nd great Knowledge in Maritime Affairs; fa-nous for deſtroying the Navy of the *Franks*, and ingularly happy in one Particular, That he never referred a Man who has not proved remarkably erviceable to his Country. *Philander* is mention-d with particular Diſtinction, a Nobleman who as the moſt refined Taſte of the true Pleaſures nd Elegance of Life, joined to an indefatigable nduſtry in Buſineſs: A Man eloquent in Aſſem-lies, agreeable in Converſation, and dextrous in ll Manner of publick Negotiations. Theſe Let-ers add, That *Verono*, who is alſo of this Coun-il, has lately ſet Sail to his Government of *Pa-icia*, with Deſign to confirm the Affections of the eople in the Intereſts of his Queen. This Miniſter Maſter of great Abilities, and is as induſtrious nd reſtleſs for the Preſervation of the Liberties f the People, as the greateſt Enemy can be to ubvert them. The Influence of theſe Perſona-es, who are Men of ſuch diſtinguiſhed Parts nd Virtues, makes the People enjoy the utmoſt Tranquillity in the midſt of a War, and gives hem undoubted Hopes of a ſecure Peace from heir Vigilance and Integrity.

N° 5. *Thurſday April* 21. 1709.

*White's Chocolate Houſe, April* 20.

*WHO names that loſt Thing, Love, without a Tear,*
*Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred Cuſtoms here?*
*To an exact Perfection they have brought*
*The Action, Love, the Paſſion is forgot.*

THIS was long ago a witty Author's Lamentation, but the Evil ſtill continues; and if a Man of any Delicacy were to attend the Diſcourſes of the young Fellows of this Age, they would believe there were none but Proſtitutes to make the Objects of Paſſion. So true it is what the Author of the above Verſes ſaid, a little before his Death, of the Modern Pretenders to Gallantry: "They ſet up for Wits in this Age, by ſaying, "when they are ſober, what they of the laſt "ſpoke only when they were drunk". But *Cupid* is not only blind at preſent, but dead-drunk; he has loſt all his Faculties: Elſe how ſhould *Celia* be ſo long a Maid, with that agreeable Behaviour? *Corinna*, with that ſprightly Wit? *Lesbia*, with that Heavenly Voice? And *Sacharissa*, with all thoſe Excellencies in one Perſon, frequent the Park, the Play, and murder the poor Tits that drag her to publick Places, and not a Man turn pale at her Appearance? But ſuch is the fallen State of Love, that if it were not for honeſt *Cynthio*, who is true to the Cauſe, we ſhould hardly have a Pattern left of the ancient Worthies that Way: And indeed he has but very little Encouragement to perſevere; but he has a Devotion, rather than Love, for his Miſtreſs, and ſays,

*Only tell her that I love,*
*Leave the reſt to her and Fate;*
*Some kind Planet from above*
*May, perhaps, her Paſſion move:*
*Lovers on their Stars muſt wait.*

BUT the Stars I am ſo intimately acquainted with, that I can aſſure him he will never have her: For would you believe it? Tho' *Cynthio* has Wit, Good Senſe, Fortune, and his very Being depends upon her, the Termagant for whom he ſighs, is in Love with a Fellow, who ſtares in the Glaſs all the Time he is with her, and lets her plainly ſee, ſhe may poſſibly be his Rival, but

never his Miſtreſs. Yet *Cynthio*, the ſame unhappy Man whom I mentioned in my firſt Narrative, pleaſes himſelf with a vain Imagination, that with the Language of his Eyes, now he has found who ſhe is, he ſhall conquer her, though her Eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the Sex. It is certainly a Miſtake in the Antients to draw the little Gentleman, *Love*, as a blind Boy; for his real Character is a little Thief that ſquints. For ask Mrs. *Meddle*, who is a Confident, or Spy, upon all the Paſſions in Town, and ſhe will tell you, that the whole is a Game of Croſs-Purpoſes. The Lover is generally purſuing one who is in Purſuit of another, and running from one that deſires to meet him. Nay, the Nature of this Paſſion is ſo juſtly repreſented in a ſquinting little Thief, (who is always in a double Action) that do but obſerve *Clariſſa* next Time you ſee her, and you will find, when her Eyes have made their ſoft Tour round the Company, ſhe makes no Stay on him they ſay ſhe is to marry, but reſts two Seconds of a Minute on *Wildair*, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any Woman elſe. However, *Cynthio* had a Bow from her t'other Day, upon which he is very much come to himſelf; and I heard him ſend his Maid of an Errand yeſterday without any Manner of Heſitation; a Quarter of an Hour after which he reckoned Twenty, remember'd he was to ſup with a Friend, and went exactly to his Appointment. I ſent to know how he did this Morning, and I find he hath not forgot that he ſpoke to me yeſterday.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 20.

THIS Week being ſacred to Holy Things, and no publick Diverſion allowed, there has been taken Notice of, even here, a little Treatiſe, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion: Dedicated to the Counteſs of* Berkeley. The Title

was ſo uncommon, and promiſed ſo peculiar a Way of Thinking, that every Man here has read it, and as many as have done ſo, have approved it. It is written with the Spirit of one who has ſeen the World enough to undervalue it with good Breeding. The Author muſt certainly be a Man of Wiſdom, as well as Piety, and have ſpent much Time in the Exerciſe of both. The real Cauſes of the Decay of the Intereſt of Religion, are ſet forth in a clear and lively Manner, without unſeaſonable Paſſions; and the whole Air of the Book, as to the Language, the Sentiments, and the Reaſonings, ſhow it was written by one whoſe Virtue ſits eaſie about him, and to whom Vice is throughly contemptible. It was ſaid by one of this Company, alluding to that Knowledge of the World the Author ſeems to have, the Man writes much like a Gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good Mien.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April* 20.

LETTERS from *Italy* ſay, That the Marquis *de Prie*, upon the Receipt of an Expreſs from the Court of *Vienna*, went immediately to the Palace of Cardinal *Paulucci*, Miniſter of State to his Holineſs, and demanded in the Name of his Imperial Majeſty, that King *Charles* ſhould forthwith be acknowledged King of *Spain*, by a ſolemn Act of the Congregation of Cardinals appointed for that Purpoſe: He declared at the ſame Time, That if the leaſt Heſitation were made in this moſt important Article of the late Treaty, he ſhould not only be obliged to leave *Rome* himſelf, but alſo tranſmit his Maſter's Orders to the Imperial Troops to face about, and return into the Eccleſiaſtical Dominions. When the Cardinal reported this Meſſage to the Pope, his Holineſs was ſtruck with ſo ſenſible an Affliction, that he burſt into Tears. His Sorrow was aggravated by Letters which immediately after arri-

ved from the Court of *Madrid*, wherein his Nuncio acquainted him, That upon the News of his Accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a Meſſage to forbear coming to Court; and the People were ſo highly provoked, that they could hardly be reſtrained from inſulting his Palace. Theſe Letters add, That the King of *Denmark* was gone from *Florence* to *Piſa*, and from *Piſa* to *Leghorn*, where the Governor paid his Majeſty all imaginable Honours. The King deſigned to go from thence to *Lucca*, where a magnificent Tournament was prepared for his Diverſion. An *Engliſh* Man of War, which came from *Port-Mahon* to *Leghorn* in ſix Days brought Advice, That the Fleet commanded by Admiral *Whitaker* was ſafely arrived at *Barcelona* with the Troops and Ammunition which he had taken in at *Naples*.

GENERAL *Boneval*, Governor of *Comacchio*, had ſummoned the Magiſtrates of all the Towns near that Place to appear before him, and take an Oath of Fidelity to his Imperial Majeſty, commanding alſo the Gentry to pay him Homage, on Pain of Death and Confiſcation of Goods. Advices from *Swiſſerland* inform us, That the Bankers of *Geneva* were utterly ruined by the Failure of Mr. *Bernard*. They add, That the Deputies of the *Swiſs* Cantons were return'd from *Soleure*, where they were aſſembled at the Inſtance of the *French* Embaſſador; but were very much diſſatisfied with the Reception they had from that Miniſter. 'Tis true, he omitted no Civilities or Expreſſions of Friendſhip from his Maſter, but he took no Notice of their Penſions and Arrears; what further provoked their Indignation was, That inſtead of twenty-five Piſtoles formerly allowed to each Member for their Charge in coming to the Diet, he had preſented them with ſix only. They write from *Dreſden*, That King *Auguſtus* was ſtill buſie in recruiting his Cavalry, and that the *Daniſh* Troops that lately ſerved in *Hungary*, had Orders to be in *Saxony* in the Mid-

dle of *May*, and that his Majesty of *Denmark* was expected at *Dresden* in the Beginning of that Month. King *Augustus* makes great Preparations for his Reception, and has appointed sixty Coaches, each drawn by six Horses, for that Purpose: The Interview of these Princes affords great Matter for Speculation. Letters from *Paris* of the 22d of this Month say, That Mareschal *Harcourt* and the Duke of *Berwick* were preparing to go into *Alsace* and *Dauphine*, but that their Troops were in want of all Manner of Necessaries. The Court of *France* had received Advices from *Madrid*, That on the 7th of this Month the States of *Spain* had with much Magnificence acknowledged the Prince of *Asturias* Presumptive Heir to the Crown. This was performed at *Buen-Retiro*; the Deputies took the Oaths on that Occasion from the Hands of Cardinal *Portocarrero*. These Advices add, That it was signified to the Pope's Nuncio, by Order of Council, to depart from that Court in twenty-four Hours, and that a Guard was appointed to conduct him to *Bayonne*.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 26th Instant inform us. That Prince *Eugene* was to set out the next Day for *Brussels*, to put all Things in a Readiness for opening the Campaign. They add, That the Grand Pensioner having reported to the Duke of *Marlborough* what passed in the last Conference with Mr. *Rouille*, his Grace had taken a Resolution immediately to return to *Great Britain*, to communicate to her Majesty all that has been transacted in that important Affair.

*From my own Apartment, April* 20.

THE Nature of my Miscellaneous Work is such, that I shall always take the Liberty to tell for News such Things (let them have happened never so much before the Time of Writing) as have escaped publick Notice, or have been misrepresented to the World, provided that I am still within Rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any farther than in an incorrectness of Style, and writing

writing in an Air of common Speech. Thus, if any Thing that is ſaid, even of old *Anchiſes* or *Æneas*, be ſet by me in a different Light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inſpire the Love and Admiration of worthy Actions, you will, gentle Reader, I hope, accept of it for Intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a Narrative, the Matter of which I know to be true: It is not only doing Juſtice to the deceas'd Merit of ſuch Perſons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their Power to thank me, but alſo an Inſtance of the Greatneſs of Spirit in the loweſt of her Majeſty's Subjects. Take it as follows:

AT the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by *Vincent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton*'s Regiment, one *Unnion* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happened between theſe two Men a Diſpute about a Matter of Love, which, upon ſome Aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable Hatred. *Unnion* being the Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities even to ſtrike his Rival, and profeſs the Spite and Revenge which moved him to it. The Centinel bore it without Reſiſtance, but frequently ſaid, He would die to be revenged of that Tyrant. They had ſpent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midſt of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Caſtle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell; the *French* preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, called out to his Enemy, Ah, *Valentine!* Can you leave me here? *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the midſt of a thick Fire of the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abbey of *Salſine*, where a Cannon-Ball took off his Head: His Body fell under his Enemy whom he was carrying off. *Unnion* immediately

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forgot his Wound, roſe up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding Carcaſs, crying, Ah, *Valentine!* Was it for me, who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee. He was not by any Means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dreſſed by Force; but the next Day ſtill calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorſe and Deſpair.

IT may be a Queſtion among Men of Noble Sentiments, Whether of theſe unfortunate Perſons had the greater Soul; he that was ſo generous as to venture his Life for his Enemy, or he who could not ſurvive the Man that died, in laying upon him ſuch an Obligation?

WHEN we ſee Spirits like theſe in a People, to what Heights may we not ſuppoſe their Glory may riſe? But (as it is excellently obſerved by *Salluſt*) It is not only to the general Bent of a Nation that great Revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary Genio's that lead them. On which Occaſion he proceeds to ſay, That the *Roman* Greatneſs was neither to be attributed to their ſuperior Policy, for in that the *Carthaginians* excelled; nor to their Valour, for in that the *French* were preferable; but to particular Men, who were born for the Good of their Country, and formed for great Attempts. This he ſays to introduce the Characters of *Cæſar* and *Cato*. It would be entring into too weighty a Diſcourſe for this Place, if I attempted to ſhow, that our Nation has produced as great and able Men for publick Affairs as any other. But I believe the Reader outruns me, and fixes his Imagination upon the Duke of *Marlborough*. It is, methinks, a pleaſing Reflection to conſider the Diſpenſations of Providence in the Fortune of this illuſtrious

rious Man, who, in the Space of forty Years, has paſſed through all the Gradations of Human Life, till he has aſcended to the Character of a Prince, and become the Scourge of a Tyrant, who ſate in one of the greateſt Thrones in *Europe*, before the Man who was to have the greateſt Part in his Downfal had made one Step into the World. But ſuch Elevations are the Natural Conſequences of an exact Prudence, a calm Courage, a well-governed Temper, a patient Ambition, and an affable Behaviour. Theſe Arts, as they are the Steps to his Greatneſs, ſo they are the Pillars of it now it is raiſed. To this her Glorious Son *Great Britain* is indebted for the Happy Conduct of her Arms, in whom ſhe can boaſt, ſhe has produced a Man formed by Nature to lead a Nation of Heroes.

N° 6. *Saturday April* 23. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 22.

I AM juſt come from viſiting *Sappho*, a fine Lady, who writes Verſes, ſings, dances, and can ſay and do whatever ſhe pleaſes, without the Imputation of any Thing that can injure her Character; for ſhe is ſo well known to have no Paſſion but Self-love; or Folly, but Affectation; that now upon any Occaſion they only cry, *'Tis her Way*, and, *That's ſo like her*, without farther Reflection. As I came into the Room, ſhe cries, Oh! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, I am utterly undone. I have broke that pretty *Italian* Fan I ſhowed you when you were here laſt, wherein were ſo admirably drawn our firſt Parents in *Paradiſe* aſleep in each other's Arms. But there is ſuch an Affinity between Painting and Poetry, that I have been improving the Images which were raiſed by that Picture, by reading the ſame Repreſentation in two of our

greateſt Poets. Look you, here are the Paſſages in *Milton* and in *Dryden*. All *Milton*'s Thoughts are wonderfully juſt and natural, in this inimitable Deſcription which *Adam* makes of himſelf in the Eighth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following Lines, where he tells us his Thoughts when he was falling aſleep a little after his Creation:

*While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,*
*From whence I firſt drew Air, and firſt beheld*
*This happy Light; when Anſwer none return'd,*
*On a green ſhady Bank, profuſe of Flowers,*
*Penſive I ſate me down, there gentle Sleep*
*Firſt found me, and with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd*
*My drowned Senſe, untroubled, tho' I thought*
*I then was paſſing to my former State*
*Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve.*

BUT now I can't forgive this odious Thing, this *Dryden*, who in his *State of Innocence* has given my Great Grandmother *Eve* the ſame Apprehenſion of Annihilation on a very different Occaſion; as *Adam* pronounces it of himſelf, when he was ſeized with a pleaſing kind of Stupor and Deadneſs, *Eve* fancies herſelf falling away, and diſſolving in the Hurry of a Rapture. However, the Verſes are very good, and I dont't know but it may be natural what ſhe ſays. I'll read them:

*When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,*
*And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join;*
*A doubtful Trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er,*
*Then Wiſhes and a Warmth unknown before;*
*What follow'd was all Ecſtaſie and Trance,*
*Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance;*
*And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumults toſt,*
*I thought my Breath and my New Being loſt.*

SHE went on, and ſaid a thouſand good Things at Random, but ſo ſtrangely mix'd, that you

you would be apt to ſay, All her Wit is meer good Luck, and not the Effect of Reaſon and Judgment. When I made my Eſcape hither, I found a Gentleman playing the Critick on two other great Poets, even *Virgil* and *Homer*. He was obſerving, that *Virgil* is more judicious than the other in the Epithets he gives his Hero. *Homer*'s uſual Epithet, ſaid he, is Ποδάρκης or Ποδάκης and his Indiſcretion has been often rallied by the Criticks, for mentioning the Nimbleneſs of Foot in *Achilles*, though he deſcribes him ſtanding, ſitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other Circumſtance, however foreign or repugnant to Speed and Activity. *Virgil*'s common Epithet to *Æneas* is *Pius*, or *Pater*. I have therefore conſidered, ſaid he, what Paſſage there is in any of his Hero's Actions, where either of theſe Appellations would have been moſt improper, to ſee if I could catch him at the ſame Fault with *Homer*: And this, I think, is his Meeting with *Dido* in the Cave, where *Pius Æneas* would have been abſurd, and *Pater Æneas* a Burleſque: The Poet has therefore wiſely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus*.

*Speluncam Dido Dux & Trojanus eandem*
*Deveniunt.* ——

Which he has repeated twice in *Juno*'s Speech and his own Narration: For he very well knew, a looſe Action might be conſiſtent enough with the uſual Manners of a Soldier, though it became neither the Chaſtity of a pious Man, nor the Gravity of the Father of a People.

*Grecian Coffee-houſe, April 22.*

WHILE other Parts of the Town are amuſed with the preſent Actions, we generally ſpend the Evening at this Table in Enquiries into Antiquity, and think any Thing News which gives us new Know-

Knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleaſant Entertainment to ourſelves, in putting the Actions of *Homer*'s *Iliad* into an exact Journal.

THIS Poem is introduced by *Chryſes*, King of *Chryſeis*, and Prieſt of *Apollo*, who comes to redemand his Daughter, who was carried off at the taking of that City, and given to *Agamemnon* for his Part of the Booty. The Refuſal he receiveth enrages *Apollo*, who for nine Days ſhower'd down Darts upon them, which occaſioned the Peſtilence.

THE 10th Day *Achilles* aſſembles the Council, and encourages *Calchas* to ſpeak for the Surrender of *Chryſeis* to appeaſe *Apollo*. *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* ſtorm at one another, notwithſtanding which *Agamemnon* will not releaſe his Priſoner, unleſs he has *Briſeis* in her Stead. After long Conteſtations, wherein *Agamemnon* gives a glorious Character of *Achilles*'s Valour, he determines to reſtore *Briſeis* to her Father, and ſends two Heralds to fetch away *Chryſeis* from *Achilles*, who abandons himſelf to Sorrow and Deſpair. His Mother *Thetis* came to comfort him under his Affliction, and promiſes to repreſent his ſorrowful Lamentations to *Jupiter*: But he could not attend it; for the Evening before, he had appointed to divert himſelf for two Days beyond the Seas with the harmleſs *Æthiopians*.

'TWAS the 21ſt Day after *Chryſeis*'s Arrival to the Camp, that *Thetis* went very early to demand an Audience of *Jupiter*. The Means he uſes to ſatisfy her were, to perſwade the *Greeks* to attack the *Trojans*; that ſo they might perceive the Conſequence of contemning *Achilles*, and the Miſeries they ſuffer if he does not head them. The next Night he orders *Agamemnon*, in a Dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the Hopes of obtaining a Victory, and alſo taking the City, without ſharing the Honour with *Achilles*.

ON

ON the 22d in the Morning, he aſſembles the Council, and having made a Feint of raiſing the Siege and retiring, he declares to them his Dream; and, together with *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes*, reſolves on an Engagement.

THIS was the 23d Day, which is full of Incidents, and which continues from almoſt the Beginning of the ſecond Canto to the eighth. The Armies being then drawn up in View of one another, *Hector* brings it about, that *Menelaus* and *Paris*, the two Perſons concerned in the Quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle Combat, which tending to the Advantage of *Menelaus*, was interrupted by a Cowardice infuſed by *Minerva*: Then both Armies engage, where the *Trojans* have the Diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by *Apollo*, they repulſe the Enemy, yet they are once again forced to give Ground; but their Affairs were retrieved by *Hector*, who has a ſingle Combat with *Ajax*. The Gods threw themſelves into the Battel, *Juno* and *Minerva* took the *Grecians* Part, and *Apollo* and *Mars* the *Trojans*: But *Mars* and *Venus* are both wounded by *Diomedes*.

THE Truce for burying the Slain ended the 23d Day, after which the *Greeks* threw up a great Intrenchment to ſecure their Navy from Danger. Councils are held on both Sides. On the Morning of the 24th Day the Battel is renewed, but in a very diſadvantageous Manner to the *Greeks*, who were beaten back to their Retrenchments. *Agamemnon* being in Deſpair at this ill Succeſs, propoſes to the Council to quit the Enterprize, and retire from *Troy*. But by the Advice of *Neſtor*, he is perſwaded to regain *Achilles*, by returning *Chryſeis*, and ſending him conſiderable Preſents. Hereupon *Ulyſſes* and *Ajax* are ſent to that Hero, who continues inflexible in his Anger. *Ulyſſes* at his Return, joins himſelf with *Diomedes*, and goes in the Night to gain Intelligence of the Enemy: They enter into their very Camp, where, finding the Centinels aſleep, they made

made a great Slaughter. *Rhesus*, who was just then arrived with Recruits from *Thrace* for the *Trojans*, was killed in that Action. Here ends the 10th Canto. The Sequel of this Journal will be in the next Article from this Place.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.*

WE hear from *Italy*, That notwithstanding the Pope has received a Letter from the Duke of *Anjou*, demanding of him to explain himself upon the Affair of acknowledging of King *Charles*, his Holiness has not yet thought fit to send any Answer to that Prince. The Court of *Rome* appears very much mortified, that they are not to see his Majesty of *Denmark* in that City, having perhaps given themselves vain Hopes from a Visit made by a Protestant Prince to that See. The Pope has dispatched a Gentleman to compliment his Majesty, and sent the King a Present of all the Curiosities and Antiquities of *Rome*, represented in seventeen Volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the *Vatican* Library. Letters from *Genoa* of the 14th Instant say, A *Felucca* was arrived there in five Days from *Marseilles*, with an Account, That the People of that City had made an Insurrection, by reason of the Scarcity of Provisions; and that the Intendant had ordered some Companies of Marines, and the Men belonging to the Gallies, to stand to their Arms to protect him from Violence; but that he began to be in as much Apprehension of his Guards, as those from whom they were to defend him. When that Vessel came away, the Soldiers murmured publickly for want of Pay; and it was generally believed, they would pillage the Magazines, as the Garrisons of *Grenoble*, and other Towns of *France*, had already done. A Vessel which lately came into *Leghorn*, brought Advice, That the *British* Squadron was arrived at *Port-Mahon*, where they were taking in more Troops,

in

in order to attempt the Relief of *Alicant*, which ſtill made a very vigorous Defence. 'Tis ſaid, Admiral *Byng* will be at the Head of that Expedition. The King of *Denmark* was gone from *Leghorn* towards *Lucca*.

THEY write from *Vienna*, That in caſe the Allies ſhould enter into a Treaty of Peace with *France*, Count *Zinzendorf* will be appointed Firſt Plenipotentiary, the Count *de Goes* the Second, and Monſieur *Van Kombruch* a Third. Major-General *Palmes*, Envoy Extraordinary from her *Britannick* Majeſty, has been very urgent with that Court to make their utmoſt Efforts againſt *France* the enſuing Campaign, in order to oblige it to ſuch a Peace, as may eſtabliſh the Tranquillity of *Europe* for the future.

WE are alſo informed, That the Pope uſes all imaginable Shifts to elude the Treaty concluded with the Emperor, and that he demanded the immediate Reſtitution of *Comacchio*; inſiſting alſo, That his Imperial Majeſty ſhould ask Pardon, and deſire Abſolution for what has formerly paſſed, before he would ſolemnly acknowledge King *Charles*. But this was utterly refuſed.

THEY hear at *Vienna*, by Letters from *Conſtantinople*, dated the 22d of *February* laſt, That on the 12th of that Month the Grand Signior took Occaſion, at the Celebration of the Feſtivals of the *Muſſulmans*, to ſet all the Chriſtian Slaves which were in the Galleys at Liberty.

ADVICES from *Swiſſerland* import, That the Preachers of the County of *Tockenburg* continue to create new Jealouſies of the Proteſtants, and ſome Diſturbances lately happened on that Account. The Proteſtants and Papiſts in the Town of *Hamman* go to Divine Service one after another in the ſame Church, as is uſual in many other Parts of *Swiſſerland*; but on *Sunday* the 10th Inſtant, the Popiſh Curate, having ended his Service, attempted to hinder the Proteſtants from entring into the Church according to Cuſtom;

ſtom; but the Proteſtants briskly attacked him and his Party, and broke into it by Force.

LAST Night between ſeven and eight, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at Court.

*From my own Apartment, April 22.*

THE preſent great Captains of the Age, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*, having been the Subject of the Diſcourſe of the laſt Company I was in, it has naturally led me into a Conſideration of *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, the two greateſt Names which ever appeared before this Century. In order to enter into their Characters, there needs no more but examining their Behaviour in Parallel Circumſtances. It muſt be allowed, That they had an equal Greatneſs of Soul; but *Cæſar*'s was more corrected and allayed by a Mixture of Prudence and Circumſpection. This is ſeen conſpicuouſly in one Particular in their Hiſtories, wherein they ſeem to have ſhown exactly the Difference of their Tempers. When *Alexander*, after a long Courſe of Victories, would ſtill have led his Soldiers farther from Home, they unanimouſly refuſed to follow him. We meet with the like Behaviour in *Cæſar*'s Army in the midſt of his March againſt *Arioviſtus*. Let us therefore obſerve the Conduct of our two Generals in ſo nice an Affair: And here we find *Alexander* at the Head of his Army, upbraiding them with their Cowardice, and Meanneſs of Spirit; and in the End, telling them plainly, He would go forward himſelf, though not a Man followed him. This ſhowed indeed an exceſſive Bravery; but how would the Commander have come off, if the Speech had not ſucceeded, and the Soldiers had taken him at his Word? The Project ſeems of a Piece with Mr. *Bays*'s in the *Rehearſal*, who, to gain a Clap in his Prologue, comes out, with a terrible Fellow in a Fur-Cap following him, and tells his Audience, If they would not like his Play, he would lie down and have

ave his Head ſtruck off. If this gained a Clap, all as well; but if not, there was nothing left but or the Executioner to do his Office. But *Caſar* ould not leave the Succeſs of his Speech to ſuch ncertain Events; He ſhews his Men the Unreaſonableneſs of their Fears in an obliging Manner, nd concludes, That if none elſe would march long with them, he would go himſelf with the enth Legion, for he was aſſured of their Fidelity and Valour, though all the reſt forſook him; ot but that in all Probability they were as much gainſt the March as the reſt. The Reſult of all was very natural; The Tenth Legion, fired with he Praiſes of their General, ſend Thanks to him or the juſt Opinion he entertains of them; and he reſt, aſhamed to be outdone, aſſure him, That hey are as ready to follow where he pleaſes to ead them, as any other Part of the Army.

N° 7. *Tueſday April* 26. 1709.

*IT is ſo juſt an Obſervation, That* Mocking is Catching, *that I am become an unhappy Inſtance of it, nd am* (*in the ſame Manner that I have repreſented Mr.* Partridge) *my ſelf a dying Man, in Compariſon of the Vigour with which I firſt ſet out in the World. Had it been otherwiſe, you may be ſure I would not ave pretended to have given for News, as I did laſt* Saturday, *a Diary of the Siege of* Troy. *But Man s a Creature very inconſiſtent with himſelf: The greateſt Heroes are ſometimes fearful; the ſpritelieſt Wit at ſome Hours dull; and the greateſt Politicians on ſome Occaſions whimſical. But I ſhall not pretend to palliate or excuſe the Matter; for I find, by a Calculation of my own Nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable Wit longer than two Minutes after twelve a-clock at Night, between the* 18*th and* 19*th of the next Month. For which Space of Time you may ſtill expect to hear from me, and no longer, except you will tranſmit to me*

*the*

*the Occurrences you meet with relating to your Amours, or any other Subject within the Rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any Gentleman or Lady sends to* Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq; at Mr.* Morphew's *near* Stationers-Hall, *by the Penny-Post, the Grief or Joy of their Soul, what they think fit of the Matter shall be related in Colours as much to their Advantage, as those in which* Gervase *has drawn the agreeable* Chloe. *But since, without such Assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a Month's Wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound Health and Senses, to make my Will and Testament; which I do in Manner and Form following:*

Imprimis, *I give to the Stock-jobbers about the Exchange of* London, *as a Security for the Trusts daily reposed in them, all my real Estate; which I do hereby vest in the said Body of worthy Citizens for ever.*

Item, *Forasmuch as 'tis very hard to keep Land in Repair without ready Cash, I do, out of my personal Estate, bestow the Bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to several Societies about this Town, to supply their Necessities; I say, I give also the said Bear-skin, as an immediate Fund to the said Citizens for ever.*

Item, *I do hereby appoint a certain Number of the said Citizens to take all the Custom-house or Customary Oaths, concerning all Goods imported by the whole City, strictly directing, That some select Members, and not the whole Number of a Body Corporate, should be perjured.*

Item, *I forbid all N—s and Persons of Q—ty, to watch Bargains near and about the Exchange, to the Diminution and Wrong of the said Stock-jobbers.*

*THUS far, in as brief and intelligible a Manner as any Will can appear, till it is explained by the Learned, I have disposed of my real and personal Estate: But, as I am an Adept, I have by Birth an equal Right to give also an indefeasible Title to my Endowments and Qualifications; which I do in the following Manner:*

Item, *I give my Chastity to all Virgins who have withstood their Market.*

Item,

Item, *I give my Courage among all who are asha-*
*ed of their distressed Friends, all Sneakers in Assem-*
*ies, and Men who shew Valour in common Conversa-*
*on.*

Item, *I give my Wit (as Rich Men give to the Rich)*
*mong such as think they have enough already. And*
*case they shall not accept of the Legacy, I give it to*
*entivoglio, to defend his Works from Time to Time,*
*he shall think fit to publish them.*

Item, *I bestow my Learning upon the Honourary*
*embers of the Royal Society.*

NOW for the Disposal of this Body.

*AS these Eyes must one Day cease to gaze on* Tera-
*inta, and this Heart shall one Day pant no more for*
*r Indignation: That is to say, since this Body must*
*Earth, I shall commit it to the Dust in a Manner*
*itable to my Character. Therefore, as there are those*
*ho dispute, Whether there is any such real Person as*
Isaac Bickerstaff, *or not? I shall excuse all Persons*
*ho appear what they really are, from coming to my*
*uneral. But all those who are, in their way of Life,*
*ersonæ, as the* Latins *have it, Persons assumed, and*
*ho appear what they really are not, are hereby invited*
*that Solemnity.*

*THE Body shall be carried by six Watchmen, who*
*e never seen in the Day.*

Item, *THE Pall shall be held up by the six most*
*own Pretenders to Honesty, Wealth and Power, who*
*e not possessed of any of them. The two first, a* Half-
*awyer, a compleat Justice. The two next, a Chy-*
*ist, a Projector. The third Couple, a Treasury-Soli-*
*itor, and a small Courtier.*

*TO make my Funeral (what that Solemnity, when*
*lone to common Men, really is in it self) a very Farce;*
*nd since all Mourners are meer Actors in these Occa-*
*sions, I shall desire those who are professedly such, to at-*
*tend me. I humbly therefore beseech Mrs.* Barry *to act*
*once more, and be my Widow. When she swoons away*
*at the Church-Porch, I appoint the merry Sir* John
Falstaff, *and the gay Sir* Harry Wildair, *to support*
*her. I desire Mr.* Penkethman *to follow in the Hat*

*of*

*of a Cardinal, and Mr.* Bullock *in that of a Privy Counſellor. To make up the reſt of the Appearance, I deſire all the Ladies from the Balconies to weep with Mrs.* Barry, *as they hope to be Wives and Widows themſelves. I invite all, who have nothing elſe to do, to accept of Gloves and Scarves.*

*THUS, with the Great* Charles V. *of* Spain, *I reſign the Glories of this tranſitory World: Yet, at the ſame Time, to ſhow you my Indifference, and that my Deſires are not too much fixed upon any Thing, I own to you, I am as willing to ſtay as go: Therefore leave it in the Choice of my gentle Readers, whether I ſhall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.*

*White's Chocolate-houſe, April 25.*

EAſter-Day being a Time when you cannot well meet with any but humble Adventures; and there being ſuch a Thing as low Gallantry, as well as a low Comedy, Colonel *Ramble* and my ſelf went early this Morning into the Fields, which were ſtrewed with Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, but indeed of a different Turn from the Simplicity of thoſe of *Arcadia*. Every Hedge was conſcious of more than what the Repreſentations of enamoured Swains admit of. While we were ſurveying the Crowd around us, we ſaw at a Diſtance a Company coming towards *Pancras* Church; but tho' there was not much Diſorder, we thought we ſaw the Figure of a Man ſtuck through with a Sword, and at every Step ready to fall, if a Woman by his Side had not ſupported him; the reſt followed two and two. When we came nearer this Appearance, who ſhould it be but Monſieur *Guardeloop*, mine and *Ramble's French* Taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madam *Depingle's* Maids to the Church, in order to their Eſpouſals. It was his Sword tucked ſo high above his Waſte, and the Circumflex which Perſons of his Profeſſion take in their Walking, that made him appear at a Diſtance wounded and falling.

ng. But the Morning being rainy, methought e March to this Wedding was but too lively a icture of Wedlock it ſelf. They ſeemed both have a Month's Mind to make the beſt of their Way ſingle, yet both tugged Arm in Arm; and hen they were in a dirty Way, he was but eeper in the Mire, by endeavouring to pull out is Companion, and yet without helping her. he Bridegroom's Feathers in his Hat all droop-d, one of his Shoes had loſt an Heel. In ſhort, e was in his whole Perſon and Dreſs ſo extream-y ſouſed, that there did not appear one Inch or ngle Thread about him unmarried. Pardon ne, that the melancholy Object ſtill dwells upon ne ſo far as to reduce me to Punning. How-ver, we attended to the Chapel, where we ſtay-d to hear the irrevocable Words pronounced pon our old Servant, and made the beſt of our Way to Town. I took a Reſolution to forbear ll married Perſons, or any in Danger of being uch, for four and twenty Hours at leaſt; there-ore dreſſed, and went to viſit *Florimell*, the vain-ſt Thing in Town, where I knew would drop in olonel *Picket*, juſt come from the Camp, her rofeſſed Admirer. He is of that Order of Men ho has much Honour and Merit, but withal a oxcomb; the other of that Set of Females, who as Innocence and Wit, but the firſt of Coquets. t is eaſy to believe, Theſe muſt be Admirers of ach other. She ſays, The Colonel rides the eſt of any Man in *England*. The Colonel ſays, he talks the beſt of any Woman. At the ame Time, he underſtands Wit juſt as ſhe does Horſmanſhip. You are to know, theſe extraordi-nary Perſons ſee each other daily; and they themſelves, as well as the Town, think it will be a Match: But it can never happen that they can come to the Point; for inſtead of addreſſing to each other, they ſpend their whole Time in Re-ports of themſelves: He is ſatisfied if he can convince her he is a fine Gentleman, and a Man

of

of Conſequence; and ſhe, in appearing to him an accompliſhed Lady and a Wit, without further Deſign. Thus he tells her of his Manner of Poſting his Men at ſuch a Paſs, with the Numbers he commanded on that Detachment: She tells him, how ſhe was dreſſed on ſuch a Day at Court, and what Offers were made her the Week following. She ſeems to hear the Repetition of his Mens Names with Admiration, and waits only to anſwer him with as falſe a Muſter of Lovers. They talk to each other not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are ſo like, that they are to be ever diſtant, and the parallel Lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April 25.*

THIS Evening the Comedy called *Epſom-Wells* was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Bullock*, who, though he is a Perſon of much Wit and Ingenuity, has a peculiar Talent of looking like a Fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the Part of *Biſket* in this Play. I cannot indeed ſufficiently admire his Way of bearing a Beating, as he does in this Drama, and that with ſuch a Natural Air and Propriety of Folly, that one cannot help wiſhing the Whip in one's own Hand; ſo richly does he ſeem to deſerve his Chaſtiſement. Skilful Actors think it a very peculiar Happineſs to play in a Scene with ſuch as top their Parts. Therefore I cannot but ſay, when the Judgment of any good Author directs him to write a Beating for Mr. *Bullock* from Mr. *William Penkethman*, or for Mr. *William Penkethman* from Mr. *Bullock*, thoſe excellent Players ſeem to be in their moſt ſhining Circumſtances, and pleaſe me more, but with a different Sort of Delight, than that which I receive from thoſe grave Scenes of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, or *Anthony* and *Ventidius*. The whole Comedy is very juſt, and the low

w Part of human Life repreſented with much umour and Wit.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 25.*

WE are adviſed from *Vienna*, by Letters of e 20th Inſtant, That the Emperor hath lately ded twenty new Members to his Council of ate, but they have not yet taken their Places the Board. General *Thaun* is returned from *aden*, his Health being ſo well re-eſtabliſhed by he Baths of that Place, that he deſigns to ſet ut next Week for *Turin*, to his Command of he Imperial Troops in the Service of the Duke f *Savoy*. His Imperial Majeſty has advanced is Brother Count *Henry Thaun* to be a Brigadier, nd a Counſellor of the Aulick Council of War. Theſe Letters import, That King *Staniſlaus* and he Swediſh General *Craſſau* are directing their March to the *Nieper*, to join the King of *Swe-en*'s Army in *Ukrania*: That the States of *Au-ria* have furniſhed Marſhal *Heiſter* with a conſi-erable Sum of Money, to enable him to puſh n the War vigorouſly in *Hungary*, where all Things as yet are in perfect Tranquillity: And hat General *Thungen* has been very importunate or a ſpeedy Reinforcement of the Forces on the *Upper Rhine*, repreſenting at the ſame Time what Miſeries the Inhabitants muſt neceſſarily under-go, if the Deſigns of *France* on thoſe Parts be ot ſpeedily and effectually prevented.

LETTERS from *Rome*, dated the 13th In-ſtant, ſay, That on the preceding Sunday his Holineſs was carried in an open Chair from St. *Peter*'s to St. *Mary*'s, attended by the Sacred College, in Cavalcade; and after Maſs diſtribu-ted ſeveral Dowries for the Marriage of poor and diſtreſſed Virgins. The Proceedings of that Court are very dilatory concerning the Recogni-tion of King *Charles*, notwithſtanding the preſ-ſing Inſtances of the Marquis *de Prie*, who has de-

declared, That if this Affair be not wholly concluded by the 17th Inſtant, he will retire from that Court, and order the Imperial Troops to return into the Eccleſiaſtical State. On the other Hand, the Duke of *Anjou*'s Miniſter has, in the Name of his Maſter, demanded of his Holineſs to explain himſelf on that Affair; which, 'tis ſaid, will be finally determined in a Conſiſtory to be held on *Monday* next; the Duke *d'Uzeda* deſigning to delay his Departure till he ſees the Iſſue. Theſe Letters alſo ſay, That the Court was mightily alarmed at the News which they received by an Expreſs from *Ferrara*, that General *Boneval*, who commands in *Comacchio*, had ſent Circular Letters to the Inhabitants of St. *Alberto*, *Longaſtrino*, *Fillo*, and other adjacent Parts, enjoining them to come and ſwear Fealty to the Emperor, and receive new Inveſtitures of their Fiefs from his Hands. Letters from other Parts of *Italy* ſay, That the King of *Denmark* continues at *Lucca*; that four *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Men of War were ſeen off of *Oneglia*, bound for *Final*, in order to tranſport the Troops deſigned for *Barcelona*; and that her Majeſty's Ship the *Colcheſter* arrived at *Leghorn* the 4th Inſtant from *Port-Mahon*, with Advice, That Major-General *Stanhope* deſigned to depart from thence the firſt Inſtant with 6 or 7000 Men to attempt the Relief of the Caſtle of *Alicant*.

OUR laſt Advices from *Berlin*, bearing Date the 27th Inſtant, import, That the King was gone to *Linum*, and the Queen to *Mecklenburgh*; but that their Majeſties deſigned to return the next Week to *Oranienburg*, where a great Chaſe of wild Beaſts was prepared for their Diverſion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to *Potſdam*; That the Prince Royal was ſet out for *Brabant*, but intended to make ſome ſhort Stay at *Hanover*. Theſe Letters alſo inform us, That they are adviſed from *Oberg*, that the King of *Sweden* being on his March towards *Helſi*, met Ge-

General *Renne* with a Detachment of *Muſcovites*, who placing ſome Regiments in Ambuſcade, attacked the *Swedes* in their Rear, and putting them to Flight, killed 2000 Men, the King himſelf having his Horſe ſhot under him.

WE hear from *Copenhagen*, That the Ice being broke, the *Sound* is again open for the Ships; and that they hoped his Majeſty would return ſooner than they at firſt expected.

LETERS from the *Hague*, dated *May* 4. *N. S.* ſay, That an Expreſs arrived there on the 1ſt, from Prince *Eugene* to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. The States are adviſed, That the Auxilliaries of *Saxony* were arrived on the Frontiers of the United Provinces; as alſo, That the two Regiments of *Wolfembuttel*, and 4000 Troops from *Wirtemberg*, which are to ſerve in *Flanders*, are in full March thither. Letters from *Flanders* ſay, That the great Convoy of Ammunition and Proviſions which ſet out from *Ghent* for *Liſle*, was ſafely arrived at *Courtray*. We hear from *Paris*, That the King has ordered the Militia on the Coaſts of *Normandy* and *Bretagne* to be in a Readineſs to march; and that the Court was in Apprehenſion of a Deſcent, to animate the People to riſe in the midſt of their preſent Hardſhips.

THEY write from *Spain*, That the Pope's Nuncio left *Madrid* the 10th of *April*, in order to go to *Bayonne*; that the Marquis *de Bay* was at *Badajos* to obſerve the Motions of the *Portugueze*; and that the Count *d'Eſtain* with a Body of 5000 Men, was on his March to attack *Gironne*. The Duke of *Anjou* has depoſed the Biſhop of *Lerida*, as being a Favourer of the Intereſt of King *Charles*; and has ſummoned a Convocation at *Madrid*, compoſed of the Archbiſhops, Biſhops and States of that Kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a Reſolution to ſend for no more Bulls to *Rome*.

N° 8. *Thurſday, April* 28. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 26.

THE Play of the *London Cuckolds* was acted this Evening before a ſuitable Audience, who were extreamly well diverted with that Heap of Vice and Abſurdity. The Indignation which *Eugenio*, who is a Gentleman of a juſt Taſte, has, upon Occaſion of ſeeing human Nature fall ſo low in their Delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the Mention of this Play very agreeably. Of all Men living, ſaid he, I pity Players, (who muſt be Men of good Underſtanding to be capable of being ſuch) that they are obliged to repeat and aſſume proper Geſtures for repreſenting Things of which their Reaſon muſt be aſhamed, and which they muſt diſdain their Audience for approving. The Amendment of theſe low Gratifications is only to be made by People of Condition, by encouraging the Preſentation of the noble Characters drawn by *Shakeſpear* and others, from whence 'tis impoſſible to return without ſtrong Impreſſions of Honour and Humanity. On theſe Occaſions, Diſtreſs is laid before us with all its Cauſes and Conſequences, and our Reſentment placed according to the Merit of the Perſons afflicted. Were Drama's of this Nature more acceptable to the Taſte of the Town, Men who have Genius would bend their Studies to excel in them. How forcible an Effect this would have on our Minds, one needs no more than to obſerve how ſtrongly we are touched by meer Pictures. Who can ſee *le Brun's* Picture of the Battle of *Porus*, without entering into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and being accordingly ſpurred to an Emulation of his Conſtancy and Courage; When he is falling with his Wound, the Features are

t the ſame Time very terrible and languiſhing; nd there is ſuch a ſtern Faintneſs diffuſed through ll his Look, as is apt to move a kind of Hor- our, as well as Pity, in the Beholder. This, I ay, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and hades; conſider alſo a Repreſentation made by Words only, as in an Account given by a good Writer: *Catiline* in *Salluſt* makes juſt ſuch a Fi- ure as *Porus* by *le Brun*. It is ſaid of him, Ca- ilina *vero longe a ſuis inter hoſtium cadavera repertus ſt; paululum etiam ſpirans, ferocitatemque animi uam vivus habuerat in vultu retinens.* 'Catiline was found killed far from his own Men among the dead Bodies of the Enemy: He ſeemed ſtill to breathe, and ſtill retained in his Face the ſame Fierceneſs he had when he was living. You have in that one Sentence a lively Impreſ- ion of his whole Life and Actions. What I would inſinuate from all this, is, That if the Painter and the Hiſtorian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be perform- d by an excellent Poet, when the Characters he raws is preſented by the Perſon, the Manner, he Look, and the Motion, of an accompliſhed Player? If a Thing painted or related can irre- iſtibly enter our Hearts, what may not be rought to paſs by ſeeing generous Things per- ormed before our Eyes? *Eugenio* ended his Diſ- ourſe, by recommending the apt Uſe of a Thea- re, as the moſt agreeable and eaſy Method of ma- king a polite and moral Gentry, which would end in rendring the reſt of the People regular n their Behaviour, and ambitious of laudable Undertakings.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 27.*

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That Cardinal *Grimani* had order- ed the Regiment commanded by General *Pate* to march towards *Final*, in order to embark for

N°. 8. *Thurſday, April* 28. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 26.

THE Play of the *London Cuckolds* was acted this Evening before a ſuitable Audience, who were extreamly well diverted with that Heap of Vice and Abſurdity. The Indignation which *Eugenio*, who is a Gentleman of a juſt Taſte, has, upon Occaſion of ſeeing human Nature fall ſo low in their Delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the Mention of this Play very agreeably. Of all Men living, ſaid he, I pity Players, (who muſt be Men of good Underſtanding to be capable of being ſuch) that they are obliged to repeat and aſſume proper Geſtures for repreſenting Things of which their Reaſon muſt be aſhamed, and which they muſt diſdain their Audience for approving. The Amendment of theſe low Gratifications is only to be made by People of Condition, by encouraging the Preſentation of the noble Characters drawn by *Shakeſpear* and others, from whence 'tis impoſſible to return without ſtrong Impreſſions of Honour and Humanity. On theſe Occaſions, Diſtreſs is laid before us with all its Cauſes and Conſequences, and our Reſentment placed according to the Merit of the Perſons afflicted. Were Drama's of this Nature more acceptable to the Taſte of the Town, Men who have Genius would bend their Studies to excel in them. How forcible an Effect this would have on our Minds, one needs no more than to obſerve how ſtrongly we are touched by meer Pictures. Who can ſee *le Brun*'s Picture of the Battle of *Porus*, without entering into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and being accordingly ſpurred to an Emulation of his Conſtancy and Courage; When he is falling with his Wound, the Features are

at the ſame Time very terrible and languiſhing; and there is ſuch a ſtern Faintneſs diffuſed through all his Look, as is apt to move a kind of Horrour, as well as Pity, in the Beholder. This, I ſay, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and Shades; conſider alſo a Repreſentation made by Words only, as in an Account given by a good Writer: *Catiline* in *Salluſt* makes juſt ſuch a Figure as *Porus* by *le Brun*. It is ſaid of him, Catilina *vero longe a ſuis inter hoſtium cadavera repertus eſt; paululum etiam ſpirans, ferocitatemque animi quam vivus habuerat in vultu retinens.* 'Catiline 'was found killed far from his own Men among 'the dead Bodies of the Enemy: He ſeemed 'ſtill to breathe, and ſtill retained in his Face 'the ſame Fierceneſs he had when he was living. You have in that one Sentence a lively Impreſſion of his whole Life and Actions. What I would inſinuate from all this, is, That if the Painter and the Hiſtorian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be performed by an excellent Poet, when the Characters he draws is preſented by the Perſon, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion, of an accompliſhed Player? If a Thing painted or related can irreſiſtibly enter our Hearts, what may not be brought to paſs by ſeeing generous Things performed before our Eyes? *Eugenio* ended his Diſcourſe, by recommending the apt Uſe of a Theatre, as the moſt agreeable and eaſy Method of making a polite and moral Gentry, which would end in rendring the reſt of the People regular in their Behaviour, and ambitious of laudable Undertakings.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 27.*

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That Cardinal *Grimani* had ordered the Regiment commanded by General *Pate* to march towards *Final*, in order to embark for

*Catalonia*, whither alſo 1000 Horſe are to be tranſported from *Sardinia*, beſides the Troops which come from the *Milaneſe*. An *Engliſh* Man of War has taken two Prizes, one a Veſſel of *Malta*, the other of *Genoa*, both laden with Goods of the Enemy. They write from *Florence* of the 13th, That his Majeſty of *Denmark* had received a Courier from the *Hague*, with an Account of ſome Matters relating to the Treaty of a Peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it neceſſary to haſten to his own Dominions.

LETTERS from *Swiſſerland* inform us, That the Effects of the great Scarcity of Corn in *France* were felt at *Geneva*; the Magiſtrates of which City had appointed Deputies to treat with the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurich*, for Leave to buy up ſuch Quantities of Grain within their Territories as ſhould be thought neceſſary. The Proteſtants of *Tockenburg* are ſtill in Arms about the Convent of St. *John*, and have declared, That they will not lay them down, till they ſhall have ſufficient Security from the *Roman* Catholicks, of living unmoleſted in the Exerciſe of their Religion. In the mean time, the Deputies of *Bern* and *Tockenburg* have frequent Conferences at *Zurich* with the Regency of that Canton, to find out Methods for the quieting theſe Diſorders.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 3d of *May* adviſe, That the Preſident *Rouille*, after his laſt Conference with the Deputies of the States, had retired to *Bodegrave*, five Miles diſtant from *Warden*, and expected the Return of a Courier from *France* on the 4th, with new Inſtructions. It is ſaid, if his Anſwer from the *French* Court ſhall not prove ſatisfactory, he will be deſired to withdraw out of theſe Parts. In the mean time it is alſo reported, That his Equipage, as an Embaſſador on this great Occaſion, is actually on the March towards him. They write from *Flanders*, That the great Convoy of Proviſions, which ſet out from *Ghent*, is ſafely arrived

at *Liſle*. Thoſe Advices add, That the Enemy had aſſembled near *Tournay* a conſiderable Body of Troops drawn out of the neighbouring Garriſons. Their High-Mightineſſes having ſent Orders to their Miniſters at *Hamburgh* and *Dantzick*, to engage the Magiſtrates of thoſe Cities to forbid the Sale of Corn to the *French*, and to ſignify to them that the *Dutch* Merchants will buy up as much of that Commodity as they can ſpare; the *Hamburghers* have accordingly contracted with the *Dutch*, and refuſed any Commerce with the *French* on that Occaſion.

*From my own Apartment.*

AFTER the Laſſitude of a Day ſpent in the ſtrolling Manner, which is uſual with Men of Pleaſure in this Town, and with a Head full of a Million of Impertinencies, which had danced round it for ten Hours together, I came to my Lodging, and haſtened to Bed. My Valet de Chambre knows my Univerſity-Trick of reading there; and he being a good Scholar for a Gentleman, ran over the Names of *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid* and others, to know which I would have. Bring *Virgil*, ſaid I, and if I fall aſleep, take Care of the Candle. I read the Sixth Book over with the moſt exquiſite Delight, and had gone half through it a ſecond Time, when the pleaſant Ideas of *Elyſian* Fields, deceaſed Worthies walking in them, ſincere Lovers enjoying their Languiſhment without Pain, Compaſſion for the unhappy Spirits who had miſpent their ſhort Daylight, and were exiled from the Seats of Bliſs for ever; I ſay, I was deep again in my Reading when this Mixture of Images had taken Place of all others in my Imagination before, and lulled me into a Dream, from which I am juſt awake, to my great Diſadvantage. The happy Manſions of *Elyſium* by Degrees ſeemed to be wafted from me, and the very Traces of my late waking

Thoughts began to fade away, when I was caſt by a ſudden Whirlwind upon an Iſland, encompaſſed with a roaring and troubled Sea, which ſhak'd its very Centre, and rock'd its Inhabitants as in a Cradle. The Iſlanders lay on their Faces without offering to look up, or hope for Preſervation; all her Harbours were crowded with Mariners, and tall Veſſels of War lay in Danger of being driven to Pieces on her Shores. Bleſs me! ſaid I, why have I lived in ſuch a Manner, that the Convulſion of Nature ſhould be ſo terrible to me, when I feel in my ſelf that the better Part of me is to ſurvive it? Oh! may that be in Happineſs. A ſudden Shriek, in which the whole People on their Faces joined, interrupted my Soliloquy, and turned my Eyes and Attention to the Object which had given us that ſudden Start, in the midſt of an inconſolable and ſpeechleſs Affliction. Immediately the Winds grew calm, the Waves ſubſided, and the People ſtood up, turning their Faces upon a magnificent Pile in the midſt of the Iſland. There we beheld an Hero of a comely and erect Aſpect, but pale and languid, ſitting under a Canopy of State. By the Faces and dumb Sorrow of thoſe who attended, we thought him in the Article of Death. At a Diſtance ſate a Lady, whoſe Life ſeemed to hang upon the ſame Thread with his; She kept her Eyes fixed upon him, and ſeemed to ſmother ten thouſand thouſand nameleſs Things, which urged her Tenderneſs to claſp him in her Arms: But her Greatneſs of Spirit overcame thoſe Sentiments, and gave her Power to forbear diſturbing his laſt Moment; which immediately approached. The Hero looked up with an Air of Negligence, and Satiety of Being, rather than of Pain to leave it; and leaning back his Head, expired.

WHEN the Heroine, who ſate at a Diſtance, ſaw his laſt Inſtant come, ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, and kneeling, preſſed his Hand to her Lips; in which Poſture ſhe continued under the Agony of

of an unutterable Sorrow, till conducted from our Sight by her Attendants. That commanding Awe, which accompanies the Grief of great Minds, reſtrained the Multitude while in her Preſence; but as ſoon as ſhe retired, they gave Way to their Diſtraction, and all the Iſlanders called upon their deceaſed Hero. To him, methought, they cried out, as to a Guardian Being, and I gathered from their broken Accents, That it was he who had the Empire over the Ocean and its Powers, by which he had long protected the Iſland from Shipwreck and Invaſion. They now give a Looſe to their Moan, and think themſelves expos'd without Hopes of human or divine Aſſiſtance. While the People ran wild, and expreſſed all the different Forms of Lamentation, methought a ſable Cloud overſhadowed the whole Land, and covered its Inhabitants with Darkneſs: No Glimpſe of Light appeared, except one Ray from Heaven upon the Place in which the Heroine now ſecluded herſelf from the World; with her Eyes fixed on thoſe Abodes to which her Conſort was aſcended. Methought a long Period of Time had paſs'd away in Mourning and in Darkneſs, when a Twilight began by Degrees to enlighten the Hemiſphere; and looking round me, I ſaw a Boat rowed towards the Shore, in which ſate a Perſonage adorned with warlike Trophies, bearing on his left Arm a Shield, on which was engraven the Image of *Victory*, and in his right Hand a Branch of Olive. His Viſage was at once ſo winning and ſo awful, that the Shield and the Olive ſeemed equally ſuitable to his Genius.

WHEN this illuſtrious * Perſon touched on the Shore, he was received by the Acclamations of the People, and follow'd to the Palace of the Heroine. No Pleaſure in the Glory of her Arms, or



* *About this Time the D. of* M. *returned from* Holland *with the Preliminaries of a Peace.*

the Acclamations of her applauding Subjects, were ever capable to ſuſpend her Sorrow for one Moment, till ſhe ſaw the Olive-Branch in the Hand of that auſpicious Meſſenger. At that Sight, as Heaven beſtows its Bleſſings on the Wants and Importunities of Mortals, out of its native Bounty, and not to increaſe its own Power or Honour, in Compaſſion to the World, the Celeſtial Mourner was then firſt ſeen to turn her Regard to Things below; and taking the Branch out of the Warriour's Hand, looked at it with much Satisfaction, and ſpoke of the Bleſſings of Peace, with a Voice and Accent, ſuch as that in which Guardian Spirits whiſper to dying Penitents Aſſurances of Happineſs. The Air was huſhed, the Multitude attentive, and all Nature in a Pauſe, while ſhe was ſpeaking. But as ſoon as the Meſſenger of Peace had made ſome low Reply, in which, methought, I heard the Word *Iberia*, the Heroine aſſuming a more ſevere Air, but ſuch as ſpoke Reſolution, without Rage, returned him the Olive, and again veiled her Face. Loud Cries and Claſhing of Arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming Viſion, and drove me back to theſe Manſions of Care and Sorrow.

N° 9. *Saturday, April* 30. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, April* 28. 1709.

THIS Evening we were entertained with *The Old Batchelor*, a Comedy of deſerved Reputation. In the Character which gives Name to the Play, there is excellently repreſented the Reluctance of a battered Debauchee to come into the Trammels of Order and Decenty: He neither languiſhes nor burns, but frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour are drawn with much Spirit and Wit, and the Drama introduced by the Dialogue of the firſt Scene with un-

uncommon, yet natural Converſation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unſeaſonable Fondneſs of Age and Impotence. But inſtead of ſuch agreeable Works as theſe, the Town has this half Age been tormented with Inſects, called *Eaſie Writers*, whoſe Abilities Mr. *Wycherly* one Day deſcribed excellently well in one Word: *That*, ſaid he, *among theſe Fellows is called* Eaſie Writing, *which any one may eaſily write.* Such Jantie Scribblers are ſo juſtly laughed at for their Sonnets on *Phillis* and *Chloris*, and fantaſtical Deſcriptions in them, that an ingenious Kinſman of mine, of the Family of the *Staffs*, Mr *Humphrey Wagſtaff* by Name, has to avoid their Strain, run into a Way perfectly new, and deſcribed Things exactly as they happen: He never forms Fields, or Nymphs, or Groves, where they are not, but makes the Incidents juſt as they really appear. For an Example of it; I ſtole out of his Manuſcript the following Lines: They are a Deſcription of the Morning, but of the Morning in Town, nay, of the Morning at this End of the Town, where my Kinſman at preſent lodges.

*NOW hardly here and there an Hackney-Coach*
*Appearing, ſhow'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.*
*Now* Betty *from her Maſter's Bed had flown,*
*And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.*
*The Slipſhod 'Prentice from his Maſter's Door,*
*Had par'd the Street, and ſprinkled round the Floor.*
*Now* Moll *had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,*
*Prepar'd to ſcrub the Entry and the Stairs.*
*The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace*
*The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.*
*The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,*
*Till drown'd in ſhriller Notes of Chimney-ſweep.*
*Duns at his Lordſhip's Gate began to meet;*
*And Brick-duſt* Moll *had ſcream'd through half a Street.*
*The Turnkey now his Flock returning ſees,*
*Duly let out a' Nights to ſteal for Fees.*
*The watchful Bailiffs take their ſilent Stands;*
*And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.*

ALL that I apprehend is, that dear *Numps* will be angry I have publiſhed theſe Lines; not that he has any Reaſon to be aſhamed of them, but for fear of thoſe Rogues, the Bane to all excellent Performances, the *Imitators*. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all Deſcriptions of the Evening; as, a Medley of Verſes ſignifying, Grey-peas are now cried warm: That Wenches now begin to amble round the Paſſages of the Play-houſe: Or of Noon; as, That fine Ladies and great Beaus are juſt yawning out of their Beds aud Windows in *Pall-Mall*, and ſo forth. I forewarn alſo all Perſons from encouraging any Draughts after my Couſin; and foretell any Man who ſhall go about to imitate him, that he will be very inſipid. The Family-Stock is embarked in this Deſign, and we will not admit of Counterfeits: Dr *Anderſon* and his Heirs enjoy his Pills, Sir *William Read* has the Cure of Eyes, and Monſieur *Roſſelli* can only cure the Gout. We pretend to none of theſe Things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any miſtaken Man he is not what he believes he is; to diſtinguiſh Merit, and expoſe falſe Pretences to it, is a Liberty our Family has by Law in them, from an Intermarriage with a Daughter of Mr. *Scoggin*, the famous Droll of the laſt Century. This Right I deſign to make uſe of; but will not encroach upon the abvementioned Adepts, or any other. At the ſame Time I ſhall take all the Privileges I may, as an *Engliſhman*, and will lay hold of the late Act of Naturalization to introduce what I ſhall think fit from *France*. The Uſe of that Law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite World with new Characters, as well as the Kingdom it ſelf with new Subjects. Therefore an Author of that Nation, called *Le Bruyere*, I ſhall make bold with on ſuch Occaſions. The laſt Perſon I read of in that Writer was Lord *Timon*. *Timon*, ſays my Author, is the moſt generous of all Men; but is ſo hurried away with that

that ſtrong Impuſe of beſtowing, that he confers Benefits without Diſtinction, and is munificent without laying Obligations. For all the Unworthy, who receive from him, have ſo little Senſe of this noble Infirmity, that they look upon themſelves rather as Partners in a Spoil, than Partakers of a Bounty. The other Day, coming into *Paris*, I met *Timon* going out on Horſeback, attended only by one Servant. It ſtruck me with a ſuddeu Damp, to ſee a Man of ſo excellent a Diſpoſition, and that underſtood making a Figure ſo very well, ſo much ſhortened in his Retinue. But paſſing by his Houſe, I ſaw his great Coach break to Pieces before his Door, and, by a ſtrange Enchantment, imediately turned into many different Vehicles. The firſt was a very pretty Chariot, into which ſtep'd his Lornſhip's Secretary. The ſecond was hung a little heavier; into that ſtrutted the fat Steward. In an Inſtant followed a Chaiſe, which was entr'd by the Butler. The reſt of the Body and Wheels were forthwith changed into Go-carts, and ran away with by the Nurſes and Brats of the reſt of the Family. What makes theſe Misfortunes in the Affairs of *Timon* the more aſtoniſhing, is, That he has a better Underſtanding than thoſe who cheat him; ſo that a Man knows not which more to wonder at, the Indifference of the Maſter, or the Impudence of the Servant.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, April* 29.

IT is Matter of much Speculation among the Beaus and Oglers, what it is that can have made ſo ſudden a Change, as has been of late obſerved, in the whole Behaviour of *Paſtorella*, who never ſate ſtill a Moment till ſhe was eighteen, which ſhe has now exceeded by two Months. Her Aunt, who has the Care of her, has not been always ſo rigid as ſhe is at this preſent Date; but has ſo good a Senſe of the Frailty of Woman, and Falſhood of Man, that ſhe reſolved on all Manner of Methods to keep *Paſtorella*, if poſſible,

in

in Safety, againſt herſelf, and all her Admirers. At the ſame Time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, curbed too raſhly, would but run to the greater Exceſſes for that Reſtraint: Therefore intended to watch her, and take ſome Opportunity of engaging her inſenſibly in her own Intereſts, without the Anguiſh of an Admonition. You are to know then, That Miſs, with all her flirting and ogling, had alſo naturally a ſtrong Curioſity in her, and was the greateſt Eaves-Dopper breathing. *Pariſatis* (for ſo her prudent Aunt is called) obſerved this Humour, and retires one Day to her Cloſet, into which ſhe knew *Paſtorella* would peep, and liſten to know how ſhe was employed. It happened accordingly, and the young Lady ſaw her good Governante on her Knees, and after a mental Behaviour, break into theſe Words: *As for the dear Child committed to my Care, let her Sobriety of Carriage, and Severity of Behaviour, be ſuch as may make that noble Lord who is taken with her Beauty, turn his Deſigns to ſuch as are honourable.* Here *Pariſatis* heard her Niece neſtle cloſer to the Key-hole: She then goes on; *Make her the joyful Mother of a numerous and wealthy Offspring; and let her Carriage be ſuch, as may make this noble Youth expect the Bleſſings of an happy Marriage, from the Singularity of her Life, in this looſe and cenſorious Age.* Miſs having heard enough, ſneaks off for Fear of Diſcovery, and immediately, at her Glaſs alters the Sitting of her Head; then pulls up her Tucker, and forms herſelf into the exact Manner of *Lindamira*: In a Word, becomes a ſincere Convert to every Thing that's commendable in a fine young Lady; and two or three ſuch Matches as her Aunt feigned in her Devotions, are at this Day in her Choice. This is the Hiſtory and original Cauſe of *Paſtorella*'s Converſion from Coquettry. The Prudence in the Management of this young Lady's Temper, and good Judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I ſcarce remember a greater Inſtance of

f Forbearance of the uſual peeviſh Way with hich the Aged treat the Young, than this, ex-ept that of our famous *Noy*, whoſe good Nature ent ſo far, as to make him put off his Admoni-ions to his Son, even till after his Death; and id not give him his Thoughts of him, till he ame to read that memorable Paſſage in his Will: *ll the reſt of my Eſtate*, ſays he, *I leave to my Son* dward (*who is Executor to this my Will*) *to be uandred as he ſhall think fit: I leave it him for that urpoſe, and hope no better from him.* A generons Diſ-ain, and Reflection upon how little he deſerved om ſo excellent a Father, reformed the young an, and made *Edward* from an errant Rake be-ome a fine Gentleman.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 29.*

LETTERS from *Portugal* of the 18th In-ant, dated from *Eſtremos* ſay, That on the 6th he Earl of *Galway* arrived at that Place, and ad the Satisfaction to ſee the Quarters well fur-iſhed with all Manner of Proviſions, and a Quantity of Bread ſufficient for ſubſiſting the roops for 60 Days, beſides Biſket for 25 Days. he Enemy give out, That they ſhall bring in-o the Field 14 Regiments of Horſe and 24 Bat-alions. The Troops in the Service of *Portugal* ill make up 14000 Foot, and 4000 Horſe. On he Day theſe Letters were diſpatched, the Earl f *Galway* received Advice, that the Marquiſs *e Bay* was preparing for ſome Enterprize, by athering his Troops together on the Frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency reſolved to go that ame Night to *Villa Vicoſa*, to aſſemble the Troops n that Neighbourhood, in order to diſappoint is Deſigns.

YESTERDAY in the Evening Captain *Fox-n*, Aid-de-Camp to Major-General *Cadogan*, ar-ived here Expreſs from the Duke of *Marlborough*. And this Day a Mail is come in with Letters dated from

from *Bruſſels* of the 6th of *May*, *N. S.* which ad-viſe, That the Enemy had drawn together a Bo-dy, conſiſting of 20000 Men, with a Deſign, as wa ſuppoſed, to intercept the great Convoy on the March towards *Liſle*, which was ſafely arrived at *Menin* and *Courtray*, in its Way to that Place the *French* having retired without making any Attempt.

WE hear from the *Hague*, That a Perſon of the firſt Quality is arrived in the *Low-Countries* from *France*, in order to be a Plenipotentiary in an enſuing Treaty of Peace.

LETTERS from *France* acknowledge, That Monſieur *Bernard* has made no higher Offers of Satisfaction to his Creditors than of 35 *l. per Cent.*

THESE Advices add, That the Mareſchal *Boufflers*, Monſieur *Torcy*, (who diſtinguiſhed him-ſelf formerly, by adviſing the Court of *France* to adhere to the Treaty of Partition) and Monſieur *d'Harcourt*, (who negotiated with Cardinal *Porto-carrero* for the Succeſſion of the Crown of *Spain* in the Houſe of *Bourbon*) are all three joined in a Commiſſion for a Treaty of Peace. The Ma-reſchal is come to *Ghent*: The other two are ar-rived at the *Hague*.

IT is confidently reported here, That the Right Honourable the Lord *Townſhend* is to go with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* into *Holland*.

*By Mrs.* Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

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Nº 10. *Tueſday*, *May* 3. 1709.

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*From my own Apartment*, *May* 1.

MY Brother *Iſaac* having a ſudden Occaſion to go out of Town, ordered me to take upon me the Diſpatch of the next Advices from Home,

ome, with Liberty to ſpeak it my own Way; ot doubting the Allowances which would be given a Writer of my Sex. You may be ſure, I un-ertook it with much Satisfaction: And I confeſs, am not a little pleaſed with the Opportunity running over all the Papers in his Cloſet, hich he has left open for my Uſe on this Occa-on. The firſt that I lay my Hand on, is, A reatiſe concerning *The Empire of Beauty*, and the ffects it has had in all Nations of the World, on the publick and private Actions of Men; th an Appendix, which he calls, *The Batchelor's heme for governing his Wife.* The firſt Thing he akes this Gentleman propoſe, is, That ſhe ſhall e no Woman; for ſhe is to have an Averſion to alls, to Opera's, to Viſits: She is to think his ompany ſufficient to fill up all the Hours of ife with great Satisfaction: She is never to be-eve any other Man wiſe, learned or valiant; or leaſt but in a ſecond Degree. In the next lace he intends ſhe ſhall be a Cuckold; but ex-ects, that he himſelf muſt live in perfect Secu-ity from that Terror. He dwells a great while n Inſtructions for her diſcreet Behaviour, in caſe f his Falſhood. I have not Patience with theſe nreaſonable Expectations, therefore turn back o the Treatiſe itſelf. Here, indeed, my Bro-her deduces all the Revolutions among Men rom the Paſſion of Love; and in his Preface an-wers that uſual Obſervation againſt us, *That there o no Quarrel without a Woman in it*; with a gal-ant Aſſertion, *That there is nothing elſe worth Quar-elling for.* My Brother is of a Complexion truly morous; all his Thoughts and Actions carry in hem a Tincture of that obliging Inclination; and his Turn has opened his Eyes to ſee, we are not he inconſiderable Creatures which unlucky Pre-enders to our Favour would inſinuate. He ob-erves, That no Man begins to make any tolera-le Figure, till he ſets out with the Hopes of leaſing ſome one of us. No ſooner he takes

that

that in Hand, but he pleaſes every one elſe by the By. It has an immediate Effect upon his Behaviour. There is Colonel *Ranter*, who never ſpoke without an Oath, till he ſaw the Lady *Betty Modiſh*; now never gives his Man an Order, but it is, Pray, *Tom*, do it. The Drawers where he drinks live in perfect Happineſs. He asked *Will* at the *George* t'other Day, How he did? When he uſed to ſay, *Damn it, it is ſo*, he now believes *there is ſome Miſtake: He muſt confeſs, he is of another Opinion; but however he won't inſiſt.*

EVERY Temper, except downright Inſipid, is to be animated and ſoftned by the Influence of Beauty: But of this untractable Sort is a lifeleſs handſome Fellow that viſits us, whom I have dreſſed at this Twelvemonth; but he is as inſenſible of all the Arts I uſe, as if he converſed all that Time with his Nurſe. He outdoes our whole Sex in all the Faults our Enemies impute to us; he has brought Lazineſs into an Opinion, and makes his Indolence his Philoſophy: Inſomuch, that no longer ago than Yeſterday in the Evening he gave me this Account of himſelf; *I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that paſſes among Men, and ſeldom give my ſelf the Fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the ſame Thing to thoſe whom I converſe with. My Hours of Exiſtence, or being awake, are from eleven in the Morning to eleven at Night; half of which I live to my ſelf, in picking my Teeth, waſhing my Hands, paring my Nails, and looking in the Glaſs. The Inſignificancy of my Manners to the reſt of the World, makes the Laughers call me a* Quid nunc, *a Phraſe which I neither underſtand, or ſhall ever enquire what they mean by it. The laſt of me each Night is at St.* James's *Coffee-houſe, where I converſe, yet never fall into a Diſpute on any Occaſion, but leave the Underſtanding I have paſſive of all that goes through it, without entring into the Buſineſs of Life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived by Lazineſs, to what others pretend to by Philoſophy, a perfect Neglect of the World,* Sure, if our Sex

ex had the Liberty of frequenting publick Hou-
s and Converſations, we ſhould put theſe Ri-
ls of our Faults and Follies out of Counte-
nce. However, we ſhall ſoon have the Plea-
re of being acquainted with them one Way or
her; for my Brother *Iſaac* deſigns, for the Uſe
our Sex, to give the exact Characters of all
e chief Politicians who frequent any of the
offee-houſes from St. *James*'s to the *Change*;
t deſigns to begin with that Cluſter of Wiſe-
eads, as they are found ſitting every Evening
m the Left-ſide of the Fire, at the *Smyrna*, to
e Door. This will be of great Service for us,
d I have Authority to promiſe an exact Jour-
l of their Deliberations; the Publication of
ich I am to be allowed for Pin-Money. In
e mean Time I caſt my Eye upon a new Book,
ich gave me a more pleaſing Entertainment, be-
g a ſixth Part of Miſcellany Poems, publiſhed
*Jacob Tonſon*; which, I find by my Brother's
otes upon it, no Way inferior to the other
olumes. There are, it ſeems, in this, a Col-
ction of the beſt Paſtorals that have hitherto
peared in *England*; but among them none ſu-
rior to that Dialogue between *Sylvia* and *Da-
da*, written by one of my own Sex; where all
r little Weakneſſes are laid open in a Manner
ore juſt and with truer Raillery, than ever
an yet hit upon.

*ONLY this I now diſcern,*
*From the Things thou'dſt have me learn;*
*That Womankind's peculiar Joys*
*From paſt or preſent Beauties riſe.*

BUT to reaſſume my firſt Deſign, there can-
t be a greater Inſtance of the Command of Fe-
ales, than in the prevailing Charms of the He-
ine in the Play which was acted this Night,
ll'd, *All for Love*; or, *The World well loſt*. The
amoured *Antony* reſigns Glory and Power to the
Force

Force of the attractive *Cleopatra*, whoſe Charms were the Defenſe of her Diadem, againſt a People otherwiſe invincible. It is ſo natural for Women to talk of themſelves, that it is to be hoped, all my own Sex, at leaſt, will pardon me, that I could fall into no other Diſcourſe. If we have their Favour, we give our ſelves very little Anxiety for the reſt of our Readers. I believe I ſee a Sentence of *Latin* in my Brother's Day-Book of Wit, which ſeems applicable on this Occaſion, and in Contempt of the Criticks.

——*Triſtitiam & Metus*
*Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum*
*Portare ventis.*

BUT I am interrupted by a Packet from Mr. *Kidney*, from St. *James's* Coffee-houſe, which I am obliged to inſert in the very Style and Words which Mr. *Kidney* uſes in his Letter.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 2.*

WE are adviſed by Letters from *Bern*, dated the 1ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* That the Duke of *Berwick* arrived at *Lyons* the 25th of the laſt Month, and continued his Journey the next Day to viſit the Paſſes of the Mountains, and other Poſts in *Dauphine* and *Provence*. Theſe Letters alſo inform us, That the Miſeries of the People in *France* are heightened to that Degree, that unleſs a Peace be ſpeedily concluded, half of that Kingdom would periſh for want of Bread. On the 24th, the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* paſſed through *Lyons* in his Way to *Verſailles*; and two Battalions which were marching from *Alſace* to reinforce the Army of the Duke of *Berwick*, paſſed alſo through that Place. Thoſe Troops were to be followed by ſix Battalions more.

LETTERS from *Naples* of the 16th of *April* ſay, That the Marquis *de Prie's* Son was arrived there, with Inſtructions from his Father, to ſig-

nify

ſie to the Viceroy the Neceſſity his Imperial ajeſty was under, of deſiring an Aid from that ingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary Exnces of the War. On the 14th of the ſame onth, they made a Review of the *Spaniſh* roops in that Garriſon, and afterwards of the arines; one Part of whom will embark with oſe deſigned for *Barcelona*, and the reſt are to ſent on board the Gallies appointed to convoy oviſions to that Place.

WE hear from *Rome*, by Letters dated the 20th *April*, That the Count *de Mellos*, Envoy from the ng of *Portugal*, had made his publick Entry into t City with much State and Magnificence. The pe has lately held two other Conſiſtories where- he made a Promotion of two Cardinals; but the knowledgment of King *Charles* is ſtill deferred.

LETTERS from other Parts of *Italy* adviſe That the Doge of *Venice* continues dangerly ill: That the Prince *de Carignan* having reſed into a violent Fever, died the 23d of *April*, his 80th Year.

ADVICES from *Vienna* of the 27th of *April*, port, That the Archbiſhop of *Saltzburg* is dead, o is ſucceeded by Count *Harrach*, formerly hop of *Vienna*, and for theſe laſt three Years adjutor to the ſaid Archbiſhop; and That nce *Maximilian* of *Lichtenſtein* has likewiſe deted this Life, at his Country-Seat called *Crow* in *Moravia*. Theſe Advices add, That the nperor has named Count *Zinzendorf*, Count s, and Monſieur *Conſbruck*, for his Plenipotenries in an enſuing Treaty of Peace; and they ar from *Hungary*, that the Imperialiſts have d ſeveral ſucceſsful Skirmiſhes with the Maletents.

LETTERS from *Paris*, dated *May* the 6th, , That the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* arrived there the 29th of the laſt Month, and that the Chevar *de Benil* was ſent thither by Don *Pedro Ronquillo* h Advice, That the Confederate Squadron appeared

peared before *Alicant* on the 17th, and having for some Time cannonaded the City, endeavoured to land some Troops for the Relief of the Castle; but General *Stanhope* finding the Passes well guarded, and the Enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the Castle; which being granted him, the Garrison, consisting of 600 Regular Troops, marched out with their Arms and Baggage the Day following; and being received on Board, they immediately set Sail for *Barcelona*. These Letters add, That the March of the *French* and *Swiss* Regiments is further deferred for a few Days; and that the Duke of *Noailles* was just ready to set out for *Roussillon*, as well as the Count *de Bezons* for *Catalonia*.

THE same Advices say, Bread was sold at *Paris* for 6*d.* *per* Pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that Rate, to supply the Necessities of the People, which reduced them to the utmost Despair; that 300 Men had taken up Arms, and having plundered the Market of the Suburb of St. *Germain*, pressed down by their Multitudes the King's Guards who opposed them. Two of those Mutineers were afterwards seized and condemned to Death; but four others went to the Magistrate who pronounced that Sentence, and told him, He must expect to answer with his own Life, for those of their Comrades. All Order and Sense of Government being thus lost among the inraged People; to keep up a Show of Authority, the Captain of the Guards, who saw all their Insolence, pretended, That he had represented to the King their deplorable Condition, and had obtained their Pardon. It is further reported, That the Dauphin, and Dutchess of *Burgundy*, as they went to the Opera, were surrounded by Crowds of People, who upbraided them with their Neglect of the general Calamity, in going to Diversions, when the whole People were ready to perish for want of Bread. Edicts are daily published to supress these Riots; and

Papers

apers, with Menaces againſt the Government, publickly thrown about. Among others, theſe Words were dropped in a Court of Juſtice, rance *wants a* Ravilliac *or a* Jeſuit *to deliver her.* eſides this univerſal Diſtreſs, there is a conta-ous Sickneſs, which 'tis feared, will end in a eſtilence. Letters from *Bourdeaux* bring Ac-unts no leſs lamentable: The Peaſants are dri-en by Hunger from their Abodes into that Ci-, and make Lamentations in the Streets with-t Redreſs.

WE are adviſed by Letters from the *Hague*, ted the 10th Inſtant, *N. S.* That on the 6th, e Marquis *de Torcy* arrived there from *Paris*, t the Paſſport, by which he came, having been nt blank by Monſieur *Rouille*, he was there two ys before his Quality was known. That Mi-ſter offered to communicate to Monſieur *Hein-s* the Propoſals which he had to make; but the enſionary refuſed to ſee them, and ſaid, He ould ſignify it to the States, who deputed ſome f their own Body to acquaint him, That they ould enter into no Negotiation till the Arrival his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, and the other Miniſters of the Alliance. Prince *Eugene* was ex-ected there the 12th Inſtant from *Bruſſels*. 'Tis id, That beſides Monſieur *de Torcy*, and Mon-eur *Pajot*, Director-General of the Poſts, there re two or three Perſons at the *Hague* whoſe Names are not known; but 'tis ſuppoſed, that the Duke *d'Alba*, Embaſſador from the Duke of *An-ou*, was one of them. The States have ſent Let-ers to all the Cities of the Provinces, deſiring hem to ſend their Deputies to receive the Pro-poſitions of Peace made by the Court of *France*.

*Thurſ-*

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

N° 11. *Thurſday, May* 5. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May* 3.

A Kinſman has ſent me a Letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately reſolved to write an Heroick Poem; but by Buſineſs has been interrupted, and has only made one Similitude, which he ſhould be afflicted to have wholly loſt, and begs of me to apply it to Something, being very deſirous to ſee it well placed in the World. I am ſo willing to help the Diſtreſſed, that I have taken it in: But though his greater Genius might very well diſtinguiſh his Verſes from mine, I have mark'd where his begin. His Lines are a Deſcription of the Sun in Eclipſe, which I know nothing more like than a brave Man in Sorrow, who bears it as he ſhould, without imploring the Pity of his Friends, or being dejected with the Contempt of his Enemies: As in the Caſe of *Cato*:

WHEN all the Globe to *Cæſar*'s Fortune bow'd,
*Cato* alone his Empire diſallow'd;
With inborn Strength alone oppos'd Mankind,
With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:
Regardleſs of his Friends Applauſe, or Moan,
Alone triumphant, ſince he falls alone.

'THUS when the Ruler of the Genial Day,
'Behind ſome dark'ning Planet forms his Way,
'Deſponding Mortals, with officious Care,
'To concave Drum, and magick Braſs prepare;
'Implore him to ſuſtain th'important Fight,
'And ſave depending Worlds from endleſs Night.

'Fondly

Fondly they hope their Labour may avail,
To eaſe his Conflict, and aſſiſt his Toil.
Whilſt he in Beams of native Splendor bright,
(Tho' dark his Orb appear to Humane Sight)
Shines to the Gods with more diffuſive Light.
To diſtant Stars with equal Glory burns,
Inflames their Lamps, and feeds their Golden [Urns.
ſure to retain his known ſuperiour Tract,
And proves the more illuſtrious by Defect.

THIS is a very lively Image; but I muſt take Liberty to ſay, My Kinſman drives the Sun ittle like *Phaeton*: He has all the Warmth of *Phœbus*, but won't ſtay for his Direction of it. *ail* and *Toil*, *Defect* and *Tract*, will never do Rhimes. But however, he has the true Spi- in him; for which Reaſon I was willing to en- tain any Thing he pleaſed to ſend me. The Sub- t which he writes upon naturally raiſes great Re- ctions in the Soul, and puts us in Mind of the xed Condition which we Mortals are to ſup- rt; which as it varies to Good or Bad, adorns defaces our Actions to the Beholders: All ich Glory and Shame muſt end in what we ſo ich repine at, Death. But Doctrines on this caſion, any other than that of living well, are e moſt inſignificant and moſt empty of all the bours of Men. None but a Tragedian can die Rule, and wait till he diſcovers a Plot, or ys a fine Thing upon his *Exit*. In real Life, is is a Chimæra; and by noble Spirits, it will done decently, without the Oſtentation of it. e ſee Men of all Conditions and Characters go rough it with equal Reſolution: And if we nſider the Speeches of the mighty Philoſophers, eroes, Law-givers, and great Captains, they n produce no more in a diſcerning Spirit, than ules to make a Man a Fop on his Death-bed. ommend me to that natural Greatneſs of Soul, preſſed by an Innocent, and conſequently re- ſolute,

ſolute, Country-Fellow, who ſaid in the Pains of the Cholick, *If I once get this Breath out of my Body, you ſhall hang me before you put it in again.* Honeſt *Ned!* and ſo he died.

BUT it is to be ſuppoſed, from this Place you may expect, an Account of ſuch a Thing as a new Play is not to be omitted. That acted this Night is the neweſt that ever was writ. The Author is my ingenious Friend Mr. *Thomas D——y*. This Drama is called, *The Modern Prophets*, and is a moſt unanſwerable Satire againſt the late Spirit of Enthuſiaſm. The Writer had by long Experience obſerved, That in Company, very grave Diſcourſes have been followed by Bawdry; and therefore has turned the Humour that Way with great Succeſs, and taken from his Audience all Manner of Superſtition, by the Agitations of pretty Mr. *Bignell*, whom he has, with great Subtilty, made a Lay-Siſter, as well as a Prophetess; by which Means ſhe carries on the Affairs of both Worlds with great Succeſs. My Friend deſigns to go on with another Work againſt Winter, which he intends to call, *The Modern Poets*. A People no leſs miſtaken in their Opinions of being inſpired, than the other. In order to this he has by him ſeven Songs, beſides many Ambiguities, which cannot be miſtaken for any Thing but what he means them. Mr. *D——y* generally writes State-Plays, and is wonderfully uſeful to the World in ſuch Repreſentations. This Method is the ſame that was uſed by old *Athenians*, to laugh out of Countenance, or promote Opinions among the People. My Friend has therefore againſt this Play is acted for his own Benefit, made two Dances, which may be alſo of an univerſal Benefit. In the firſt, he has repreſented abſolute Power in the Perſon of a tall Man with an Hat and Feather, who gives his firſt Miniſter, that ſtands juſt before him, an huge Kick; the Miniſter gives the Kick to the next before, and ſo to the End of the Stage. In this Moral and

Practical

Practical Jeſt, you are made to underſtand, That here is, in an abſolute Government, no Gratification, but giving the Kick you receive from one above you, to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy Air; but on a ſuddain the Tune moves quicker, and the whole Company fall into a Circle, and take Hands; then at a certain ſharp Note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This later Performance he makes to be the Repreſentation of a free State; where, if you all mind your Steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a Motion pleaſant to your ſelves and thoſe you dance with: Nay, if you put your ſelves out, in the worſt you only kick and are kicked, like Friends and Equals.

*From my own Apartment, May 4.*

OF all the Vanities under the Sun, I confeſs that of being proud of one's Birth is the greateſt. At the ſame Time, ſince in this unreaſonable Age, by the Force of prevailing Cuſtom, Things in which Men have no Hand, are imputed to them; and that I am uſed by ſome People, as if *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, tho' I write my ſelf *Eſquire*, was no Body: To ſet the World right in that Particular, I ſhall give you my Genealogy, as a Kinſman of mine has ſent it me from the *Heralds Office*. It is certain, and obſerved by the wiſeſt Writers, That there are Women who are not nicely chaſte, and Men not ſeverely honeſt, in all Families; therefore let thoſe who may be apt to raiſe Aſperſions upon ours, pleaſe to give us as impartial an Account of their own, and we ſhall be ſatisfied. The Buſineſs of Heralds is a Matter of ſo great Nicety, that, to avoid Miſtakes, I ſhall give you my Couſin's Letter *verbatim*, without altering a Syllable.

*Dear Couſin,*

'SINCE you have been pleaſed to make your
'ſelf ſo famous of late, by your ingenious
'Writings, and ſome Time ago by your learned
'Predictions: Since *Partridge*, of immortal Me-
'mory, is dead and gone, who, Poetical as he
'was, could not underſtand his own Poetry; and
'Philomathical as he was, could not read his
'own Deſtiny: Since the Pope, the King of
'*France*, and great Part of his Court, are either
'literally or metaphorically defunct: Since, I
'ſay, theſe Things (not foretold by any one but
'your ſelf) have come to paſs after ſo ſurpri-
'ſing a Manner; 'tis with no ſmall Concern I
'ſee the Original of the *Staffian* Race ſo little
'known in the World as it is at this Time; for
'which Reaſon, as you have employed your Stu-
'dies in Aſtronomy, and the occult Sciences; ſo
'I, my Mother being a *Welch* Woman, dedicated
'mine to Genealogy, particularly that of our
'own Family, which, for its Antiquity and
'Number, may challenge any in *Great Britain*.
'The *Staffs* are originally of *Staffordſhire*, which
'took its Name from them: The firſt that I find
'of the *Staffs* was one *Jacobſtaff*, a famous and
'renowned Aſtronomer, who by *Dorothy* his Wife
'had Iſſue ſeven Sons, *viz. Bickerſtaff*, *Longſtaff*,
'*Wagſtaff*, *Quarterſtaff*, *Whiteſtaff*, *Falſtaff* and
'*Tipſtaff*. He alſo had a younger Brother who
'was twice married, and had five Sons, *viz. Dis-*
'*ſtaff*, *Pikeſtaff*, *Mopſtaff*, *Broomſtaff* and *Ragged-*
'*ſtaff*. As for the Branch from whence you
'ſpring, I ſhall ſay very little of it, only that
'it is the chief of the *Staffs*, and called *Bicker-*
'*ſtaff*, quaſi *Biggerſtaff*; as much as to ſay, the
'the *Great Staff* to *Staff* of *Staffs*, and that it has
'applied it ſelf to Aſtronomy with great Succeſs,
'after the Example of our aforeſaid Forefather.
'The Deſcendents from *Longſtaff*, the ſecond
'Son, were a rakiſh diſorderly Sort of People,

and rambled from one Place to another, till in *Harry* II's Time, they ſettled in *Kent*, and were called *Long-Tails*, from the *Long Tails* which were ſent them as a Puniſhment for the Murder of *Thomas a-Becket*, as the Legends ſay. They have always been ſeeked after by the Ladies, but whether it be to ſhew their Averſion to Popery, or their Love to Miracles, I can't ſay. The *Wagſtaffs* are a merry thoughtleſs Sort of People, who have always been opiniated of their own Wit; they have turned themſelves moſtly to Poetry. This is the moſt numerous Branch of our Family, and the pooreſt. The *Quarterſtaffs* are moſt of them Prize-fighters or Deer-ſtealers: There have been ſo many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that Branch of our Family left. The *Whiteſtaffs* are all Courtiers, and have had very conſiderable Places. There have been ſome of them of that Strength and Dexterity, that five hundred of the ableſt Men in the Kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a Staff out of their Hands. The *Falſtaffs* are ſtrangely given to Whoring and Drinking: There are Abundance of them in and about *London*. And one Thing is very remarkable of this Branch, and that is, There are juſt as many Women as Men in it. There was a wicked Stick of Wood of this Name in *Harry* IV's Time, one Sir *John Falſtaff*. As for *Tipſtaff*, the youngeſt Son, he was an honeſt Fellow; but his Sons, and his Sons Sons, have all of them been the verieſt Rogues living: 'Tis this unlucky Branch has ſtock'd the Nation with that Swarm of Lawyers, Attorneys, Serjeants and Bailiffs, with which the Nation is over-run. *Tipſtaff*, being a Seventh Son, uſed to cure the *King's Evil*; but his raſcally Deſcendents are ſo far from having that healing Quality, that by a Touch upon the Shoulder, they give a Man ſuch an ill Habit of Body, that he can never

'come abroad afterwards. This is all I know 'of the Line of *Jacobſtaff*: His younger Brother '*Iſaacſtaff*, as I told you before, had five Sons, 'and was married twice; his firſt Wife was a '*Staff*, (for they did not ſtand upon falſe Herald-'dry in thoſe Days) by whom he had one Son, 'who in Proceſs of Time being a Schoolmaſter, 'and well read in the *Greek*, called himſelf *Di-'ſtaff* or *Twiceſtaff*. He was not very rich, ſo he 'put his Children out to Trades; and the *Di-'ſtaffs* have ever ſince been employed in the 'Woollen and Linen Manufactures, except my-'ſelf, who am a Genealogiſt. *Pikeſtaff*, the el-'deſt Son by the ſecond Venter, was a Man of 'Buſineſs, a downright plodding Fellow, and 'withal ſo plain, that he became a Proverb. 'Moſt of this Family are at preſent in the Army. '*Raggedſtaff* was an unlucky Boy, and uſed to tear 'his Cloths a getting Birds Neſts, and was al-'ways playing with a tame Bear his Father 'kept. *Mopſtaff* fell in Love with one of his Fa-'ther's Maids, and uſed to help her to clean the 'Houſe. *Broomſtaff* was a Chimney-ſweeper. The 'Mopſtaffs and *Broomſtaffs* are naturally as civil 'People as ever went out of Doors; but alas! 'if they once get into ill Hands, they knock 'down all before them. *Pilgrimſtaff* run away 'from his Friends, and went a ſtrolling about the 'Country: And *Pipeſtaff* was a Wine-cooper. 'Theſe two were the unlawful Iſſue of *Longſtaff*.

'N. B. The *Canes*, the *Clubs*, the *Cudgels*, the '*Wands*, the *Devil upon two Sticks*, and one *Bread*, 'that goes by the Name of *Staff of Life*, are 'none of our Relations. I am,

*Dear Couſin,*

From the *Heralds Office*, *May* 1. *Your Humble Servant,* D. Diſtaff.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May* 4.

AS politick News is not the principal Subject on which we treat, we are ſo happy as to have

o Occaſion for that Art of Cookery which our rother Newſmongers ſo much excel in; as apears by their excellent and inimitable Manner f dreſſing up a ſecond Time for your Taſte the me Diſh which they gave you the Day before, caſe there come over no new Pickles from *Holnd.* Therefore when we have nothing to ſay you from Courts and Camps, we hope ſtill to ve you ſomewhat new and curious from ourlves: The Women of our Houſe upon Occaſi-, being capable of carrying on the Buſineſs, cording to the laudable Cuſtom of the Wives *Holland*; but, without farther Preface, take at we have not mentioned in our former Re-tions.

LETTERS from *Hanover* of the 30th of e laſt Month ſay, That the Prince Royal of *ruſſia* arrived there on the 15th, and left that ourt on the ſecond of this Month in Purſuit of s Journey to *Flanders*, where he makes the ening Campaign. Thoſe Advices add, That the oung Prince *Naſſau*, Hereditary Governor of *ieſland*, conſummated on the 26th of the laſt lonth his Marriage with the beauteous Princeſs *Heſſe-Caſſel*, with a Pomp and Magnificence itable to their Age and Quality.

LETTERS from *Paris* ſay, His moſt Chriian Majeſty retired to *Marly* on the firſt Inſtant, *S.* and our laſt Advices from *Spain* inform , That the Prince of *Aſturias* had made his blick Entry into *Madrid* in great Splendor. he Duke of *Anjou* has given Don *Joſeph Harta do Amaraga* the Government of *Terra firma de eragua*, and the Preſidency of *Panama* in *Ameri*. They add, that the Forces commanded by e Marquiſs *de Bay* have been reinforced by ſix attalions of *Spaniſh* and *Walloon* Guards. Letrs from *Lisbon* adviſe, That the Army of the ing of *Portugal* was at *Elvas* on the 22d of the ſt Month, and would decamp on the 24th, in Orcr to march upon the Enemy who lay at *Badajos*.

YESTERDAY, at four in the Morning, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* ſet out for *Margate*, and embarked for *Holland* at eight this Morning.

YESTERDAY alſo Sir *George Thorold* was declared Alderman of *Cordwainers* Ward, in the Room of his Brother Sir *Charles Thorold* deceaſed.

N° 12. *Saturday, May* 7. 1709.

*May* 5.

WHEN a Man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Paſſengers or not, to ſet out: Thus it fares with us weekly Hiſtorians; but indeed for my Particular, I hope I ſhall ſoon have little more to do in this Work than to publiſh what is ſent me from ſuch as have Leiſure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleaſed in an elegant Manner. The preſent Grandeur of the *Britiſh* Nation might make us expect, that we ſhould riſe in our publick Diverſions, and Manner of enjoying Life, in Proportion to our Advancement in Glory and Power. Inſtead of that, take and ſurvey this Town, and you'll find Rakes and Debauchees are your Men of Pleaſure; thoughtleſs Atheiſts and illiterate Drunkards call themſelves Free-Thinkers; and Gameſters, Banterers, Biters, Swearers, and twenty new-born Inſects more, are, in their ſpecial Species, the Modern Men of Wit. Hence it is, that a Man who has been out of Town but one half year, has loſt the Language, and muſt have ſome Friend to ſtand by him, and keep him in Countenance for talking common Senſe. To-day I ſaw a ſhort Interlude at *White*'s of this Nature, which I took Notes of, and put together as well as I could in a publick Place. The Perſons of the *Drama* are, *Pip*, the laſt

aſt Gentleman that has been made ſo at Cards; *Trimmer*, a Perſon half undone at them, and is ow between a Cheat and a Gentleman; *Acorn*, an oneſt *Engliſh* Man of good plain Senſe and Meaning; and Mr. *Friendly*, a reaſonable Man of he Town.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May 5.*

Enter *Pip*, *Trim*, and *Acorn*.

*Ac.* WHAT's the Matter, Gentlemen? What! Take no Notice of an old Friend?

*Pip.* POX on it! Don't talk to me, I am owel'd by the Count, and curſedly out of Humour.

*Ac.* VOWEL'D! Prithee, *Trimmer*, What does he mean by that?

*Trim.* HAVE a Care, *Harry*, ſpeak ſoftly; on't ſhow your Ignorance: — If you do, they'll ite you where-e'er they meet you, they are uch curſed Curs, — the preſent Wits.

*Ac.* BITE me! What do you mean?

*Pip.* WHY! Don't you know what Biting is? Nay, you are in the right on't. However, one would learn it only to defend one's ſelf againſt Men of Wit, as one would know the Tricks of Play, to be ſecure againſt the Cheats. But don't you hear, *Acorn*, that Report, That ſome Potentates of the Alliance have taken Care of themſelves excluſive of us?

*Ac.* HOW! Heaven forbid! After all our glorious Victories; all the Expence of Blood and Treaſure!

*Pip.* BITE! —

*Ac.* BITE? How?

*Trim.* NAY, he has bit you fairly enough; that's certain.

*Ac.* POX! I don't feel it — How? Where?

Exit *Pip* and *Trimmer* laughing.

*Ac.* HO! Mr. *Friendly*, your moſt humble Servant; you heard what paſſed between thoſe fine Gentlemen and me. *Pip* complained to me,

That he has been vowel'd; and they tell me I am bit.

*Friend.* YOU are to underſtand, Sir, That Simplicity of Behaviour, which is the Perfection of good Breeding and good Senſe, is utterly loſt in the World; and in the Room of it there are ſtarted a thouſand little Inventions, which Men, barren of better Things, take up in the Place of it. That for every Character in Converſation that uſed to pleaſe, there is an Impoſtor put upon you. Him whom we allowed formerly for a certain pleaſant Subtilty, and natural Way of giving you an unexpected Hit, called a *Droll*, is now mimick'd by a *Biter*, who is a dull Fellow, that tells you a Lye with a grave Face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Inſtead of that Sort of Companion, who could rally you, and keep his Countenance, till he made you fall into ſome little Inconſiſtency of Behaviour, at which you your ſelf could laugh with him, you have the Sneerer, who will keep you Company from Morning till Night, to gather your Follies of the Day, (which perhaps you commit out of Confidence in him) and expoſe you in the Evening to all the Scorners in Town. For your Men of Senſe and free Spirit, whoſe Set of Thoughts were built upon Learning, Reaſon and Experience, you have now an impudent Creature made up of Vice only, who ſupports his Ignorance by his Courage, and Want of Learning by Contempt of it.

*Ac.* DEAR Sir, hold; What you have told me already of this Change in Converſation, is too miſerable to be heard with any Delight; but, methinks, as theſe new Creatures appear in the World, it might give an excellent Field to Writers for the Stage, to divert us with the Repreſentation of them there.

*Friend.* NO, no: As you ſay, there might be ſome Hopes of Redreſs of theſe Grievances, if there

there were proper Care taken of the Theatre; but the Hiſtory of that is yet more lamentable, than that of the Decay of Converſation I gave you.

*Ac.* PRAY, Sir, a little: I han't been in Town theſe ſix Years, till within this Fortnight.

*Friend.* IT is now ſome Years, ſince ſeveral Revolutions in the gay World had made the Empire of the Stage ſubject to very fatal Convulſions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the Skill of little King *Oberon*, who then ſate in the Throne of it. The Lazineſs of this Prince threw him upon the Choice of a Perſon who was fit to ſpend his Life in Contentions, an able and profound Attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole Empire. This *Divito* is the moſt skilful of all Politicians: He has a perfect Art in being unintelligible in Diſcourſe, and uncomeatable in Buſineſs. But he having no Underſtanding in this polite Way, brought in upon us, to get in his Money, Ladder-dancers, Rope-dancers, Jugglers and Mountebanks, to ſtrut in the Place of *Shakeſpear*'s Heroes and *Johnſon*'s Humoriſts. When the Seat of Wit was thus mortgaged, without Equity of Redemption, an Architect aroſe, who has built the Muſe a new Palace, but ſecured her no Retinue; ſo that inſtead of Action there, we have been put off by Song and Dance. This later Help of Sound has alſo began to fail for want of Voices; therefore the Palace has ſince been put into the Hands of a Surgeon, who cuts any Foreign Fellow into an Eunuch, and paſſes him upon us for a Singer of *Italy*.

*Ac.* I'LL go out of Town to-morrow.

*Friend.* THINGS are come to this Paſs, and yet the World will not underſtand, that the Theatre has much the ſame Effect on the Manners of the Age, as the Bank on the Credit of the Nation. Wit and Spirit, Humour and good Senſe, can never be revived, but under the Government of thoſe who are Judges of ſuch Talents, who

know, that whatever is put up in their Stead, is but a short and trifling Expedient, to support the Appearance of them for a Season. It is possible, a Peace will give Leisure to put these Matters under new Regulations; but at present all the Assistance we can see towards our Recovery, is as far from giving us Help, as a Poultice is from performing what can be done only by the Grand Elixir.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 6.*

ACCORDING to our late Design in the applauded Verses on the Morning which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just Intention, and present you with other Labours made proper to the Place in which they were written. The following Poem comes from *Copenhagen*, and is as fine a Winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the Schools of the most learned Painters. Such Images as these give us a new Pleasure in our Sight, and fix upon our Minds Traces of Reflection, which accompany us whenever the like Objects occur. In short, excellent Poetry and Description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the Readers of them are made to think, if not write, like Men of Wit. But it would be Injury to detain you longer from this excellent Performance, which is addressed to the Earl of *Dorset* by Mr. *Philips*, the Author of several choice Poems in Mr. *Tonson's* new Miscellany.

Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.

*FROM frozen Climes, and endless Tracks of Snow,*
*From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow;*
*What Present shall the Muse to* Dorset *bring,*
*Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?*
*The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight,*
*All pleasing Objects that to Verse invite.*

The

*The Hills and Dales, and the delightful Woods,*
*The flow'ry Plains, and Silver-ſtreaming Floods,*
*By Snow diſguis'd in bright Confuſion lie,*
*And with one dazling Waſte fatigue the Eye.*

*NO gentle breathing Breeze prepares the Spring,*
*No Birds within the Deſart Region ſing.*
*The Ships unmov'd the boiſt'rous Winds deſy,*
*While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly.*
*The vaſt* Leviathan *wants Room to play,*
*And ſpout his Waters in the Face of Day.*
*The ſtarving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,*
*And to the Moon in icy Valleys howl.*
*For many a ſhining League the level Main*
*Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy Plain:*
*There ſolid Billows of enormous Size,*
*Alpes of green Ice, in wild Diſorder riſe.*

*AND yet but lately have I ſeen ev'n here,*
*The Winter in a lovely Dreſs appear.*
*Ere yet the Clouds let fall the treaſur'd Snow,*
*Or Winds begun through hazy Skies to blow.*
*At Ev'ning a keen Eaſtern Breeze aroſe;*
*And the deſcending Rain unſully'd froze.*
*Soon as the ſilent Shades of Night withdrew,*
*The ruddy Morn diſclos'd at once to View*
*The Face of Nature in a rich Diſguiſe,*
*And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes:*
*For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Graſs,*
*And ev'ry pointed Thorn, ſeem'd wrought in Glaſs.*
*In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns ſhow,*
*While through the Ice the Crimſon Berries glow.*
*The thick-ſprung Reeds the watry Marſhes yield,*
*Seem poliſh'd Lances in a hoſtile Field.*
*The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprize,*
*Sees Cryſtal Branches on his Forehead riſe.*
*The ſpreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,*
*Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther ſhine.*
*The frighted Birds the rattling Branches ſhun,*
*That wave and glitter in the diſtant Sun.*

WHEN

*WHEN if a ſudden Guſt of Wind ariſe,*
*The brittle Foreſt into Atoms flies:*
*The crackling Wood beneath the Tempeſt bends,*
*And in a ſpangled Show'r the Proſpect ends.*
*Or, if a Southern Gale the Region warm,*
*And by Degrees unbind the wintry Charm,*
*The Traveller a miry Country ſees,*
*And journeys ſad beneath the dropping Trees.*

*LIKE ſome deluded Peaſant,* Merlin *leads*
*Thro' fragrant Bow'rs and thro' delicious Meads;*
*While here inchanted Gardens to him riſe,*
*And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes,*
*His wand'ring Feet the Magick Paths purſue;*
*And while he thinks the fair Illuſion true,*
*The trackleſs Scenes diſperſe in fluid Air,*
*And Woods, and Wilds and thorny Ways appear:*
*A tedious Road the weary Wretch returns,*
*And, as he goes, the tranſient Viſion mourns.*

*From my own Apartment, May 6.*

THERE has a Mail this Day arrived from *Holland*; but the Matter of the Advices importing rather what gives us great Expectations, than any poſitive Aſſurances, I ſhall, for this Time, decline giving you what I know, and apply the following Verſes of Mr. *Dryden*, in the ſecond Part of *Almanzor*, to the preſent Circumſtances of Things, without diſcovering what my Knowledge in Aſtronomy ſuggeſts to me.

*WHEN Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,*
*A watchful Fate o'erſees its tender Years:*
*Till grown more ſtrong, it thruſts and ſtretches out,*
*And elbows all the Kingdoms round about.*
*The Place thus made for its firſt Breathing free,*
*It moves again for Eaſe and Luxury:*
*Till ſwelling by Degrees it has poſſeſt*
*The greater Space, and now crowds up the reſt.*

When

*When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty State,*
*And puſhes on its now unwieldy Fate.*
*Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,*
*And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.*

## N° 13. *Tueſday, May* 10. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May* 8.

MUCH Hurry and Buſineſs had to-day perplex'd me into a Mood too thoughtful for going into Company; for which Reaſon, inſtead of the Tavern, I went into *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*; and having taken a Round or two, I ſate down, according to the allowed Familiarity of theſe Places, on a Bench; at the other End of which ſate a venerable Gentleman, who ſpeaking with a very affable Air, *Mr.* Bickerſtaff, ſaid he, *I take it for a very great Piece of good Fortune that you have found me out. Sir*, ſaid I, *I had never, that I know of, the Honour of ſeeing you before. That*, replied he, *is what I have often lamented; but I aſſure you, I have for many Years done you many good Offices, without being obſerved by you; or elſe, when you had any little Glimpſe of my being concerned in an Affair, you have fled from me, and ſhunned me like an Enemy; but however, the Part I am to act in the World is ſuch, that I am to go on in doing Good, though I meet with never ſo many Repulſes, even from thoſe I oblige.* This, thought I, ſhows a great Good-Nature, but little Judgment in the Perſons upon whom he confers his Favours. He immediately took Notice to me, That he obſerved by my Countenance I thought him indiſcreet in his Beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his Quality in the following Manner: *I know thee*, Iſaac, *to be ſo well verſed in the Occult Sciences, that I need not much Preface, or make long Preparations to gain your Faith that there are Airy Beings, who are employed in the Care and Attendance*

*tendance of Men, as Nurſes are to Infants, till they come to an Age in which they can act of themſelves. Theſe Beings are uſually called amongſt Men,* Guardian Angels; *and, Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for ſome Time to come; it being our Orders to vary our Stations, and ſometimes to have one Patient under our Protection, and ſometimes another, with a Power of aſſuming what Shape we pleaſe, to enſnare our Wards into their own Good. I have of late been upon ſuch hard Duty, and know you have ſo much Work for me, that I think fit to appear to you Face to Face, to deſire you would give me as little Occaſion for Vigilance as you can. Sir,* ſaid I, *it will be a great Inſtruction to me in my Behaviour, if you pleaſe to give me ſome Account of your late Employments, and what Hardſhips or Satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern my ſelf accordingly.* He anſwered, To give you an Example of the Drudgery we go thro', I will entertain you only with my three laſt Stations: I was on the firſt of *April* laſt put to mortifie a great Beauty, with whom I was a Week; from her I went to a common Swearer, and have been laſt with a Gameſter. When I firſt came to my Lady, I found my great Work was to guard well her Eyes and Ears; but her Flatterers were ſo numerous, and the Houſe after the modern Way, ſo full of Looking-glaſſes, that I ſeldom had her ſafe but in her Sleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were ſurrounded by an Army of Enemies: When a well-made Man appeared, he was ſure to have a Side-glance of Obſervation: If a diſagreeable Fellow, he had a full Face, out of meer Inclination to Conqueſts. But at the Cloſe of the Evening, on the ſixth of the laſt Month, my Ward was ſitting on a Couch, reading *Ovid's* Epiſtles; and as ſhe came to this Line of *Helen* to *Paris*,

*She half conſents who ſilently denies;*

enter'd *Philander*, who is the moſt skilful of all Men in an Addreſs to Women. He is arrived at

at the Perfection of that Art which gains them, which is, *To talk like a very miſerable Man, but look like a very happy One.* I ſaw *Diſtinna* bluſh at his Entrance, which gave me the Alarm; but he immediately ſaid ſomething ſo agreeable on her being at Study, and the Novelty of finding a Lady employed in ſo grave a Manner, that he on a ſudden became very familiarly a Man of no Conſequence; and in an Inſtant laid all her Suſpicions of his Skill aſleep, as he almoſt had done mine, till I obſerved him very dangerouſly turn his Diſcourſe upon the Elegance of her Dreſs, and her Judgment in the Choice of that very pretty Mourning. Having had Women before under my Care, I trembled at the Apprehenſion of a Man of Senſe who could talk upon Trifles, and reſolved to ſtick to my Poſt with all the Circumſpection imaginable. In ſhort, I prepoſſeſſed her againſt all he could ſay to the Advantage of her Dreſs and Perſon; but he turned again the Diſcourſe, where I found I had no Power over her, on the abuſing her Friends and Acquaintance. He allowed indeed, That *Flora* had a little Beauty, and a great deal of Wit, but then ſhe was ſo ungainly in her Behaviour, and ſuch a laughing *Hoyden* — *Paſtorella* had with him the Allowance of being blameleſs: But what was that towards being Praiſe-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous. He afterwards ſpoke ſo much againſt Mrs. *Dipple*'s Forehead, Mrs. *Prim*'s Mouth, Mrs. *Dentifrice*'s Teeth, and Mrs *Fidget*'s Cheeks, that ſhe grew downright in Love with him: For it is always to be underſtood, That a Lady takes all you detract from the reſt of her Sex to be a Gift to her. In a Word, Things went ſo far, that I was diſmiſſed, and ſhe will remember that Evening nine Months, from the 6th of *April*, by a remarkable Token. The next, as I ſaid, I went to was a common Swearer: Never was Creature ſo puzzled as my ſelf when I came firſt to view his Brain; half of it was worn

out,

out, and filled up with meer Expletives, that had nothing to do with any other Parts of the Texture; therefore, when he called for his Clothes in a Morning, he would cry, *John?* —— *John* does not anſwer. *What a Plague! No Body there? What the Devil, and rot me!* John, *for a lazy Dog as you are.* I knew no Way to cure him, but by writing down all he ſaid one Morning as he was dreſſing, and laying it before him on the Toilet when he came to pick his Teeth. The laſt Recital I gave him of what he ſaid for half an Hour before, was, *What, a Pox rot me! Where is the Waſhball? Call the Chairmen: Damn'em, I warrant they are at the Alehouſe already! Zounds, and confound 'em.* When he came to the Glaſs, he takes up my Note —*Ha! This Fellow is worſe than me: What, Does he ſwear with Pen and Ink?* But reading on, he found them to be his own Words. The Stratagem had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new Man, and is learning to ſpeak without an Oath, which makes him extreamly ſhort in his Phraſes; for as I obſerved before, a common Swearer has a Brain without any Idea on the Swearing Side; therefore my Ward has yet mighty little to ſay, and is forced to ſubſtitute ſome other Vehicle of Nonſenſe to ſupply the Defect of his uſual Expletives. When I left him, he made uſe of *Odsbodikins! Oh me!* and *Never ſtir alive!* and ſo forth; which gave me Hopes of his Recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the Gameſter. When we firſt take our Place about a Man, the Receptacles of the *Pericranium* are immediately ſearched. In his, I found no one ordinary Trace of Thinking; but ſtrong Paſſion, violent Deſires, and a continued Series of different Changes, had torn it to Pieces. There appeared no middle Condition; the Triumph of a Prince, or the Miſery of a Beggar, were his alternate States. I was with him no longer than one Day, which was Yeſterday. In the Morning at twelve, we were

worth

worth four thouſand Pounds; at three, we were arrived at ſix thouſand; half an Hour after, we were reduced to one thouſand; at four of the Clock we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at ſix, to five; at ſeven, to one Guinea; the next Bet, to nothing. This Morning, he borrowed half a Crown of the Maid who cleans his Shoes; and is now gaming in *Lincolns Inn-Fields* among the Boys for Farthings and Oranges, till he has made up three Pieces, and then he returns to *White's* into the beſt Company in Town. This ended our firſt Diſcourſe; and it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked ſo little out of my Companion at our firſt Interview. In the next, 'tis poſſible he may tell me more pleaſing Incidents; for though he is a Familiar, he is not an Evil Spirit.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 9.*

WE hear from the *Hague* of the 14th Inſtant, *N. S.* That Monſieur *de Torcy* hath had frequent Conferences with the Grand Penſioner, and the other Miniſters who were heretofore commiſſioned to treat with Monſieur *Rouille*. The Preliminaries of a Peace are almoſt ſettled, and the Proceedings wait only for the Arrival of the Duke of *Marlborough*; after whoſe Approbation of the Articles propoſed, it is not doubted but the Methods of the Treaty will be publickly known. In the mean Time, the States have declared an Abhorrence of making any Step in this great Affair, but in Concert with the Court of *Great Britain*, and other Princes of the Alliance. The Poſture of Affairs in *France* does neceſſarily oblige that Nation to be very much in earneſt in their Offers; and Monſieur *de Torcy* hath profeſſed to the Grand Penſioner, That he will avoid all Occaſions of giving him the leaſt Jealouſie of his uſing any Addreſs in private Converſations for accompliſhing the Ends of his Embaſſy.

It

It is ſaid, That as ſoon as the Preliminaries are adjuſted, that Miniſter is to return to the *French* Court. The States of *Holland* have reſolved to make it an Inſtruction to all their Men of War and Privateers, to bring into their Ports whatever Neutral Ships they ſhall meet with laden with Corn, and bound for *France*, and to avoid all Cauſe of Complaint from the Potentates to whom theſe Ships ſhall belong, their full Demand for their Freight ſhall be paid them there. The *French* Proteſtants reſiding in that Country have applied themſelves to their reſpective Magiſtrates, deſiring that there may be an Article in the Treaty of Peace, which may give Liberty of Conſcience to the Proteſtants in *France*. Monſieur *Bonage*, Miniſter of the *Walloon* Church at *Rotterdam*, has been at the *Hague*, and hath had ſome Conferences with the Deputies of the States on that Subject. It is reported there, That all the *French* Refugees in theſe Dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the ſame good Effects of the Treaty with the *Hollanders* themſelves, in reſpect of *France*.

LETTERS from *Paris* ſay, The People conceive great Hopes of a ſudden Peace, from Monſieur *Torcy*'s being employed in the Negociation, he being a Miniſter of too great Weight in that Court, to be ſent on any Employment in which his Maſter would not act in a Manner wherein he might juſtly promiſe himſelf Succeſs. The *French* Advices add, That there is an Inſurrection in *Poictou*, 3000 Men having taken up Arms, and beaten the Troops which were appointed to diſperſe them: Three of the Mutineers being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's Party were uſed after the ſame Manner.

OUR late Act of Naturalization hath had ſo great an Effect in Foreign Parts, that ſome Princes have prohibited the *French* Refugees in their Dominions to ſell or transfer their Eſtates

to

to any other of their Subjects; and at the ſame Time have granted them greater Immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been alſo thought neceſſary to reſtrain their own Subjects from leaving their native Country on Pain of Death.

## N° 14. *Thurſday, May* 12. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May* 10.

HAD it not been that my Familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my laſt, in Perſon, I had certainly been unable to have found even Words, without Meaning, to keep up my Intelligence with the Town; But he has checked me ſeverely for my Deſpondence, and ordered me to go on in my Deſign of obſerving upon Things, and forbearing Perſons; for, ſaid he, the Age you live in is ſuch, that a good Picture of any Vice or Virtue will infallibly be miſrepreſented; and though none will take the kind Deſcriptions you make ſo much to themſelves, as to wiſh well to the Author, yet all will reſent the ill Characters you produce, out of Fear of their own Turn in the Licence you muſt be obliged to take, if you point at particular Perſons. I took his Admonition kindly, and immediately promiſed him to beg Pardon of the Author of the *Advice to the Poets*, for my Raillery upon his Work; though I aimed at no more in that Examination, but to convince him, and all Men of Genius, of the Folly of laying themſelves out on ſuch Plans as are below their Characters. I hope too it was done without Ill-Breeding, and nothing ſpoken below what a Civilian (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a Phyſician. After this Preface, all the World may be ſafe from my Writings; for if I can find nothing to commend, I am ſi-

lent,

lent, and will forbear the Subject: For, though I am a Reformer, I ſcorn to be an Inquiſitor.

IT would become all Men as well as me, to lay before 'em the noble Character of *Verus* the Magiſtrate, who always ſate in Triumph over, and Contempt of, Vice; He never ſearched after it, or ſpared it when it came before him: At the ſame Time, he could ſee through the Hypocriſy and Diſguiſe of thoſe, who have no Pretence to Virtue themſelves, but by their Severity to the Vicious. The ſame *Verus* was, in Times long paſt, Chief Juſtice (as we call it amongſt us) in *Felicia*: He was a Man of profound Knowledge of the Laws of his Country, and as juſt an Obſerver of 'em in his own Perſon. He conſidered Juſtice as a Cardinal Virtue, not as a Trade for Maintenance. Where-ever he was Judge, he never forgot that he was alſo Counſel. The Criminal before him was always ſure he ſtood before his Country, and, in a Sort, a Parent of it. The Priſoner knew, that tho' his Spirit was broken with Guilt, and incapable of Language to defend it ſelf, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his Safety; and that his Judge would wreſt no Law to deſtroy him, nor conceal any that could ſave him. In his Time there were a Neſt of Pretenders to Iuſtice, who happen'd to be employed to put Things in a Method for being examined before him at his uſual Seſſions: Theſe Animals were to *Verus*, as Monkeys are to Men, ſo like, that you can hardly diſown them; but ſo baſe, that you are aſhamed of their Fraternity. It grew a Phraſe, *Who would do Juſtice on the Juſtices?* That certainly would *Verus*. I have ſeen an old Trial where he ſate Judge on two of 'em; one was called *Trick-Track*, the other *Tearſhift*: one was a learned Judge of Sharpers, the other the quickeſt of all Men at finding out a Wench. *Trick-Track* never ſpared a Pick-pocket, but was a Companion to Cheats: *Tearſhift* would make Compliments to Wenches of Quality,

lity, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor Rogue wanted a Lodging, *Trick-Track* ſent him to Gaol for a Thief: If a poor Whore went only with one thin Petticoat, *Tearſhift* would impriſon her for being looſe in her Dreſs. Theſe Patriots infeſted the Days of *Verus*, while they alternately committed and releaſed each other's Priſoners. But *Verus* regarded them as Criminals, and always look'd upon Men as they ſtood in the Eye of Juſtice, without reſpecting whether they ate on the Bench, or ſtood at the Bar.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May* 11.

YESTERDAY we were entertained with the Tragedy of *The Earl of Eſſex*, in which there is not one good Line, and yet a Play which was never ſeen without drawing Tears from ſome Part of the Audience: A remarkable Inſtance, that the Soul is not to be moved by Words, but Things; for the Incidents in this *Drama* are laid together ſo happily, that the Spectator makes the Play for himſelf, by the Force which the Circumſtance has upon his imagination. Thus, in ſpight of the moſt dry Diſcourſes, and Expreſſions almoſt ridiculous with Reſpect to Propriety, it is impoſſible for one unprejudiced to ſee it untouch'd with Pity. I muſt confeſs this Effect is not wrought on ſuch as examine why they are pleaſed; but it never fails to appear on thoſe who are not too learned in Nature, to be moved by her firſt Suggeſtions. It is certain, the Perſon and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks* has no ſmall Share in conducing to the Popularity of the Play; and when an handſome fellow is going to a more courſe *Exit* than Beheading, his Shape and Countenance make every tender one reprieve him with all her Heart without waiting till ſhe hears his dying Words.

THIS Evening *The Alchymiſt* was played. This Comedy is an Example of *Ben*'s extenſive Genius and

and Penetration into the Paſſions and Follies of Mankind. The Scene in the Fourth Act, where all the cheated People oppoſe the Man that would open their Eyes, has ſomething in it ſo inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a Maſter-piece as has ever appeared by any Hand. The Author's great Addreſs in ſhewing Covetouſneſs, the Motive of the Actions of the *Puritan*, the *Epicure*, the *Gameſter*, and the *Trader*; and that all their Endeavours, how differently ſoever they ſeem to tend, center only in that one Point of Gain, ſhews he had to a great Perfection that Diſcernment of Spirit, which conſtitutes a Genius for a Comedy.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 11.

IT is not to be imagined how far the Violence of our Deſires will carry us towards our own Deceit in the Purſuit of what we wiſh for. A Gentleman here this Evening was giving me an Account of a dumb Fortune-Teller, who out-does Mr. *Partridge*, my ſelf, or the Unborn-Doctor, for Predictions. All his Viſitants come to him full of Expectations, and pay his own Rate for the Interpretations they put upon his Shrugs and Nods. There is a fine rich City-Widow ſtole thither the other Day, (though it is not ſix Weeks ſince her Husband's Departure from her Company to Reſt) and, with her truſty Maid, demanded of him, Whether ſhe ſhould marry again, by holding up two Fingers, like Horns on her Forehead. The Wizard held up both his Hands forked. The Relict deſired to know, Whether he meant by his holding up both Hands, to repreſent that ſhe had one Husband before, and that ſhe ſhould have another? Or that he intimated, ſhe ſhould have two more? The Cunning Man look'd a little ſour; upon which *Betty* jogged her Miſtreſs, who gave t'other Guinea; and he made her underſtand, ſhe ſhould poſi-

tively

ſitively have two more; but ſhaked his Head, and hinted, that they ſhould not live long with her. The Widow ſighed, and gave him t'other half Guinea. After this Prepoſſeſſion, all that ſhe had next to do, was to make Sallies to our End of the Town, and find out who it is her Fate to have. There are two who frequent this Place, whom ſhe takes for Men of Vogue, and of whom her Imagination has given her the Choice. They are both the Appearances of fine Gentlemen, to ſuch as do not know when they ſee Perſons of that Turn; and indeed, they are induſtrious enough to come at that Character, to deſerve the Reputation of being ſuch. But this Town will not allow us to be the Things we ſeem to aim at, and are too diſcerning to be bobb'd off with Pretences. One of theſe pretty Fellows fails by his laborious Exactneſs; the other, by his as much ſtudied Negligence. *Frank Careleſs*, as ſoon as his Valet has helped on and adjuſted his Clothes, goes to his Glaſs, ſets his Wig awry, tumbles his Cravat; and in ſhort, undreſſes himſelf to go into Company. *Will. Nice* is ſo little ſatisfied with his Dreſs, that all the Time he is at a Viſit, he is ſtill mending it, and is for that Reaſon the more inſufferable; for he who ſtudies Careleſneſs, has, at leaſt, his Work the ſooner done of the two. The Widow is diſtracted whom to take for her firſt Man; for *Nice* is every Way ſo careful, that ſhe fears his length of Days; and *Frank* is ſo looſe, that ſhe has Apprehenſions for her own Health with him. I am puzzled how to give a juſt Idea of them; but in a Word *Careleſs* is a Coxcomb, and *Nice* a Fop: Both, you'll ſay, very hopeful Candidates for a gay Woman juſt ſet a Liberty. But there is a Whiſper, her Maid will give her to *Tom Terrour* the Gameſter. This Fellow has undone ſo many Women, that he'll certainly ſucceed if he is introduced; for nothing ſo much prevails with the vain Part of that Sex, as the

Glory

Glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

*Deſunt multa.*

*St. Jame's Coffee-houſe, May* 11.

LETTERS from *Berlin*, bearing Date *May* 11. *N. S.* inform us, That the Birth-Day of her *Pruſſian* Majeſty has been celebrated there with all poſſible Magnificence; and the King made her, on that Occaſion, a Preſent of Jewels to the Value of thirty thouſand Crowns. The Marquis *de Queſne*, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his great Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt, was at the Time of the Diſpatch of theſe Letters, at that Court, ſoliciting the King to take Care, that an Article in Behalf of the Refugees, admitting their Return to *France*, ſhould be inſerted in the Treaty of Peace. They write from *Hanover* of the 14th, That his Electoral Highneſs had received an Expreſs from Count *Merci*, repreſenting how neceſſary it was to the Common Cauſe, that he would pleaſe to haſten to the *Rhine*; for that nothing but his Preſence could quicken the Meaſures towards bringing the Imperial Army into the Field. There are very many Speculations upon the intended Interview of the King of *Denmark* and King *Auguſtus*. The later has made ſuch Preparations for the Reception of the other, that it is ſaid, his *Daniſh* Majeſty will be entertained in *Saxony*, with much more Elegance than he met with in *Italy* it ſelf.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 18th Inſtant *N. S.* ſay, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, landed the Night before at the *Brill*, after having been kept out at Sea by adverſe Winds two Days longer than is uſual in that Paſſage. His Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*, her Majeſty's Embaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven into the *Veer* in *Zealand* on *Thurſday* laſt, from whence

whence he came to the *Hague* within few Hours after the Arrival of his Grace. The Duke, ſoon after his coming to the *Hague*, had a Viſit from the Penſioner of *Holland*. All Things relating to the Peace were in Suſpence till this Interview; nor is it yet known what Reſolutions will be taken on that Subject; for the Troops of the Allies have freſh Orders diſpatched to them to move from their reſpective Quarters, and march with all Expedition to the Frontiers, where the Enemy are making their utmoſt Efforts for the Defence of their Country. Theſe Advices further inform us, That the Marquis *de Torcy* had received an Anſwer from the Court of *France*, to his Letters which he had ſent thither by an Expreſs on the *Friday* before.

*Mr.* Bickerſtaff *has received Letters from Mr.* Coltſtaff, *Mr.* Whipſtaff, *and Mrs.* Rebecca Wagſtaff; *all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the Genealogy of the Family lately publiſhed; but my Cousin being a Clerk in the* Herald's-Office *who writ that Draught, and being at preſent under the Diſpleaſure of the Chapter; it is feared, if that Matter ſhould be touched upon at this Time, the young Gentleman would loſe his Place for Treaſon againſt the Kings at Arms.*

N° 15. *Saturday, May* 14. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May* 12.

I Have taken a Reſolution hereafter, on any Want of Intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promiſed to give me very proper and juſt Notices of Perſons and Things, to make up the Hiſtory of the paſſing Day. He is wonderfully skilful in the Knowledge

of Men and Manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that Perfection, and I communicated to him that Doubt. Mr. *Pacolet*, ſaid I, I am mightily ſurpriz'd to ſee you ſo good a Judge of our Nature and Circumſtances, ſince you are a meer Spirit, and have no Knowledge of the Bodily Part of us. He anſwered, ſmiling, You are miſtaken, I have been one of you, and lived a Month amongſt you, which gives me an exact Senſe of your Condition. You are to know, That all who enter into human Life, have a certain Date or *Stamen* given to their Being, which they only who die of Age may be ſaid to have arrived at; but it is ordered ſometimes by Fate, that ſuch as die Infants, are after Death to attend Mankind to the End of that *Stamen* of Being in themſelves, which was broke off by Sickneſs or any other Diſaſter. Theſe are proper Guardians to Men, as being ſenſible of the Infirmity of their State. You are Philoſopher enough to know, that the Difference of Men's Underſtanding proceeds only from the various Diſpoſitions of their Organs; ſo that he who dies at a Month old, is in the next Life as knowing (tho' more innocent) as they who live to fifty; and after Death, they have as perfect a Memory and Judgment of all that paſs'd in their Life-Time, as I have of all the Revolutions in that uneaſy, turbulent Condition of yours; and you'd ſay, I had enough of it in a Month, were I to tell you all my Misfortunes. A Life of a Month can't have, one would think, much Variety; but pray, ſaid I, let us have your Story.

Then he proceeds in the following Manner:

It was one of the moſt wealthy Families in *Great Britain* into which I was born, and it was a very great Happineſs to me that it ſo happen'd, otherwiſe I had ſtill, in all Probability, been living: But I ſhall recount to you all the Occurrences of my ſhort and miſerable Exiſtence, juſt as, by

by examining into the Traces made in my Brain, they appeared to me at that Time. The firſt Thing that ever ſtruck my Senſes, was a Noiſe over my Head of one ſhrieking; after which, methought I took a full Jump, and found my ſelf in the Hands of a Sorcereſs, who ſeem'd as if ſhe had been long waking, and employed in ſome Incantation: I was throughly frightned, and cried out, but ſhe immediately ſeemed to go on in ſome Magical Operation, and anointed me from Head to Foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gathered a great Crowd about me, crying, *An Heir*, *an Heir*; upon which I grew a little ſtill, and believ'd this was a Ceremony to be us'd only to great Perſons, and ſuch as made them, what they call'd, *Heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the Witch, for no manner of Reaſon or Provocation in the World, takes me and binds my Head as hard as poſſibly ſhe could, then ties up both my Legs, and makes me ſwallow down an horrid Mixture; I thought it an harſh Entrance into Life to begin with taking Phyſick; but I was forc'd to it, or elſe muſt have taken down a great Inſtrument in which ſhe gave it me. When I was thus dreſs'd, I was carried to a Bed-ſide, where a fine young Lady (my Mother I wot) had like to have hugg'd me to Death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a Thing with quite another Look from the reſt of the Room, to whom they talk'd about my Noſe. He ſeem'd wonderfully pleaſed to ſee me; but I knew ſince, my Noſe belong'd to another Family. That into which I was born, is one of the moſt numerous amongſt you; therefore Crowds of Relations came every Day to congratulate my Arrival; among others, my Couſin *Betty*, the greateſt Romp in Nature: She whisks me ſuch a Height over her Head, that I cry'd out for Fear of falling. She pinch'd me, and called me ſquealing Chit, and threw me into a Girl's Arms that was taken in to tend me.

The Girl was very proud of the womanly Employment of a Nurſe, and took upon her to ſtrip and dreſs me a-new, becauſe I made a Noiſe, to ſee what ailed me: She did ſo, and ſtuck a Pin in every Joint about me. I ſtill cried: Upon which, ſhe lays me on my Face in her Lap; and to quiet me, fell a nailing in all the Pins, by clapping me on the Back, and skreaming a Lullaby. But my Pain made me exalt my Voice above hers, which bronght up the Nurſe, the Witch, I firſt ſaw, and my Grandmother. The Girl is turn'd down Stairs, and I ſtripp'd again, as well to find what ail'd me, as to ſatisfy my Granam's further Curioſity. This good old Woman's Viſit was the Cauſe of all my Troubles. You are to underſtand, That I was hitherto bred by Hand, and any Body that ſtood next, gave me Pap, if I did but open my Lips; inſomuch, that I was grown ſo cunning, as to pretend my ſelf aſleep when I was not, to prevent my being cramm'd. But my Grandmother began a loud Lecture upon the Idleneſs of the Wives of this Age, who, for fear of their Shapes, forbear ſuckling their own Offspring: And ten Nurſes were immediately ſent for; one was whiſper'd to have a wanton Eye, and would ſoon ſpoil her Milk; another was in a Conſumption; the third had an ill Voice, and would frighten me, inſtead of lulling me to Sleep. Such Exceptions were made againſt all but one Country Milch-Wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the Breaſt. This careleſs Jade was eternally romping with the Footmen, and downright ſtarved me; inſomuch that I daily pined away, and ſhould never have been relieved, had it not been, that on the thirtieth Day of my Life, a Fellow of the *Royal Society*, who had writ upon *Cold Baths*, came to viſit me, and ſolemnly proteſted, I was utterly loſt for want of that Method: Upon which he ſous'd me Head and Ears into a Pail of Water, where I had the good Fortune to be drowned,

and ſo eſcap'd being laſh'd into a Linguiſt till Sixteen, running after Wenches till twenty-five, and being married to an ill-natured Wife till Sixty: Which had certainly been my Fate, had not the Inchantment between Body and Soul been broke by this Philoſopher. Thus, till the Age I ſhould have otherwiſe liv'd, I am obliged to watch the Steps of Men; and if you pleaſe, ſhall accompany you in your preſent Walks, and get you Intelligence from the Aerial Lacquey, who is in Waiting, what are the Thoughts and Purpoſes of any whom you enquire for. I accepted his kind Offer, and immediately took him with me in an Hack to *White's*.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 13.

WE got in hither, and my Companion threw a Powder round us, that made me as inviſible as himſelf; ſo that we could ſee and hear all others, our ſelves unſeen and unheard.

THE firſt Thing we took Notice of, was a Nobleman of a goodly and frank Aſpect, with his generous Birth and Temper viſible in it, playing at Cards with a Creature of a black and horrid Countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the Arts of his Mind, Cozenage and Falſhood. They were marking their Game with Counters, on which we could ſee Inſcriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My Lord had ſcor'd with Pieces of Ivory, on which were writ, *Good Fame*, *Glory*, *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Poſterity*. The Spectre over-againſt him had on his Counters the Inſcriptions of *Diſhoncur*, *Impudence*, *Poverty*, *Ignorance*, and *Want of Shame*. Bleſs me! ſaid I; Sure my Lord does not ſee what he plays for? As well as I do, ſays *Pacolet*. He deſpiſes that Fellow he plays with, and ſcorns himſelf for making him his Companion. At the very Inſtant he was ſpeaking, I ſaw the Fellow who played with my Lord, hide two Cards in the Roll of

his Stocking: *Pacolet* immediately ſtole them from thence; upon which the Nobleman ſoon after won the Game. The little Triumph he appeared in, when he got ſuch a trifling Stock of ready Money, tho' he had ventured ſo great Sums with Indifference, increas'd my Admiration. But *Pacolet* began to talk to me. Mr. *Iſaac*, This to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher Beings: That Noble has as many good Qualities as any Man of his Order, and ſeems to have no Faults but what, as I may ſay, are Excreſcencies from Virtues. He is generous to a Prodigality, more affable than is conſiſtent with his Quality, and couragious to a Raſhneſs. Yet, after all this, the Source of his whole Conduct is (tho' he would hate himſelf if he knew it) meer Avarice. The ready Caſh laid before the Gameſter's Counters makes him venture, as you ſee. and lay Diſtinction againſt Infamy, Abundance againſt Want; in a Word, all that's deſirable againſt all that's to be avoided. However, ſaid I, be ſure you diſappoint the Sharpers to-night, and ſteal from them all the Cards they hide. *Pacolet* obey'd me, and my Lord went Home with their whole Bank in his Pocket.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May* 13.

TO-night was acted a ſecond Time a Comedy, call'd, *The Buſy Body*: This Play is written by a Lady. In old Times, we us'd to ſit upon a Play here after it was acted; but now the Entertainment is turn'd another Way; not but there are conſiderable Men appear in all Ages, who for ſome eminent Quality or Invention, deſerve the Eſteem and Thanks of the Publick. Such a Benefactor is a Gentleman of this Houſe, who is obſerved by the Surgeons with much Envy; for he has invented an Engine for the Prevention of Harms by Love-Adventures, and by great Care and Application, hath made it an Im-

modeſty

modeſty to name his Name. This Act of Self-denial has gain'd this worthy Member of the Commonwealth a great Reputation. Some Law-givers have departed from their Abodes for ever, and commanded the Obſervation of their Laws till their Return; others have uſed other Artifices to fly the Applauſe of their Merit; but this Perſon ſhuns Glory with greater Addreſs, and has, by giving his Engine his own Name, made it obſcene to ſpeak of him more. However, he is rank'd among, and receiv'd by the modern Wits, as a great Promoter of Gallantry and Pleaſure. But I fear, Pleaſure is leſs underſtood in this Age, which ſo much pretends to it, than in any ſince the Creation. 'Twas admirably ſaid of him who firſt took Notice, That (*Res eſt ſeverâ Voluptas*) there is a certain Severity in Pleaſure. Without that, all Decency is baniſh'd; and if Reaſon is not to be preſent at our greateſt Satisfactions, of all the Races of Creatures, the Humane is the moſt miſerable. It was not ſo of old; when *Virgil* deſcribes a Wit, he always means a virtuous Man; and all his Sentiments of Men of Genius are ſuch as ſhew Perſons diſtinguiſhed from the common Level of Mankind; ſuch as placed Happineſs in the Contempt of low Fears, and mean Gratifications: Fears, which we are ſubject to with the Vulgar; and Pleaſures, which we have in common with Beaſts. With theſe illuſtrious Perſonages, the wiſeſt Man was the greateſt Wit; and none was thought worthy of that Character, unleſs he anſwered this excellent Deſcription of the Poet:

*Qui — Metus omnes & inexorabile Fatum*
*Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumq;* Acherontis *avari.*

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May* 13.

WE had this Morning Advice, That ſome *Engliſh* Merchant-Ships, convoyed by the *Briſtol*

of 54 Guns, were met with by a Part of Monſ. *du Gui Trouin's* Squadron, who engaged the Convoy. That Ship defended it ſelf till the *Engliſh* Merchants got clear of the Enemy, but being diſabled, was her ſelf taken. Within few Hours after, my Lord *Durſley* came up with Part of his Squadron, and engaging the *French*, retook the *Briſtol* (which being very much ſhattered, ſunk) and took the *Glorieux*, a Ship of 44 Guns, as alſo a Privateer of 14. Before this Action, his Lordſhip had taken two *French* Merchant-Men, and had, at the Diſpatch of theſe Advices, brought the whole ſafe into *Plymouth*.

## N° 16. *Tueſday, May* 17. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 15.

SIR *Thomas*, of this Houſe, has ſhew'd me ſome Letters from the *Bath*, which give Accounts of what paſſes among the good Company of that Place; and allow'd me to tranſcribe one of them, that ſeems to be writ by ſome of Sir *Thomas's* particular Acquaintance, and is as follows:

*Dear Knight*,

I Deſire you would give my humble Service to all our Friends, which I ſpeak of to you (out of Method) in the very Beginning of my Epiſtle, leſt the preſent Diſorders, by which this Seat of Gallantry and Pleaſure is torn to Pieces, ſhould make me forget it. You keep ſo good Company, that you know *Bath* is ſtock'd with ſuch as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant Health, or imaginary Sickneſs, and conſequently is always as well ſtowed with Gallants as Invalids, who live together in a very good Underſtanding. But the Seaſon is ſo early, that our fine Company is not yet

yet arrived; and the Warm Bath, which in Heathen Times was dedicated to *Venus*, is now uſed only by ſuch as really want it for Health's Sake. There are however a good many Strangers, amon whom are two ambitious Ladies, who being both in the Autumn of their Life, take the Opportunity of placing themſelves at the Head of ſuch as we are, before the *Chloe's*, *Clariſſa's*, and *Paſtorella's* come down. One of theſe two is exceſſively in Pain, that the ugly Being called *Time*, will make Wrinkles in ſpite of the Lead Forchead-Cloth; and therefore hides with the Gaiety of her Air, the Volubility of her Tongue, and Quickneſs of her Motion, the Injuries which it has done her. The other Lady is but two Years behind her in Life, and dreads as much being laid aſide as the former, and conſequently has taken the neceſſary Precautions to prevent her Reign over us. But ſhe is very diſcreet, and wonderfully turned for Ambition, being never apparently tranſported either with Affection or Malice. Thus, while *Florimel* is talking in publick, and ſpreading her Graces in Aſſemblies, to gain a popular Dominion over our Diverſions, *Prudentia* viſits very cunningly all the Lame, the Splenatick, and the Superannuated, who have their diſtinct Claſſes of Followers and Friends. Among theſe ſhe has found that ſome Body has ſent down printed Certificates of *Florimel's* Age, which ſhe has read and diſtributed to this unjoyful Set of People, who are always Enemies to thoſe in Poſſeſſion of the good Opinion of the Company. This unprovoked Injury done by *Prudentia*, was the firſt Occaſion of our fatal Diviſions here, and a Declaration of War between theſe Rivals. *Florimel* has Abundance of Wit, which ſhe has laviſh'd in decrying *Prudentia*, and giving Defiance to her little Arts. For an Inſtance of her ſuperior Power, ſhe beſpoke the Play of *Alexander the Great*, to be acted by the Company of Strollers, and deſired us all to be

there on *Thurſday* laſt. When ſhe ſpoke to me to come, *As you are*, ſaid ſhe, *a Lover, you will not fail the Death of* Alexander: *The Paſſion of Love is wonderfully hit* — Statira! *Oh that happy Woman— To have a Conqueror at her Feet — But you'll be ſure to be there.* I, and ſeveral others, reſolved to be of her Party. But ſee the irreſiſtible Strength of that unſuſpected Creature, a *Silent Woman*. *Prudentia* had counterplotted us, and had beſpoke on the ſame Evening the Poppet-Show of *The Creation of the World.* She had engaged every Body to be there; and to turn our Leader into Ridicule, had ſecretly let them know, that the Poppet *Eve* was made the moſt like *Florimel* that ever was ſeen. On *Thurſday* Morning the *Poppet-Drummer*, *Adam* and *Eve*, and ſeveral others who lived before the Flood, paſs'd through the Streets on Horſeback, to invite us all to the Paſtime, and the Repreſentation of ſuch Things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was ſo wiſe as to prefer theſe innocent People the Poppets, who, he ſaid, were to repreſent Chriſtians, before the wicked Players, who were to ſhow *Alexander*, an Heathen Philoſopher. To be ſhort, this *Prudencia* had ſo laid it, that at ten of the Clock Footmen were ſent to take Places at the Poppet-Show, and all we of *Florimel*'s Party were to be out of Faſhion, or deſert her. We choſe the later. All the World crowded to *Prudentia*'s Houſe, becauſe it was given out, no Body could get in. When we came to *Noah*'s Flood in the Show, *Punch* and his Wife were introduced dancing in the Ark. An honeſt plain Friend of *Florimel*'s, but a Critick withal, roſe up in the midſt of the Repreſentation, and made many very good Exceptions to the *Drama* it ſelf, and told us, That it was againſt all Morality, as well as Rules of the Stage, that *Punch* ſhould be in Jeſt in the Deluge, or indeed that he ſhould appear at all. This was certainly a juſt Remark, and I thought to ſecond him; but he was hiſs'd by

*Pru-*

*Prudentia*'s Party; upon which, really, Sir *Thomas*, we, who were his Friends, hiſs'd him too. Old Mrs. *Petulant* deſired both her Daughters to mind the Moral; then whiſpered Mrs. Mayoreſs, *This is very proper for young People to ſee.* *Punch* at the End of the Play made Madam *Prudentia* a Compliment, and was very civil to the whole Company, making Bows till his Buttons touch'd the Ground. All was carried triumphantly againſt our Party. In the mean Time *Florimel* went to the Tragedy, dreſs'd as fine as Hands could make her, in Hopes to ſee *Prudentia* pine away with Envy. Inſtead of that, ſhe ſate a full Hour alone, and at laſt was entertain'd with this whole Relation from *Statira*, who wiped her Eyes with her Tragical-cut Handkerchief, and lamented the Ignorance of the Quality. *Florimel* was ſtung with this Affront, and the next Day beſpoke the Poppet-Show. *Prudentia*, inſolent with Power, beſpoke *Alexander*. The whole Company came then to *Alexander*. Madam *Petulant* deſired her Daughters to mind the Moral, and believe no Man's fair Words; *For you'll ſee Children*, ſaid ſhe, *theſe Soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are ſometimes here, ſometimes there.* —— *Don't you ſee, Daughter* Betty, *Colonel* Clod, *our next Neighbour in the Country, pull off his Hat to you? Court'ſie, good Child, his Eſtate is juſt by us.* *Florimel* was now mortified down to *Prudentia*'s Humour; and *Prudentia* exalted into hers. This was obſerved: *Florimel* invites us to the Play a ſecond Time, *Prudentia* to the Show. See the Uncertainty of Humane Affairs! The Beaux, the Wits, the Gameſters, the Prues, the Coquets, the Valitudinarians, and Gallants, all now wait upon *Florimel*. Such is the State of Things at this preſent Date; and if there happens any new Commotions, you ſhall have immediate Advice from,

*Bath*, May 11. 1709.

*SIR*,

*Your affectionate Friend, and Servant.*

To

## *To* CASTABELLA.

*Madam,*

I Have the Honour of a Letter from a Friend of yours, relating to an Incivility done to you at the Opera, by one of your own Sex; but I, who was an Eye-witneſs of the Accident, can teſtifie to you, that though ſhe preſſed before you, ſhe loſt her Ends in that Deſign; for ſhe was taken Notice of for no other Reaſon, but her Endeavours to hide a finer Woman than herſelf. But indeed, I dare not go further in this Matter, than juſt this bare Mention; for though it was taking your Place of Right, rather than Place of Precedence, yet it is ſo tender a Point, and on which the very Life of Female Ambition depends, that it is of the laſt Conſequence to meddle in it: All my Hopes are from your beautiful Sex; and thoſe bright Eyes, which are the Bane of others, are my only Sun-ſhine. My Writings are ſacred to you; and I hope, I ſhall always have the good Fortune to live under your Protection; therefore take this publick Opportunity to ſignify to all the World, That I deſign to forbear any Thing that may in the leaſt tend to the Diminution of your Intereſt, Reputation or Power. You'll therefore forgive me, that I ſtrive to conceal every wrong Step made by any who have the Honour to wear Petticoats, and ſhall at all Times do what is in my Power to make all Mankind as much their Slaves as my ſelf. If they would conſider Things as they ought, there needs not much Argument to convince them, that it is their Fate to be obedient to you, and that your greateſt Rebels do only ſerve with a worſe Grace. I am,

*MADAM,*

*Your moſt Obedient,*

*May* 16. *and moſt humble Servant.*

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

*St. James's*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May.* 16.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, bearing Date the 21ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, immediately after his Arrival, ſent his Secretary to the Preſident and the Penſionary to acquaint them therewith. Soon after theſe Miniſters viſited the Duke, and made him Compliments in the Name of the States-General; after which they entered into a Conference with him on the preſent Poſture of Affairs, and gave his Grace Aſſurances of the firm Adherences of the States to the Alliance: At the ſame Time acquainting him, That all Overtures of Peace were rejected, till they had an Opportunity of acting in Concert with their Allies on that Subject. After this Interview, the Penſionary and the Preſident returned to the Aſſembly of the States. Monſieur *Torcy* has had a Conference at the Penſioner's Houſe with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, and his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*. The Reſult of what was debated at that Time is kept ſecret; but there appears an Air of Satisfaction and good Underſtanding between theſe Miniſters. We are apt alſo to give ourſelves very hopeful Proſpects from Monſieur *Torcy*'s being employed in this Negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular Way of Thinking, in his Senſe of the Greatneſs of *France*; which he has always ſaid, *Was to be promoted rather by the Arts of Peace, than thoſe of War.* His delivering himſelf freely on this Subject has formerly appeared an unſucceſsful Way to Power in that Court; but in its preſent Circumſtances, thoſe Maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain Argument of the Sincerity of the *French* King's Intentions, that this Miniſter is at preſent made uſe of. The Marquis is to return to *Paris* within few Days, who has ſent a Courier thither to give Notice of

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the Reaſons of his Return, that the Court may be the ſooner able to diſpatch Commiſſions for a formal Treaty.

THE Expectations of Peace are increaſed by Advices from *Paris* of the 12th Inſtant, which ſay, The Dauphin hath altered his Reſolution of commanding in *Flanders* the enſuing Campaign. The *Saxon* and *Pruſſian* Reinforcements, together with Count *Mercy*'s Regiment of Imperial Horſe, are encamped in the Neighbourhood of *Bruſſels*; and ſufficient Stores of Corn and Forage are tranſported to that Place and *Ghent*, for the Service of the Confederate Army.

THEY write from *Mons*, That the Elector of *Bavaria* had Advice, That an advanced Party of the *Portugueze* Army had been defeated by the *Spaniards*.

WE hear from *Languedoc*, That their Corn, Olives and Figs were wholly deſtroyed; but that they have a hopeful Proſpect of a plentiful Vintage.

N° 17. *Thurſday, May* 19. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May* 18.

THE Diſcourſe has happened to turn this Evening upon the true Nature of Panegyrick, the Perfection of which was aſſerted to conſiſt in a certain artful Way of conveying the Applauſe in an indirect Manner. There was a Gentleman gave us ſeveral Inſtances of it. Among others, he quoted (from Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *Advancement of Learning*) a very great Compliment made to *Tiberius*, as follows: In a full Debate upon publick Affairs in the Senate, one of the Aſſembly roſe up, and with a very grave Air ſaid, He thought it for the Honour and Dignity

nity of the Commonwealth, that *Tiberius* ſhould be declared a God, and have Divine Worſhip paid him. The Emperor was ſurpriſed at the Propoſal, and demanded of him to declare, Whether he had made any Application to incline him to that Overture? The Senator anſwered, with a bold and haughty Tone. *Sir, In Matters that concern the Commonwealth, I will be govern'd by no Man.* Another Gentleman mentioned ſomething of the ſame Kind ſpoken by the late Duke of *B———m*, to the late Earl of *O——y*; *My Lord*, (ſays the Duke, after his libertine Way) *you will certainly be damn'd. How, my Lord!* ſays the Earl with ſome Warmth. *Nay*, (ſaid the Duke) *there's no Help for it, for it is poſitively ſaid, Curſed is he of whom all Men ſpeak well.* This is taking a Man by Surprize, and being welcome when you have ſo ſurprized him. The Perſon flattered receives you into his Cloſet at once; and the ſudden Change in his Heart, from the Expectation of an Ill-wiſher, to find you his Friend, makes you in his full Favour in a Moment. The Spirits that were raiſed ſo ſuddenly againſt you, are as ſuddenly for you. There was another Inſtance given of this kind at the Table: A Gentleman who had a very great Favour done him, and an Employment beſtow'd upon him, without ſo much as being known to his Benefactor, waited upon the great Man who was ſo generous, and was beginning to ſay, he was infinitely obliged—*Not at all*, ſays the Patron, turning from him to another, *Had I known a more deſerving Man in* England, *he ſhould not have had it.*

WE ſhould certainly have had more Examples, had not a Gentleman produced a Book which he thought an Inſtance of this kind: It was a Pamphlet, call'd, *The Naked Truth.* The Idea any one would have of that Work from the Title, was, That there would be much Plain-dealing with People in Power, and that we ſhould ſee Things in their proper Light, ſtripped

of

of the Ornaments which are uſually given to the the Actions of the Great: But the Skill of this Author is ſuch, that he has, under that rugged Appearance, approved himſelf the fineſt Gentleman and Courtier that ever writ. The Language is extreamly ſublime, and not at all to be underſtood by the Vulgar: The Sentiments are ſuch as would make no Figure in ordinary Words; but ſuch is the Art of the Expreſſion, and the Thoughts are elevated to ſo high a Degree, that I queſtion whether the Diſcourſe will ſell much. There was an ill-natur'd Fellow preſent, who hates all Panegyrick mortally. P —— *take him*, ſaid he, *What the Devil means his* Naked Truth, *in ſpeaking nothing but to the Advantage of all whom he mentions? This is juſt ſuch a great Action as that of the Champion's on a Coronation-Day, who challenges all Mankind to diſpute with him the Right of the Sovereign, ſurrounded with his Guards.* The Gentleman who produced the Treatiſe, deſired him to be cautious, and ſaid, it was writ by an excellent Soldier, which made the Company obſerve it more narrowly: And (as Criticks are the greateſt Conjurers at finding out a known *Truth*) one ſaid, he was ſure it was writ by the Hand of his Sword-Arm. I could not perceive much Wit in that Expreſſion; but it raiſed a Laugh, and I ſuppoſe, was meant as a Sneer upon valiant Men. The ſame Man pretended to ſee in the Style, that it was an Horſe-Officer; but ſure, that's being too nice: For though you may know Officers of the Cavalry by the Turn of their *Feet*, I can't imagine how you ſhould diſcern their *Hands* from thoſe of other Men. But it is always thus with Pedants; they will ever be carping; if a Gentleman or a Man of Honour puts Pen to Paper, I don't doubt, but this Author will find this Aſſertion too true, and that Obloquy is not repulſed by the Force of Arms. I will therefore ſet this excellent Piece in a Light too glaring for weak Eyes, and, in Imitation of the Critick *Longinus*, ſhall,

ſhall, as well as I can, make my Obſervations in a Style like the Author's, of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having *an unbounded Force of Thinking, as well as a moſt exquiſite Addreſs, extenſively and wiſely indulged to me, by the ſupream Powers.* My Author, I will dare to aſſert, ſhews the moſt univerſal Knowledge of any Writer who has appeared this Century. He is a Poet, and Merchant, which is ſeen in two Maſter-Words, *Credit Bloſſoms.* He is a Grammarian, and a Politician; for he ſays, *The uniting of the two Kingdoms, is the Emphaſis of the Security of the Proteſtant Succeſſion.* Some would be apt to ſay, he is a Conjurer; for he has found, That a Republick is not made up of every Body of Animals, but is compoſed of Men only, and not of Horſes. *Liberty and Property have choſen their Retreat within the emulating Circle of an humane Commonwealth.* He is a Phyſician; for he ſays, *I obſerve a conſtant Equality in his Pulſe, and a juſt Quickneſs of its vigorous Circulation.* And again, *I view the Strength of our Conſtitution plainly appear in the ſanguine and ruddy Complexion of a well-contented City.* He is a Divine: For he ſays, *I cannot but bleſs my ſelf.* And indeed this excellent Treatiſe has had that good Effect upon me, who am far from being ſuperſtitious, that I alſo, *can't but bleſs my ſelf.*

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May* 18.

THIS Day arrived a Mail from *Lisbon*, with Letters of the 13th Inſtant *N. S.* containing a particular Account of the late Action in *Portugal.* On the 7th Inſtant, the Army of *Portugal*, under the Command of the Marqus *de Frontera*, lay on the Side of the *Caya*, and the Army of the Duke of *Anjou*, commanded by the Marquis *de Bay*, on the other. The later Commander having an Ambition to ravage the Country, in a Manner in Sight of the *Portugueze*, made a Motion with the whole

whole Body of his Horſe toward Fort St. *Chriſtopher*, near the Town of *Badajos*. The Generals of the *Portugueze*, diſdaining that ſuch an Inſult ſhould be offered to their Arms, took a Reſolution to paſs the River, and oppoſe the Deſigns of the Enemy. The Earl of *Galway* repreſented to them, That the preſent Poſture of Affairs was ſuch on the Side of the Allies, that there needed no more to be done at preſent in that Country, but to carry on a defenſive Part. But his Arguments could not avail in the Council of War. Upon which, a great Detachment of Foot, and the whole of the Horſe of the King of *Portugal*'s Army, paſſed the River, and with ſome Pieces of Cannon did good Execution on the Enemy. Upon obſerving this, the Marquis *de Bay* advanced with his Horſe, and attacked the Right Wing of the *Portugueze* Cavalry, who faced about, and fled, without ſtanding the firſt Encounter. But their Foot repulſed the ſame Body of Horſe in three ſucceſſive Charges, with great Order and Reſolution. While this was tranſacting, the *Britiſh* General commanded the Brigade of *Pearce*, to keep the Enemy in Diverſion by a new Attack. This was ſo well executed, that the *Portugueze* Infantry had Time to retire in good Order, and repaſs the River. But that Brigade, which reſcued them, was it ſelf ſurrounded by the Enemy, and Major-General *Sarkey*, Brigadier *Pearce*, together with both their Regiments, and that of *Galway*, lately raiſed, were taken Priſoners.

DURING the Engagment, the Earl of *Barrimore* having advanced too far to give ſome neceſſary Order, was hemmed in by a Squadron of the Enemy; but found Means to gallop up to the Brigade of *Pearce*, with which he remains alſo a Priſoner. My Lord *Galway* had his Horſe ſhot under him in this Action; and the Conde *de St. Juan*, a *Portugueze* General, was taken Priſoner. The ſame Night the Army encamped at *Aronches*, and

and on the 9th moved to *Elvas*, where they lay when theſe Diſpatches came away. Colonel *Stanwix's* Regiment is alſo taken. The whole of this Affair has given the *Portugueze* a great Idea of the Capacity and Courage of my Lord *Galway*, againſt whoſe Advice they entred upon this unfortunate Affair, and by whoſe Conduct they were reſcued from it. The prodigious Conſtancy and Reſolution of that great Man is hardly to be parallel'd, who, under the Oppreſſion of a maimed Body, and the Reflection of repeated ill Fortune, goes on with an unſpeakable Alacrity in the Service of the Common Cauſe. He has already put Things in a very good Poſture after this ill Accident, and made the neceſſary Diſpoſitions for covering the Country from any further Attempt of the Enemy, who lie ſtill in the Camp, they were in before the Battel.

LETTERS for *Bruſſels*, dated the 25th Inſtant, adviſe, That notwithſtanding the Negotiations of a Peace ſeem ſo far advanced, that ſome do confidently report the Preliminaries of a Treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies haſten their Preparations for opening the Campaign; and the Forces of the Empire, the *Pruſſians*, the *Danes*, the *Wirtembergers*, the *Palatines*, and *Saxon* Auxiliaries, are in Motion towards the general Rendezvous, they being already arrived in the Neighbourhood of *Bruſſels*. Theſe Advices add, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland*, having made a general Review of the Troops in *Flanders*, ſet out for *Antwerp* on the 21ſt Inſtant from that Place. On the ſame Day the Prince Royal of *Pruſſia* came thither *incognito*, with a Deſign to make the enſuing Campaign under his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

*THIS Day is publiſhed a Treatiſe, call'd*, The Difference between Scandal and Admonition. By Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq; And on the firſt of* July *next, you may expect* A Prophecy of Things paſt; *wheeein*

*wherein the Art of* Fortune-telling *is laid open to the meaneſt Capacity. And on the* Monday *following,* Choice Sentences for the Company of Maſons and Bricklayers, to be put upon new Houſes, with a Tranſlation of all the *Latin* Sentences, that have been built of late Years, together with a Comment upon Stone-Walls, *by the ſame Hand.*

Nº 18. *Saturday, May* 21. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May* 20.

IT is obſerved too often, that Men of Wit do ſo much employ their Thoughts upon fine Speculations, that Things uſeful to Mankind are wholly neglected; and they are buſie in making Emendations upon ſome Encliticks in a *Greek* Author, while obvious Things, that every Man may have Uſe for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy Thing, if ſuch as have real Capacities for publick Service, were employed in Works of general Uſe; but becauſe a Thing is every Body's Buſineſs, it is no Body's Buſineſs: This is for Want of publick Spirit. As for my Part, who am only a Student, and a Man of no great Intereſt, I can only remark Things, and recommend the Correction of them to higher Powers. There is an Offence I have a thouſand Times lamented, but fear I ſhall never ſee remedied; which is, That in a Nation where Learning is ſo frequent as in *Great Britain*, there ſhould be ſo many groſs Errors as there are in the very Directions of Things, wherein Accuracy is neceſſary for the Conduct of Life. This is notoriouſly obſerved by all Men of Letters when they firſt come to Town (at which Time they are uſually curious that Way) in the Inſcriptions on Sign-Poſts. I have Cauſe to know this Matter as well as any Body; for I have (when I went to

to Merchant-Taylor's School) ſuffered Stripes for ſpelling after the Signs I obſerved in my Way; though at the ſame Time I muſt confeſs, ſtaring at thoſe Inſcriptions firſt gave me an Idea and Curioſity for Medals; in which I have ſince arrived at ſome Knowledge. Many a Man has loſt his Way and his Dinner by this general Want of Skill in Orthography: For, conſidering that the Painters are uſually ſo very bad, that you cannot know the Animal under whoſe Sign you are to live that Day, How muſt the Stranger be miſled, if it be wrong ſpelled, as well as ill painted? I have a Couſin now in Town, who has anſwered *Under-Batchelor* at *Queen's College* whoſe Name is *Humphry Mopſtaff:* (He is a Kin to us by his Mother.) This young Man going to ſee a Relation in *Barbican*, wandered a whole Day by the Miſtake of one Letter, for it was written, *This is the* BEER, inſtead of, *This is the* BEAR. He was ſet right at laſt, by enquiring for the Houſe, of a Fellow who could not read, and knew the Place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the Name of Goodneſs, let us make our Learning of Uſe to us, or not. Was not this a Shame, that a Philoſopher ſhould be thus directed by a Cobler? I'll be ſworn, if it were known how many have ſuffered in this Kind by falſe Spelling ſince the Union, this Matter would not long lie thus. What makes theſe Evils the more inſupportable is, That they are ſo eaſily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is ſo far from that, that the Evil goes on in other Arts as well as Orthography. Places are confounded, as well for Want of proper Diſtinctions, as Things for Want of true Characters. Had I not come by the other Day very early in the Morning, there might have been Miſchief done; for a worthy *North-Britain* was ſwearing at *Stocks-Market*, that they would not let him in at his Lodgings; but I knowing

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the Gentleman, and obſerving him look often at the King on Horſeback, and then double his Oaths, that he was ſure he was right, found he miſtook that for *Charing-Croſs*, by the Erection of the like Statue in each Place. I grant, private Men may diſtinguiſh their Abodes as they pleaſe; as one of my Acquaintance who lives at *Marybone*, has put a good Sentence of his own Invention upon his Dwelling-place, to find out where he lives: He is ſo near *London*, that his Conceit is this, *The Country in Town*; or, *The Town in the Country*; for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Beſides that, the Ambiguity is not of great Conſequence; if you are ſafe at the Place, 'tis no Matter if you do not diſtinctly know where to ſay the Place is. But to return to the Orthography of publick Places: I propoſe, That every Tradeſman in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, ſhall give me Sixpence a Quarter for keeping their Signs in Repair, as to the Grammatical Part; and I will take into my Houſe a *Swiſs* Count of my Acquaintance, who can remember all their Names without Book, for Diſpatch-Sake, ſetting up the Head of the ſaid Foreigner for my Sign; the Features being ſtrong, and fit for hanging high.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May* 20.

THIS Day a Mail arrived from *Holland*, by which there are Advices from *Paris*, That the Kingdom of *France* is in the utmoſt Miſery and Diſtraction. The Merchants of *Lions* have been at Court, to remonſtrate their great Sufferings by the Failure of their publick Credit; but have received no other Satisfaction, than Promiſes of a ſudden Peace; and that their Debts will be made good by Funds out of the Revenue, which will not anſwer, but in caſe of the Peace which is promiſed. In the mean Time, the Cries of the com-

common People are loud for Want of Bread, the Gentry have loſt all Spirit and Zeal for their Country, and the King himſelf ſeems to languiſh under the Anxiety of the preſſing Calamities of the Nation, and retires from hearing thoſe Grievances, which he hath not Power to redreſs. Inſtead of Preparations of War, and the Defence of their Country, there is nothing to be ſeen but evident Marks of a general Deſpair: Proceſſions, Faſtings, Publick Mournings and Humiliations, are become the ſole Employments of a People, who were lately the moſt vain and gay of any in the Univerſe.

THE Pope has written to the *French* King on the Subject of a Peace, and his Majeſty has anſwered in the lowlieſt Terms, That he entirely ſubmits his Affairs to Divine Providence, and ſhall ſoon ſhew the World, that he prefers the Tranquillity of his People to the Glory of his Arms, and Extent of his Conqueſts.

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 24th ſay, That his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend* delivered his Credentials on that Day to the States-General, as Plenipotentiary from the Queen of *Great Britain*; as did alſo Count *Zinzendorf*, who bears the ſame Character from the Emperor.

PRINCE *Eugene* intended to ſet out the next Day for *Bruſſels*, and his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* on the *Tueſday* following. The Marquis *de Torcy* talks daily of going, but ſtill continues there. The Army of the Allies is to aſſemble on the 7th of next Month at *Helchin*; though 'tis generally believed, that the Preliminaries to a Treaty are fully adjuſted.

THE Approach of the Peace ſtrikes a Panick through our Armies, though that of a Battel could never do it, and they almoſt repent of their Bravery, that made ſuch Haſte to humble themſelves and the *French* King. The Duke of *Marlborough*, though otherwiſe the greateſt General of the

the Age, has plainly ſhown himſelf unacquainted with the Arts of husbanding a War. He might have grown as old as the Duke of *Alva*, or Prince *Waldeck* in the *Low Countries*, and yet have got Reputation enough every Year for any reaſonable Man: For the Command of General in *Flanders* hath been looked upon as a Proviſion for Life. For my Part, I can't ſee how his Grace can anſwer it to the World, for the great Eagerneſs he hath ſhewn to ſend an hundred thouſand of the braveſt Fellows in *Europe* a begging. But the private Gentlemen of the Infantry will be able to ſhift for themſelves; a brave Man can never ſtarve in a Country ſtock'd with Hen-roofts. *There is not a Yard of Linen*, ſays my honeſt Progenitor, Sir *John Falſtaff*, *in my whole Company*; *but as for that*, ſays this worthy Knight, *I am in no great Pain, we ſhall find Shirts on every Hedge.* There is another Sort of Gentlemen whom I am much more coucerned for, and that is the ingenious Fraternity of which I have the Honour to be an unworthy Member; I mean the *News Writers of Great Britain*, whether *Poſt-Men* or *Poſt-Boys*, or by what other Name or Title ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed. The Caſe of theſe Gentlemen, is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, conſidering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more Battels. They have been upon Parties and Skirmiſhes, when our Armies have lain ſtill, and given the general Aſſault to many a Place, when the Beſiegers were quiet in their Trenches. They have made us Maſters of ſeveral ſtrong Towns many Weeks before our Generals could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greateſt Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battel. Where Prince *Eugene* has ſlain his thouſands, *Boyer* has ſlain his ten thouſands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War: He has laid about him with an inexpreſſible Fury, and

and like the offended *Marius* of ancient *Rome*, made ſuch Havock among his Countrymen, as muſt be the Work of two or three Ages to repair. It muſt be confeſs'd, the redoubted Mr. *Buckley* has ſhed as much Blood as the former; but I cannot forbear ſaying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Bother *Buckley* as a kind of *Drawcanſir*, who ſpares neither Friend nor Foe; but generally kills as many of his own Side as the Enemy's. It is impoſſible for this ingenious Sort of Men to ſubſiſt after a Peace: Every one remembers the Shifts they were driven to in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, when they could not furniſh out a ſingle Paper of News, without lighting up a Comet in *Germany*, or a Fire in *Moſcow*. There ſcarce appeared a Letter without a Paragraph on an Earthquake. Prodigies were grown ſo familiar, that they had loſt their Name, as a great Poet of this Age has it. I remember Mr. *Dyer*, who is juſtly look'd upon by all Fox-Hunters in the Nation as the greateſt Stateſman our Country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in Whales, inſomuch that in five Months Time (for I had the Curioſity to examine his Letters on that Occaſion) he brought three into the Mouth of the River *Thames*, beſides two Porpuſſes and a Sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. *I. Dawks* hath all along been the Rival of this great Writer, and got himſelf a Reputation from Plagues and Famines, by which, in thoſe Days, he deſtroyed as great Multitudes, as he has lately done by the Sword. In every Dearth of News *Grand Cairo* was ſure to be unpeopled.

IT being therefore viſible, that our Society will be greater Sufferers by the Peace than the Soldiery it ſelf; inſomuch that the *Daily Courant* is in Danger of being broken, my Friend *Dyer* of being reformed, and the very beſt of the whole Band of being reduced to Half-pay; Might I preſume to offer any Thing in the Behalf of my

diſtreſſed Brethren, I would humbly move, That an Appendix of proper Apartments furniſhed with Pen, Ink and Paper, and other Neceſſaries of Life, ſhould be added to the Hoſpital of *Chelſea*, for the Relief of ſuch decay'd News-Writers as have ſerved their Country in the Wars; and that for their Exerciſe they ſhould compile the Annals of their Brother Veterans, who have been engaged in the ſame Service, and are ſtill obliged to do Duty after the ſame Manner.

I cannot be thought to ſpeak this out of an Eye to any private Intereſt; for, as my chief Scenes of Action are Coffee-houſes, Play-houſes, and my own Apartment, I am in no need of Camps, Fortifications, and Fields of Battel to ſupport; me I don't call out for Heroes and Ge-Generals to my Aſſiſtance. Tho' the Officers are broken, and the Armies disbanded, I ſhall ſtill be ſafe as long as there are Men or Women, or Politicians, or Lovers, or Poets, or Nymphs, or Swains, or Cits, or Courtiers in Being.

Nº 19. *Tueſday, May* 24. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May* 23.

THERE is nothing can give a Man of any Conſideration greater Pain, than to ſee Order and Diſtinction laid aſide amongſt Men, eſpecially when the Rank (of which he himſelf is a Member) is intruded upon by ſuch as have no Pretence to that Honour. The Appellation of *Eſquire* is the moſt notoriouſly abuſed in this kind of any Claſs amongſt Men, inſomuch that it is become almoſt the Subject of Deriſion; but I will be bold to ſay, This Behaviour towards it proceeds from the Ignorance of the People in its true Origine. I ſhall therefore, as briefly as poſſible

ſible, do my ſelf and all true *Eſquires* the Juſtice to look into Antiquity upon this Subject.

IN the firſt Ages of the World, before the Invention of Jointures and Settlements, when the noble Paſſion of Love had Poſſeſſion of the Hearts of Men, and the Fair Sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful Diſpoſition, which they have ſhewed in later Centuries, it was natural for great and heroick Spirits to retire to Rivulets, Woods and Caves, to lament their Deſtiny, and the Cruelty of the fair Perſons who were deaf to all their Lamentations. The Hero in this Diſtreſs was generally in Armour, and in a Readineſs to fight any Man he met with, eſpecially if diſtinguiſhed by any extraordinary Qualifications; it being the Nature of Heroick Love to hate all Merit, leſt it ſhould come within the Obſervation of the cruel One, by whom its own Perfections are neglected. A Lover of this Kind had always about him a Perſon of a ſecond Value, and ſubordinate to him, who could hear his Afflictions, carry an Inchantment for his Wounds, hold his Helmet when he was eating, (if ever he did eat) or in his Abſence, when he was retired to his Apartment in any King's Palace, tell the Prince himſelf, or perhaps his Daughter, the Birth, Parentage and Adventures, of his valiant Maſter. This truſty Companion was ſtyled his *Eſquire*, and was always fit for any Offices about him; was as gentle and chaſte as a Gentleman-Uſher, quick and active as an Equerry, ſmooth and eloquent as a Maſter of the Ceremonies. A Man thus qualified was the firſt, as the Ancients affirm, who was called an *Eſquire*; and none without theſe Accompliſhments ought to aſſume our Order: But, to the utter Diſgrace and Confuſion of the Heralds, every Pretender is admitted into this Fraternity, eveu Perſons the moſt foreign to this courteous Inſtitution. I have taken an Inventory of all within this City, and looked over every Letter in the *Poſt-Office* for my better Information.

There are of the *Middle-Temple*, including all in the Buttery-Books, and in the Liſts of the Honſe, 5000. In the *Inner*, 4000. In the *King's Bench Walks*, the whole Buildings are inhabited by Eſquires only. The adjacent Street of *Eſſex*, from *Morris's* Coffee-houſe, and the turning towards the *Gracian*, you cannot meet one who is not an Eſquire, 'till you take Water. Every Houſe in *Norfolk* and *Arundel* Streets is governed alſo by a 'Squire, or his Lady. *Soho-Square*, *Bloomsbury-Square*, and all other Places where the Floors riſe above nine Foot, are ſo many Univerſities where you enter your ſelves, and become of our Order. However, if this were the worſt of the Evil, it were to be ſupported, becauſe they are generally Men of ſome Figure and Uſe; though I know no Pretence they have to an Honour which had its Riſe from Chivalry. But if you travel into the Counties of *Great Britain*, we are ſtill more impoſed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the Field: But ſhall that give Title to all that ride mad after Foxes, that holloo when they ſee an Hare, or venture their Necks full ſpeed after an Hawk, immediately to commence Eſquires? No; our Order is temperate, cleanly, ſober and chaſte; but theſe Rural Eſquires commit Immodeſties upon Hay-cocks, wear Shirts half a Week, and are drunk twice a-Day. Theſe Men are alſo to the laſt Degree exceſſive in their Food: An Eſquire of *Norfolk* eats two Pounds of Dumplin every Meal, as if obliged to it by our Order: An Eſquire of *Hampſhire* is as ravenous in devouring Hogs-fleſh: One of *Eſſex* has as little Mercy on Calves. But I muſt take the Liberty to proteſt againſt them, and acquaint thoſe Perſons, that it is not the Quantity they eat, but the Manner of eating, that ſhews a 'Squire. But above all, I am moſt offended at ſmall Quill-men, and tranſcribing Clerks, who are all come into our Order, for no Reaſon that I know of, but that they can eaſily flouriſh

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it at the End of their Name. I'll undertake, that if you read the Superſcriptions to all the Offices in the Kingdom, you will not find three Letters directed to any but Eſquires. I have my ſelf a Couple of Clerks, and the Rogues make nothing of leaving Meſſages upon each other's Desk: One directs, *To Degory Gooſe-quill*, Eſq; to which the other replies by a Note, *to Nehemiah Daſhwell*, Eſq; *with Reſpect*. In a Word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, A People of Eſquires. And I don't know, but, by the late Act of Naturalization, Foreigners will aſſume that Title, as Part of the Immunity of being *Engliſhmen*. All theſe Improprieties flow from the Negligence of the *Heralds-Office*. Thoſe Gentlemen in Party-colour'd Habits do not ſo rightly, as they ought, underſtand themſelves; though they are dreſs'd Cap-a-pe in Hieroglyphicks, they are inwardly but ignorant Men. I asked an Acquaintance of mine, who is a Man of Wit, but of no Fortune, and is forced to appear as Jack-pudding on the Stage to a Mountebank: Pr'ythee, *Jack*, why is your Coat of ſo many Colours? He reply'd, I act a Fool, and this ſpotted Dreſs is to ſignifie, that every Man living has a weak Place about him; for I am Knight of the Shire, and repreſent you all. I wiſh the Heralds would know as well as this Man does, in his Way, that they are to act for us in the Caſe of our Arms and Appellations: We ſhould not then be jumbled together in ſo promiſcuous and abſurd a Manner. I deſign to take this Matter into further Conſideration, and no Man ſhall be received as an Eſquire, who cannot bring a Certificate, That he has conquered ſome Lady's obdurate Heart; That he can lead up a Country-Dance, or carry a Meſſage between her and her Lover, with Addreſs, Secrecy and Diligence. A 'Squire is properly born for the Service of the Sex, and his Credentials ſhall be ſigned by three Toaſts, and one Prude, before his Title ſhall be received in my Office.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May 23.*

ON Saturday laſt was preſented, *The Buſie Body*, a Comedy, written (as I have heretofore remark'd) by a Woman. The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that Subtilty of Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very ſeldom well performed by thoſe of the other Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not, as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Inſtinct.

TO Morrow will be acted a Play, call'd, *The Trip to the Jubilee*. This Performance is the greateſt Inſtance that we can have of the irreſiſtible Force of proper Action. The Dialogue in it ſelf has ſomething too low to bear a Criticiſm upon it: But Mr. *Wilks* enters into the Part with ſo much Skill, that the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is looked upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life, without any of thoſe Intermixtures of Wit and Humour, which uſually prepoſſeſs us in Favour of ſuch Characters in other Plays.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 23.*

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 23d Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, Mr. *Walpole* (who is ſince arrived) was going with all Expedition to *Great Britain*, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the Preliminaries to a Treaty of Peace. The *French* Miniſter, Monſieur *Torcy*, has been obſerved in this whole Negociation to turn his Diſcourſe upon the Calamities ſent down by Heaven upon *France*, and imputed the Neceſſities they were under to the immediate Hand of Providence, in inflicting a general Scarcity of Proviſion, rather than the ſuperior Genius of the Generals, or the Bravery of the Armies againſt them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the Indulgence

gence of Heaven to us; but at the ſame Time as we are to love our Enemies, we are glad to ſee 'em mortified enough to mix Chriſtianity with their Politicks. An Authentick Letter from Madam *Maintenon* to Monſieur *Torcy* has been ſtolen by a Perſon about him, who has communicated a Copy of it to ſome of the Dependants of a Miniſter of the Allies. That Epiſtle is writ in the moſt pathetick Manner imaginable, and in a Style which ſhews her Genius, that has ſo long engroſſed the Heart of this great Monarch.

SIR,

*I Received yours, and am ſenſible of the Addreſs and Capacity with which you have hitherto tranſacted the great Affair under your Management. You well obſerve, that our Wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is Vanity to uſe Artifices with the knowing Men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this Repreſentation of our Circumſtances, to lay aſide Art, which ceaſes to be ſuch when it is ſeen, and make uſe of all your Skill to gain us what Advantages you can from the Enemy's Jealouſie of each other's Greatneſs; which is the Place where only you have Room for any Dexterity. If you have any Paſſion for your unhappy Country, or any Affection for your diſtreſſed Maſter, come Home with Peace. Oh Heaven! Do I live to talk of* Lewis the Great *as the Object of Pity? The King ſhews a great Uneaſineſs to be informed of all that paſſes; but at the ſame Time, is fearful of every one who appears in his Preſence, leſt he ſhould bring an Account of ſome new Calamity. I know not in what Terms to repreſent my Thoughts to you, when I ſpeak of the King with relation to his bodily Health. Figure to your ſelf that Immortal Man, who ſtood in our publick Places, repreſented with Trophies, Armour and Terrors, on his Pedeſtal: Conſider, the* Invincible, *the* Great, *the* Good, *the* Pious, *the* Mighty, *which were the uſual Epithets we gave him, both in our Language and Thoughts. I ſay, conſider him whom you knew the moſt glorious and greateſt of Monarchs; and now think you*

*ſee the ſame Man an unhappy* Lazar, *in the loweſt Circumſtances of human Nature it ſelf, without Regard to the State from whence he is fallen. I write from his Bedſide: He is at preſent in a Slumber. I have many, many Things to add; but my Tears flow too faſt, and my Sorrow is too big for Utterance.*

I am, &c.

THERE is ſuch a Veneration due from all Men to the Perſons of Princes, that it were a Sort of Diſhoneſty to repreſent further the Condition which the King is in; but it is certain, That ſoon after the Receipt of theſe Advices, Monſieur *Torcy* waited upon his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Lord *Townſhend*, and in that Conference gave up many Points, which he had before ſaid were ſuch, as he muſt return to *France* before he could anſwer.

N° 20. *Thurſday, May* 26. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 24.

IT is not to be imagined how far Prepoſſeſſion will run away with Peoples Underſtandings, in Caſes wherein they are under preſent Uneaſineſs. The following Narration is a ſufficient Teſtimony of the Truth of this Obſervation.

I had the Honour the other Day of a Viſit from a Gentlewoman (a Stranger to me) who ſeemed to be about Thirty. Her Complexion is brown; but the Air of her Face has an Agreeableneſs, which ſurpaſſes the Beauties of the faireſt Women. There appeared in her Look and Mien a ſprightly Health; and her Eyes had too much Vivacity to become the Language of Complaint, which ſhe began to enter into. She ſeemed ſenſible of it; and therefore, with downcaſt Looks, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, You ſee before you the unhappieſt of Women; and therefore,

as

as you are eſteemed by all the World both a great Civilian, as well as an Aſtrologer, I muſt deſire your Advice and Aſſiſtance, in putting me in a Method of obtaining a Divorce from a Marriage, which I know the Law will pronounce void. Madam, ſaid I, your Grievance is of ſuch a Nature, that you muſt be very ingenious in repreſenting the Cauſes of your Complaint, or I cannot give you the Satisfaction you deſire. Sir, ſhe anſwers, I believed there would be no need of half your Skill in the Art of Divination, to gueſs why a Woman would part from her Husband. 'Tis true, ſaid I, but Suſpicions, or Gueſſes at what you mean, nay Certainty of it, except you plainly ſpeak it, are no Foundation for a formal Suit. She clap'd her Fan before her Face; My Husband, ſaid ſhe, is no more an Husband (*here ſhe burſt into Tears*) than one of the *Italian* Singers.

MADAM, ſaid I, the Affliction you complain of, is to be redreſſed by Law; but at the ſame Time, conſider what Mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court; how you will be able to bear the impertinent Whiſpers of the People preſent at the Trial, the licentious Reflections of the Pleaders, and the Interpretations that will in general be put upon your Conduct by all the World? How little (will they ſay) could that Lady command her Paſſions! Beſides, conſider, that curbing our Deſires is the greateſt Glory we can arrive at in this World, and will be moſt rewarded in the next. She anſwered, like a prudent Matron, Sir, if you pleaſe to remember the Office of Matrimony, the firſt Cauſe of its Inſtitution is that of having Poſterity: Therefore, as to the curbing Deſires, I am willihg to undergo any Abſtinence from Food as you pleaſe to enjoin me; but I cannot with any Quiet of Mind, live in the Neglect of a neceſſary Duty, and an expreſs Commandment, *Increaſe and multiply*. Obſerving ſhe was learned, and knew ſo well the Duties of Life, I turned my Ar-

guments rather to dehort her from this publick Procedure by Examples, than Precepts. Do but conſider, Madam, what Crowds of beauteous Women live in Nunneries, ſecluded for ever from the Sight and Converſation of Men, with all the Alacrity of Spirit imaginable; they ſpend their Time in heavenly Raptures, in conſtant and frequent Devotions, and at proper Hours in agreeable Converſations. Sir, ſaid ſhe haſtily, Tell not me of Papiſts, or any of their Idolatries. Well then, Madam, conſider how many fine Ladies live innocently in the Eye of the World, and this gay Town, in the midſt of Temptation: There's the witty Mrs. *W*—— is a Virgin of 44, Mrs. *T*——*s* is 39, Mrs. *L*——*ce* 33; yet you ſee, they laugh and are gay, at the Park, at the Play-houſe, at Balls, and at Viſits; and ſo much at Eaſe, that all this ſeems hardly a Self-denial. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid ſhe, with ſome Emotion; you are an excellent Caſuiſt; but the laſt Word deſtroyed your whole Argument; if it is not Self-denial, it is no Virtue. I preſented you with an half Guinea, in Hopes not only to have my Conſcience eas'd, but my Fortune told. Yet —— Well Madam, ſaid I, Pray of what Age is your Huſband? He is, reply'd my injured Client, fifty, and I have been his Wife fifteen Years. How happen'd it, you never communicated your Diſtreſs in all this Time to your Friends and Relations? She anſwered, He has been thus but a Fortnight. I am the moſt ſerious Man in the World to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. Why, Madam, in caſe of Infirmity, which proceeds only from Age, the Law gives no Remedy. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I find you have no more Learning than Dr. *Caſe*; and I am told of a young Man, not five and twenty, juſt come from *Oxford*, to whom I will communicate this whole Matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have ſeven Times more uſeful and ſatisfactory Knowledge than you and all your boaſted Family. Thus I

have

have entirely loſt my Client: But if this tedious Narrative preſerves *Paſtorella* from the intended Marriage with one twenty Years her Senior—— To ſave a fine Lady, I am contented to have my Learning decry'd, and my *Predictions* bound up with *Poor Robin's Almanacks.*

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May* 25.

THIS Evening was acted, *The Recruiting Officer*, in which Mr. *Eſtcurt's* proper Senſe and Obſervation is what ſupports the Play. There is not, in my humble Opinion, the Humour hit in *Serjeant Kite*; but it is admirably ſupplied by his Action. If I have Skill to judge, that Man is an excellent Actor; but the Crowd of the Audience are fitter for Repreſentations at *May-Fair*, than a *Theatre-Royal.* Yet that Fair is now broke, as well as the Theatre is breaking: But it is allowed ſtill to ſell Animals there. Therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have Occaſion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who has one to diſpoſe of at a reaſonable Rate. The Downfal of *May-Fair* has quite ſunk the Price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other Curioſities of Nature. A Tiger will ſell almoſt as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly informed, a Man may purchaſe a Cat with three Legs, for very near the Value of one with four. I hear likewiſe, That there is a great Deſolation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the Ornaments of the Town, and uſed to ſhine in Plumes and Diadems; the Heroes being moſt of them preſs'd, and the Queens beating Hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, ſo famous for her ingenious Poppet-Show, has ſet up a Shop in the *Exchange*, where ſhe ſells her little Troop under the Term of Jointed-Babies. I could not but be ſollicitous to know of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that Rake-hell *Punch*, whoſe lewd Life and Converſation had given ſo much Scandal, and did not a lit-

a little contribute to the Ruin of the Fair. She told me, with a Sigh, That deſpairing of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to place him in a civil Family, but got him in a Poſt upon a Stall in *Wapping*, where he may be ſeen from Sun-riſing to Sun-ſetting, with a Glaſs in one Hand and a Pipe in the other, as Centry to a Brandy-Shop. The great Revolutions of this Nature bring to my Mind the Diſtreſſes of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill Luck to break before her Voice, and to diſappear at a Time when her Beauty was in the Height of its Bloom. This Lady enter'd ſo throughly into the great Characters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſhed her Part, ſhe could not think of retrenching her Equipage, but would appear in her own Lodgings with the ſame Magnificence that ſhe did upon the Stage. This greatneſs of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princeſs to an involuntary Retirement, where ſhe now paſſes her Time among the Woods and Foreſts, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her Solitude,

*I was born of Royal Race,*
*Yet muſt wander in Diſgrace,* &c.

But for fear of being over-heard, and her Quality known, ſhe uſually ſings it in *Italian*;

*Nacqui al Reguo, nacqui al Trono,*
*E pur ſono*
*Sventurata Paſtorella* ——

SINCE I have touched upon this Subject, I ſhall communicate to my Reader Part of a Letter I have received from an ingenious Friend at *Amſterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the Manner of furniſhing it with Actors is ſomething peculiar to that Place, and gives us Occaſion to admire both the Politeneſs and Frugality of the People.

MY

*MY Friends have kept me here a Week longer than ordinary to ſee one of their Plays, which was performed laſt Night with great Applauſe. The Actors are all of them Tradeſmen, who, after their Day's Work is over, earn about a Gilder a Night by perſonating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I ſaw, was a Journeyman Taylor, and his firſt Miniſter of State a Coffee-man. The Empreſs made me think of* Parthenope *in the* Rehearſal; *for her Mother keeps an Alehouſe in the Suburbs of* Amſterdam. *When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a ſhort Farce, in which the Cobler did his Part to a Miracle; but upon Enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own Trade, and repreſenting on a Stage what he acted every Day in his Shop. The Profits of the Theatre maintain an Hoſpital: For as here they do not think the Profeſſion of an Actor the only Trade that a Man ought to exerciſe, ſo they will not allow any Body to grow rich in a Profeſſion, that, in their Opinion, ſo little conduces to the Good of the Commonwealth. If I am not miſtaken, your Play-houſes in* England *have done the ſame Thing; for, unleſs I am miſinformed, the Hoſpital at* Dulledge *was erected and endowed by Mr.* Allen, *a Player: And it is alſo ſaid, A famous She-Tragedian has ſettled her Eſtate, after her Death, for the Maintainance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as ſoon as they grow dull, at whatever Time of their Life that ſhall happen.*

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 25.*

LETTERS from the *Hague* of the 31ſt Inſtant ſay, That the Articles preliminary to a general Peace were ſettled, communicated to the States-General, and all the Foreign Miniſters reſiding there, and tranſmitted to their reſpective Maſters on the 28th. Monſieur *Torcy* immediately returned to the Court of *France*, from whence he is expected again on the 4th of the next Month with thoſe Articles ratified by that Court. The

*Hague*

*Hague* is agreed upon for the Place of Treaty, and the 15th of the next Month, the Day on which it is to commence. The Terms whereon this Negociation is founded, are not yet declared by publick Authority; but what is moſt generally received, is as follows:

HER Majeſty's Right and Title, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion to theſe Dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King *Charles* is to be owned the lawful Sovereign of *Spain*. The *French* King ſhall not only recall his Troops out of that Kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the Towns of *Roſes*, *Fonterabia*, and *Pampelona*; but in caſe the Duke of *Anjou* ſhall not retire out of the *Spaniſh* Dominions, he ſhall be obliged to aſſiſt the Allies to force him from thence. A Ceſſation of Arms is agreed upon for two Months from the firſt Day of the Treaty. The Port and Fortifications of *Dunkirk* are to be demoliſhed within four Months; but the Town it ſelf left in the Hands of the *French*. The Pretender is to be obliged to leave *France*. All *Newfoundland* is to be reſtored to the *Engliſh*. As to the other Parts of *America*, the *French* are to reſtore whatever they may have taken from the *Engliſh*, as the *Engliſh*, in like Manner, to give up what they may have taken from the *French* before the Commencement of the Treaty. The Trade between *Great Britain* and *France* ſhall be ſettled upon the ſame Foundation as in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

THE *Dutch* are to have for their Barrier, *Newport*, *Berg*, *St. Vinox*, *Furnes*, *Ipres*, *Liſle*, *Tournay*, *Douay*, *Valenciennes*, *Condé*, *Maubeuge*, *Mons*, *Charleroy*, *Namur* and *Luxemburgh*; all which Places ſhall be delivered up to the Allies before the End of *June*. The Trade between *Holland* and *France* ſhall be on the ſame Foot as in 1664. The Cities of *Strasbourg*, *Briſac*, and *Alſatia* ſhall be reſtored to the Emperor and Empire; and the King of *France*, purſuant to the Treaty of *Weſtphalia* in 1648, ſhall only retain the Protection of ten Imperial

perial Cities, *viz. Colmar, Schleſtat, Haguenau, Munſter, Turkeim, Keiſemberg, Obrenheim, Raſheim, Weiſemburg*, and *Landau*; *Haninguen, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel*, and *New-Briſac*, ſhall be demoliſhed, and all the Fortifications from *Baſil* to *Philipsburg*. The King of *Pruſſia* ſhall remain in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of *Neufchatel*. The Affair of *Orange*, as alſo the Pretenſions of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty in the *Franche Conte*, ſhall be determined at this general Negotiation of Peace. The Duke of *Savoy* ſhall have a Reſtitution made of all that has been taken from him by the *French*, and remain Maſter of *Exilles*, *Chamont*, *Feneſtrelles*, and the Valley of *Pragelas*.

Nº 21. *Saturday, May* 28. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 26.

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the Country a very civil Letter, and ſaid Things which I ſuppreſs with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining, and has therefore deſired, that, for the Benefit of my Country-Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Toaſt*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and all other Appellations of thoſe now in the gayer World who are in Poſſeſſion of theſe ſeveral Characters; together with an Account of thoſe who unfortunately pretend to them. I ſhall begin with him we uſually call a *Gentleman*, or Man of Converſation.

IT is generally thought, That Warmth of Imagination, quick Reliſh of Pleaſure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the moſt eſſential Qualities for forming this Sort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will obſerve, That the Height of good Breeding is ſhewn rather in

in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus he that never ſhocks you, though he is ſeldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and ſometimes diſpleaſes you. The moſt neceſſary Talent therefore in a Man of Converſation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment. He that has this in Perfection, is Maſter of his Companion, without letting him ſee it; and has the ſame Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatſoever, as one that can ſee would have over a blind Man of ten Times his Strength.

THIS is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty, he acts with great Eaſe and Freedom among the Men of Pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with Skill and Diſpatch among the Men of Buſineſs. All which he performs with ſuch Succeſs, that, with as much Diſcretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, cunning. But if he does a good Office, as he ever does it with Readineſs and Alacrity; ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have asked it. His Judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo chearful a Spirit, that his Converſation is a continual Feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a Manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greateſt and juſteſt Skill in a Man of ſuperior Underſtadding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This ſweet Diſpoſition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius*, and makes his Company deſired by Women, without being envied by Men. *Sophronius* would be as juſt as he is, if there were no Law; and would be

be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch ſuch Thing as Calumny.

In Imitation of this agreeable Being, is made that Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*; who being juſt able to find out, that what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a natural Behaviour; in order to the ſame Reputation, makes his own an artificial one. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick, whereby he is of Courſe the moſt unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* juſt now paſſed into the inner Room directly forward: *Jack* comes as faſt after as he can for the right and left Looking-glaſs, in which he had but juſt approved himſelf by a Nod at each, and march'd on. He will meditate within for half an Hour till he thinks he is not careleſs enough in his Air, and come back to the Mirror to recollect his forgetfulneſs.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, May* 27.

THIS Night was acted the Comedy, called, *The Fox*; but I wonder the Modern Writers do not uſe their Intereſt in the Houſe to ſuppreſs ſuch Repreſentations. A Man that has been at this, will hardly like any other Play during the Seaſon: Therefore I humbly move, That the Writings, as well as Dreſſes, of the laſt Age, ſhould give Way to the preſent Faſhion. We are come into a good Method enough (if we were not interrupted in our Mirth by ſuch an Apparition as a Play of *Johnſon's*) to be entertained at more Eaſe, both to the Spectator and the Writer, than in the Days of old. It is no Difficulty to get Hats, and Swords, and Wigs, and Shoes, and every Thing elſe, from the Shops in Town, and make a Man ſhew himſelf by his Habit, without more ado, to be a Counſellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a Citizen, and not be obliged to make thoſe Characters talk in Different Dialects to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. This is certainly the ſureſt and beſt Way of Writing: But ſuch a Play as this makes a Man for a Month after over-

over-run with Criticiſm, and enquire, *What every Man on the Stage ſaid? What had ſuch a one to do to meddle with ſuch a Thing? How came t'other, who was bred after this or that Manner, to ſpeak ſo like a Man converſant among a different People?* Theſe Queſtions rob us of all our Pleaſure; for at this Rate, no Sentence in a Play ſhould be ſpoken by any one Character, which could poſſibly enter into the Head of any other Man repreſented in it; but every Sentiment ſhould be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious *Ben*'s Works will bear this Sort of Inquiſition; but if the preſent Writers were thus examined, and the Offences againſt this Rule cut out, few Plays would be long enough for the whole Evening's Entertainment.

BUT I don't know how they did in thoſe old Times: This ſame *Ben Johnſon* has made every one's Paſſion in this Play be towards Money, and yet not one of them expreſſes that Deſire, or endeavours to obtain it any Way but what is peculiar to him only: One ſacrifices his Wife, another his Profeſſion, another his Poſterity, from the ſame Motive; but their Characters are kept ſo skilfully apart, that it ſeems prodigious their Diſcourſes ſhould riſe from the Invention of the ſame Author.

BUT the Poets are a Neſt of Hornets, and I'll drive theſe Thoughts no farther; but muſt mention ſome hard Treatment I am like to meet with from my Brother Writers. I am credibly informed, that the Author of a Play, call'd *Love in a Hollow-Tree*, has made ſome Remarks upon my late Diſcourſe on *The Naked Truth*. I cannot blame a Gentleman for writing againſt any Error; it is for the Good of the learned World. But I would have the Thing fairly left between us two, and not under the Protection of Patrons. But my Intelligence is, that he has dedicated his Treatiſe to the Honourable Mr. *Edw——d H——rd.*

From

*From my own Apartment, May 27.*

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

SIR, York, May 16. 1709.

BEING *convinc'd, as the whole World is, how infallible your Predictions are, and having the Honour to be your near Relation, of the* Staffian *Family, I was under great Concern at one of your Predictions relating to yourſelf, wherein you foretold your own Death would happen on the* 17th *Inſtant, unleſs it was prevented by the Aſſiſtance of well-diſpoſed People; I have therefore prevailed on my own Modeſty to ſend you a Piece of News, which may ſerve, inſtead of* Goddard's Dropps, *to keep you alive for two Days, till Nature be able to recover it ſelf, or till you meet with ſome better Help from other Hands. Therefore, without further Ceremony, I will go on to relate a ſingular Adventure juſt happened in the Place where I am writing, wherein it may be highly uſeful for the Publick to be informed.*

THREE *young Ladies of our Town were on* Saturday *laſt indicted for* Witchcraft. *The Witneſſes againſt the firſt depoſed upon Oath before Juſtice* Bindover, *That ſhe kept Spirits lock'd up in Veſſels, which ſometimes appeared in Flames of blue Fire; That ſhe uſed Magical Herbs, with ſome of which ſhe drew in Hundreds of Men daily to her, who went out from her Preſence all inflamed, their Mouths parched, and a hot Steam iſſuing from them, attended with a grievous Stench; That many of the ſaid Men were by the Force of that Herb metamorphoſed into Swine, and lay wallowing in the Kennels for twenty-four Hours, before they could reaſſume their Shapes or their Senſes.*

IT *was proved againſt the Second, That ſhe cut off by Night the Limbs from dead Bodies that were hanged, and was ſeen to dig Holes in the Ground, to mutter ſome conjuring Words, and bury Pieces of the Fleſh, after the uſual Manner of Witches.*

THE

*THE Third was accuſed for a notorious Piece of Sorcery, long practiſed by Hags, of moulding up Pieces of Dough, into the Shapes of Men, Women and Children; then heating them at a gentle Fire, which had a Sympathetick Power to torment the Bowels of thoſe in the Neighbourhood.*

*THIS was the Sum of what was objected againſt the three Ladies, who indeed had nothing to ſay in their own Defence, but downright denying the Facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their Trials.*

*BUT the Parſon of our Pariſh, a ſtrange refractory Man, will believe nothing of all this; ſo that the whole Town cries out* Shame! That one of his Coat ſhould be ſuch an Atheiſt! *and deſign to complain of him to the Biſhop. He goes about very oddly to ſolve the Matter. He ſuppoſes, That the firſt of theſe Ladies keeping a Brandy and Tobacco-Ship, the Fellows went out ſmoaking, and got drunk towards Evening, and made themſelves Beaſts. He ſays, The ſecond is a Butcher's Daughter, and ſometimes brings a Quarter of Mutton from the Slaughter-houſe over Night againſt a Market-day, and once buried a bit of Beef in the Ground, as a known Receipt to cure Warts on her Hands. The Parſon affirms, That the third ſells Gingerbread, which, to pleaſe the Children, ſhe is forced to ſtamp with Images before it is baked, and if it burns their Guts, 'tis becauſe they eat too much, or do not drink after it.*

*THESE are the Anſwers he gives to ſolve theſe wonderful* Phænomena; *upon which I ſhall not animadvert, but leave it among Philoſophers: And ſo wiſhing you all Succeſs in your Undertakings for the Amendment of the World, I remain,*

Dear Couſin,

Your moſt Affectionate Kinſman,

and Humble Servant,

*Ephraim Bedſtaff.*

P. S. Thoſe who were condemn'd to Death among the *Athenians*, were obliged to take a Doſe of

of Poiſon, which made them die upwards, ſeizing firſt upon their Feet, making them cold and inſenſible, and ſo aſcending gradually, till it reach'd the vital Parts. I believe your Death, which you foretold would happen on the 17th Inſtant, will fall out the ſame Way, and that your Diſtemper hath already ſeized on you, and makes Progreſs daily. The lower Part of you, that is, the *Advertiſements*, is dead; and theſe have riſen for theſe ten Days laſt paſt, ſo that they now take up almoſt a whole Paragraph. Pray, Sir, do your Endeavour to drive this Diſtemper as much as poſſible to the extream Parts, and keep it there, as wiſe Folks do the Gout; for if it once gets into your Stomach, it will ſoon fly up into your Head, and you are a dead Man.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 27.*

WE hear from *Leghorn*, That Sir *Edward Whitaker*, with five Men of War, four Tranſports, and two Fireſhips, was arrived at that Port; and Admiral *Byng* was ſuddenly expected. Their Squadrons being joined, they deſign to ſail directly for *Final*, to tranſport the Reinforcements, lodged in thoſe Parts to *Barcelona*.

THEY write from *Milan*, That Count *Thaun* arrived there on the 16th Inſtant. *N. S.* and proceeded on his Journey to *Turin* on the 21ſt, in order to concert ſuch Meaſures with his Royal Highneſs, as ſhall appear neceſſary for the Operations of the enſuing Campaign.

ADVICES from *Dauphine* ſay, That the Troops of the Duke of *Savoy* begin already to appear in thoſe Valleys, whereof he made himſelf Maſter the laſt Year; and that the Duke of *Berwick* applied himſelf with all imaginable Diligence to ſecure the Paſſes of the Mountains, by ordering Intrenchments to be made towards *Briançon*, *Tourneau*, and the Valley of *Queiras*. That General has alſo been at *Marſeilles* and *Thoulon*,

*lon*, to haſten the Tranſportation of the Corn and Proviſions deſigned for his Army.

LETTERS from *Vienna*, bearing Date *May* 23. *N. S.* import, That the Cardinal of *Saxe-Zeitz* and the Prince of *Lichtenſtein* were preparing to ſet out for *Preſburgh*, to aſſiſt at the Diet of the States of *Hungary*, which is to be aſſembled at that Place on the 25th of this Month. General *Heiſter* would ſhortly appear at the Head of his Army at *Trentſchin*, which Place is appointed for the general Rendezvous of the Imperial Forces in *Hungary*; from whence he will advance to lay Siege to *Newhauſel*: In the mean Time Reinforcements, with a great Train of Artillery, are marching the ſame Way. The King of *Denmark* arrived on the 10th Inſtant at *Inſpruck*, and on the 26th at *Dreſden*, under a triple Diſcharge of the Artillery of that Place; but his Majeſty refuſed the Ceremonies of a publick Entry.

OUR Letters from the *Upper Rhine* ſay, That the Imperial Army began to form it ſelf at *Etlingen*; where the reſpective Deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of *Baden Durlach*, the Biſhoprick of *Spires*, &c. were aſſembled, and had taken the neceſſary Meaſures for the Proviſion of Forage, the Security of the Country againſt the Incurſions of the Enemy, and laying a Bridge over the *Rhine*. Several Veſſels laden with Corn are daily paſſing before *Frankfort* for the *Lower-Rhine*.

LETTERS from *Poland* inform us, That a Detachment of *Muſcovite* Cavalry, under the Command of General *Infland*, had joined the Confederate Army; and the Infantry, commanded by General *Goltz*, was expected to come up within few Days. Theſe Succours will amount to 20000 Men.

OUR laſt Advices from the *Hague* dated *June* the 4th, *N. S.* ſay, That they expected a Courier from the *French* Court with a Ratification of the Preliminaries that Night or the Day following. His

Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* will ſet out for *Bruſſels* on *Wedneſday* or *Thurſday* next, if the Diſpatches which are expected from *Paris* don't alter his Reſolutions. Letters from *Majorca* confirm the Honourable Capitulation of the Caſtle of *Alicant*, and alſo of the Death of the Governor Major General *Richards*, Colonel *Siborg*, and Major *Vignolles*, who were all buried in the Ruins of that Place by the ſpringing of the great Mine, which did, it ſeems, more Execution than was reported. Monſieur *Tercy* paſſed thro' *Mons* in his Return, and had there a long Conference with the Elector of *Bavaria*; after which, that Prince ſpoke publickly of the Treatment he had received from *France* with the utmoſt Indignation.

*Any Perſon that ſhall come publickly Abroad in a fantaſtical Habit, contrary to the preſent Mode and Faſhion, except Don* Diego Deſmallo, *or any other out of Poverty, ſhall have his Name and Dreſs inſerted in our next.*

N. B. *Mr.* How'd'call *is deſired to leave off thoſe Buttons.*

N° 22. *Tueſday, May* 31. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 28.

I CAME hither this Evening to ſee Faſhions, and who ſhould I firſt encounter but my old Friend *Cynthio* (encompaſſed by a Croud of young Fellows) dictating on the Paſſion of Love with the gayeſt Air imaginable. 'Well, ſays he, as 'to what I know of the Matter, there is no-'thing but Ogling with Skill carries a Woman; 'but indeed it is not every Fool that is capable 'of this Art: You will find twenty can ſpeak 'eloquently, fifty can fight manfully, and a 'thon-

'thouſand that can dreſs genteely at a Miſtreſs, 'where there is one that can gaze skilfully. 'This requires an exquiſite Judgment to take the 'Language of her Eyes to yours exactly, and 'not let yours talk too faſt for hers; as at a 'Play between the Acts, when Beau *Friſk* ſtands 'upon a Bench full in *Lindamira*'s Face, and her 'dear Eyes are ſearching round to avoid that 'ſtaring open Fool; ſhe meets the watchful Glance 'of her true Lover, and ſees his Heart attentive 'on her Charms, and waiting for a ſecond Twin-'kle of her Eye for its next Motion.' Here the good Company ſneer'd; but he goes on. 'Nor 'is this Attendance Slavery, when a Man meets 'with Encouragement, and her Eye comes often in his Way: For, after an Evening ſo ſpent, 'and the Repetition of four or five ſignificant 'Looks at him, the happy Man goes home to his 'Lodging, full of ten thouſand pleaſing Images: 'His Brain is dilated, and gives him all the 'Idea's and Proſpects which it ever lets in to its 'Seat of Pleaſure. Thus a kind Look from *Lindamira* revives in his Imagination all the beauteous Lawns, green Fields, Woods, Foreſts, 'Rivers and Solitudes, which he had ever before 'ſeen in Picture, Deſcription, or real Life: And 'all with this Addition, That he now ſees 'em 'with the Eyes of an happy Lover, as before only with thoſe of a common Man. You laugh, 'Gentlemen: But conſider your ſelves, (you common People that were never in Love) and compare your ſelves in good Humour with your-'ſelves out of Humour, aud you will then acknowledge, that all external Objects affect you 'according to the Diſpoſition you are in to receive their Impreſſions, and not as thoſe Objects are in their own Nature. How much more 'ſhall all that paſſes within his View and Obſervation, touch with Delight a Man who is pre-'poſſeſſed with ſuceſsful Love, which is an Aſ-

'ſemblage

'ſemblage of ſoft Affections, gay Deſires, and 'hopeful Reſolutions?

POOR *Cynthio* went on at this Rate to the Croud about him, without any Purpoſe in his Talk, but to vent an Heart overflowing with Senſe of Succeſs. I wondered what could exalt him from the Diſtreſs in which he had long appeared, to ſo much Alacrity. But my Familiar has given me the State of his Affairs. It ſeems then, that lately coming out of the Playhouſe, his Miſtreſs, who knows he is in her Livery, as the Manner of inſolent Beauties is, is reſolved to keep him ſtill ſo, and gave him ſo much Wages, as to complain to him of the Crowd ſhe was to paſs through. He had his Wits and Reſolution enough about him to take her Hand, and ſay, He would attend her to the Coach. All the Way thither my good young Man ſtammered at every Word, and ſtumbled at every Step. His Miſtreſs, wonderfully pleaſed with her Triumph, put him to a thouſand Queſtions, to make a Man of his natural Wit ſpeak with Heſitation, and let drop her Fan, to ſee him recover it aukwardly. This is the whole Foundation of *Cyntho*'s Recovery to the ſprightly Air he appears with at preſent.

I grew mighty curious to know ſomething more of that Lady's Affairs, as being amazed how ſhe could dally with an Offer of one of his Merit and Fortune. I ſent *Pacolet* to her Lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following Letter to her Friend and Confident *Amanda* in the Country, wherein ſhe has opened her Heart and all its Folds.

Dear Amanda,

*THE Town grows ſo empty, that you muſt expect my Letter ſo too, except you will allow me to talk of my ſelf inſtead of others: you cannot imagine what Pain it is, after a whole Day ſpent in Publick, to want your Company, and the Eaſe which Friendſhip allows in being vain to each other, and ſpeaking all our Minds.*

*An Account of the Slaughter which theſe unhappy Eyes have made within ten Days laſt paſt, would make me appear too great a Tyrant to be allowed in a Chriſtian Country. I ſhall therefore confine my ſelf to my principal Conqueſts, which are the Hearts of Beau* Frisk, *and* Jack Freeland, *beſides* Cynthio, *who, you know, wore my Fetters before you went out of Town. Shall I tell you my Weakneſs? I begin to Love* Frisk: *It is the beſt-humoured impertinent Thing in the World: He is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one Time or other.* Freeland's *Father and mine have been upon Treaty without conſulting me; and* Cynthio *has been eternally watching my Eyes, without approaching me, my Friends, my Maid, or any one about me: He hopes to get me, I believe, as they ſay the Rattle-Snake does the Squirrel, by ſtaring at me till I drop into his Mouth.* Freeland *demands me for a Fointure which he thinks deſerves me;* Cynthio *thinks nothing high enough to be my Value:* Freeland *therefore will take it for no Obligation to have me; and* Cynthio's *Idea of me, is what will vaniſh by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the Veneration of the one, and the Indifference of the other, into Contempt. I will ſtick therefore to my old Maxim, To have that Sort of Man, who can have no greater Views than what are in my Power to give him Poſſeſſion of. The utmoſt of my Dear* Frisk's *Ambition is, to be thought a Man of Faſhion; and therefore has been ſo much in Mode, as to reſolve upon me, becauſe the whole Town likes me. Thus I chooſe rather a Man who loves me becauſe others do, than one who approves me on his own Judgment. He that judges for himſelf in Love, will often change his Opinion; but he that follows the Senſe of others, muſt be conſtant, as long as a Woman can make Advances. The Viſits I make, the Entertainments I give, and the Addreſſes I receive, will be all Arguments for me with a Man of* Frisk's *ſecond-hand Genius; but would be ſo many Bars to my Happineſs with any other Man. However, ſince* Frisk *can wait, I ſhall enjoy a Summer or two longer, and remain a ſingle Woman, in the ſublime Pleaſure of being followed and admired;*

*which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you.*

I am, &c.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 30.*

MY chief Buſineſs here this Evening was to ſpeak to my Frinds in Behalf of honeſt *Cave Underhill*, who has been a Comick for three Generations. My Father admired him extreamly when he was a Boy. There is certainly Nature excellently repreſented in his Manner of Action; in which he ever avoided that general Fault in Players, of doing too much. It muſt be confeſs'd, he has not the Merit of ſome ingenious Perſons now on the Stage, of adding to his Authors; for the Actors were ſo dull in the laſt Age, that many of them have gone out of the World, without having ever ſpoke one Word of their own in the Theatre. Poor *Cave* is ſo mortified, that he quibbles and tells you, he pretends only to act a Part fit for a Man who has one Foot in the Grave, *viz.* a *Grave-digger*. All Admirers of true Comedy, it is hoped, will have the Gratitude to be preſent on the laſt Day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to pleaſe them, will have it even then to ſay, That it is his firſt Offence.

BUT there is a Gentleman here, who ſays he has it from good Hands, that there is actually a Subſcription made by many Perſons of Wit and Quality, for the Encouragement of new Comedies. This Deſign will very much contribute to the Improvement and Diverſion of the Town: But as every Man is moſt concerned for himſelf, I, who am of a *Saturnine* and melancholy Complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal Invitation to write Tragedies, having by me, in my Book of Common Places, enough to enable me to finiſh a very ſad one by the fifth of the next Month. I have the Farewell of a General with a Truncheon in his Hand, dy-

ing for Love, in ſix Lines. I have the Principles of a Politician (who does all the Miſchief in the Play) together with his Declaration on the Vanity of Ambition in his laſt Moment, expreſs'd in a Page and an half. I have all my Oaths ready, and my Similes want nothing but Application. I won't pretend to give you an Account of the Plot, it being the ſame Deſign upon which all Tragedies have been writ for ſeveral Years laſt paſt; and from the Beginning of the firſt Scene, the Frequenters of the Houſe may know as well as the Author, when the Battel is to be fought, the Lady to yield, and the Hero proceed to his Wedding and Coronation. Beſides theſe Advantages which I have in Readineſs, I have an eminent Tragedian very much my Friend, who ſhall come in, and go through the whole five Acts, without troubling me for one Sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win Battels or loſe them, or whatever other tragical Performance I ſhall pleaſe to aſſign him.

*From my own Apartment, May 30.*

I HAVE this Day received a Letter, ſubſcribed *Fidelia*, that gives me an Account of an Inchantment under which a young Lady ſuffers, and deſires my Help to exorciſe her from the Power of the Sorcerer. Her Lover is a Rake of ſixty; the Lady a virtuous Woman of twenty-five: Her Relations are to the laſt Degree afflicted, and amazed at his irregular Paſſion: Their Sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their Aſtoniſhment; for there is no Spirit in Woman half ſo prevalent as that of Contradiction, which is the ſole Cauſe of her Perſeverance. Let the whole Family go dreſs in a Body, and call the Bride to Morrow Morning to her Nuptials, and I'll undertake the Inconſtant will forget her Lover in the midſt of all his Aches. But if this Expe-

dient does not ſucceed, I muſt be ſo juſt to the young Lady's diſtinguiſhing Senſe, as to applaud her Choice. A fine young Woman, at laſt, is but what is due from Fate to an honeſt Fellow, who has ſuffered ſo unmercifully by the Sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroick Vertue, who (like the Patriot that ended a Peſtilence by plunging himſelf into a Gulph) gives herſelf up to gorge that Dragon which has devoured ſo many Virgins before her.

*A Letter directed to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq; Aſtrologer and Phyſician in Ordinary to her Majeſty's Subjects of* Great Britain, *with Reſpect, is come to Hand.*

N° 23. *Thurſday June, 2.* 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, May* 31.

THE Generality of Mankind are ſo very fond of this World, and of ſtaying in it, that a Man cannot have eminent Skill in any one Art, but they will, in Spite of his Teeth, make him a Phyſician alſo, that being the Science the Worldlings have moſt Need of. I pretended, when I firſt ſet up, to Aſtrology only; But I am told, I have deep Skill alſo in Medicine. I am applied to now by a Gentleman for my Advice in Behalf of his Wife, who, upon the leaſt Matrimonial Difficulty, is exceſſively troubled with Fits, and can bear no Manner of Paſſion without falling into immediate Convulſions. I muſt confeſs, it is a Caſe I have known before, and remember the Party was recovered by certain Words pronounced in the midſt of the Fit, by the learned Doctor who performed the Cure. Theſe Ails have uſually their Beginning from the Affections of the Mind: Therefore you muſt have Patience to let me give you an Inſtance, whereby you

may diſcern the Cauſe of the Diſtemper, and then proceed in the Cure as follows:

A FINE Town-Lady was married to a Gentleman of ancient Diſcent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had Good-Humour to a Weakneſs, and was that Sort of Perſon, of whom it is uſually ſaid, He is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderneſs of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and ſhe too little Senſe to give him Authority for that Reaſon. His kind Wife obſerved this Temper in him, and made proper Uſe of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolved upon an Expedient to ſave Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the ſame Time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever ſhe was repulſed in a Requeſt, or contradicted in a Diſcourſe. It was a Fiſh-day, when in the midſt of her Husband's good Humour at Table, ſhe bethought herſelf to try her Project. She made Signs that ſhe had ſwallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale, as Aſhes, and ran to her Aſſiſtance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, recovering, It is down; don't be frightened. This Accident betray'd his Softneſs enough. The next Day ſhe complained, a Lady's Chariot, whoſe Husband had not half his Eſtate, had a Crane-Neck, and hung with twice the Air that hers did, He anſwered, Madam, You know my Income, you know I have loſt two Coach-Horſes this Spring. —— Down ſhe fell. —— *Hartſhorne!* Betty, Suſan, Alice, *throw Water in her Face.* With much Care and Pains ſhe was at laſt brought to herſelf, and the Vehicle in which ſhe viſited was amended in the niceſt Manner, to prevent Relapſes; but they frequently happened during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in few Years after. The Diſconſolate ſoon pitched upon a very agreeable Succeſſor, whom ſhe very prudently deſigned to govern by the ſame Method

Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and reſolved to break through all Tenderneſs, and be abſolute Maſter as ſoon as Occaſion offered. One Day it happened, that a Diſcourſe aroſe about Furniture: He was very glad of the Occaſion, and fell into an invective againſt *China*, proteſting he would never let five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that Way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted. ——— He ſtarts up as amazed, and calles for Help. —— The Maids ran to the Cloſet —— He chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulſions increaſe, and down ſhe tumbles on the Floor, where ſhe lies quite dead, in Spight of what the whole Family from the Nurſery to the Kitchen, could do for her Relief.

WHILE every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Miſtreſs, he, fixing his Cheek to hers, ſeemed to be following in a Trance of Sorrow; but ſecretly whiſpers her, *My Dear, This will never do: What is within my Power and Fortune, you may always command, but none of your Artifices: You are quite in other Hands than thoſe you paſſed theſe pretty Paſſions upon.* This made her almoſt in the Condition ſhe pretended; her Convulſions now come thicker, nor was ſhe to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the ſinking Part of the Fit came again, *Well, my Dear,* (ſaid he) *I applaud your Action; but I muſt take my Leave of you till you are more ſincere with me. Farewell for ever: You ſhall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.* With that, he ordered the Maids to keep plying her with Hartſhorn, while he went for a Phyſician: He was ſcarce at the Stair-Head when ſhe followed, and pulling him into a Cloſet, thank'd him for her Cure; which was ſo abſolute, that ſhe gave me this Relation herſelf, to

be communicated for the Benefit of all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 1.

ADVICES from *Bruſſels* of the 6th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, His Highneſs Prince *Eugene* had received a Letter from Monſieur *Torcy*, wherein that Miniſter, after many Expreſſions of great Reſpect, acquaints him, That his Maſter had abſolutely refuſed to ſign the Preliminaries to the Treaty which he had, in his Majeſty's Behalf, conſented to at the *Hague*. Upon the Receipt of this Intelligence, the Face of Things at that Place were immediately altered, and the neceſſary Orders were tranſmitted to the Troops (which lay moſt remote from thence) to remove towards the Place of Rendezvous with all Expedition. The Enemy ſeems alſo to prepare for the Field, and have at preſent drawn together twenty-five Thouſand Men in the Plain of *Lenz*. Marſhal *Villars* is at the Head of thoſe Troops; and has given the Generals under his Command all poſſible Aſſurances, that he will turn the Fate of the War to the Advantage of his Maſter.

THEY write from the *Hague* of the 7th, That Monſieur *Rouille* had received Orders from the Court of *France*, to ſignifie to the States-General and the Miniſters of the High Allies, That the King could not conſent to the Preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace, as it was offered to him by Monſieur *Torcy*. The great Difficulty is the Buſineſs of *Spain*, on which Particular his Miniſters ſeem'd only to ſay, during the Treaty, that it was not ſo immediately under their Maſter's Direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquiſhed by the Duke of *Anjou*: But now he poſitively anſwers, That he cannot comply with what his Miniſter has promiſed in his Behalf, even in ſuch Points as are wholly in himſelf to act in or not. This has had no other Effect, than to give the

the Alliance freſh Arguments for being diffident of Engagements entered into by *France*. The Penſioner made a Report of all which this Miniſter had declared to the Deputies of the States General, and all Things turn towards a vigorous War. The Duke of *Marlborough* deſigned to leave the *Hague* within two Days, in order to put himſelf at the Head of the Army, which is to aſſemble on the 17th Inſtant between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*. A Fleet of eighty Sail, laden with Corn from the *Baltick*, is arrived in the *Texel*. The States have ſent Circular Letters to all the Provinces, to notify this Change of Affairs, and to animate their Subjects to new Reſolutions in Defence of their Country.

*From my own Apartment, May* 31.

THE Publick is not ſo little my Concern, tho' I am but a Student, as that I ſhould not intereſt my ſelf in the preſent great Things in Agitation. I am ſtill of Opinion, the *French* King will ſign the Preliminaries. With that View, I have ſent him by my Familiar the following Epiſtle, and admoniſhed him, on Pain of what I ſhall ſay of him to future Generations, to act with Sincerity on this Occaſion.

*London, May* 31.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*; *of* Great Britain, *to* Lewis *the Fourteenth of* France.

'THE ſurpriſing News which arrived this 'Day, of your Majeſty's having refuſed 'to ſign the Treaty your Miniſters have in a 'Manner ſued for, is what gives Ground to this 'Application to your Majeſty, from one whoſe 'Name, perhaps, is too obſcure to have ever 'reached your Territories; but one, who with 'all the *European* World, is affected with your

Determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common Cauſe of Mankind, I preſume to expoſtulate with you on this Occaſion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the Vulgar extravagant, that the Actions of a mighty Prince ſhould be balanced by the Cenſure of a private Man, whoſe Approbation or Diſlike are equally contemptible in their Eyes, when they regard the Thrones of Sovereigns. But your Majeſty has ſhewn, through the whole Courſe of your Reign, too great a Value for Liberal Arts, to be inſenſible, that true Fame lies only in the Hands of Learned Men, by whom it is to be tranſmitted to Futurity, with Marks of Honour or Reproach to the End of Time. The Date of humane Life is too ſhort to recompenſe the Cares which attend the moſt private Condition. Therefore it is, that our Souls are made as it were too big for it, and extend themſelves in the Proſpect of a longer Exiſtence, in a good Fame and Memory of worthy Actions after our Deceaſe. The whole Race of Men have this Paſſion in ſome Degree implanted in their Boſoms, which is the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt Incitation to honeſt Attempts: But the baſe Uſe of the Arts of Peace, Eloquence, Poetry, and all the Parts of Learning, have been poſſeſſed by Souls ſo unworthy of thoſe Faculties, that the Names and Appellations of Things have been confounded by the Labours and Writings of proſtituted Men, who have ſtamp'd a Reputation upon ſuch Actions, as are in themſelves the Objects of Contempt and Diſgrace. This is that which has miſ-led your Majeſty in the Conduct of your Reign, and made that Life which might have been the moſt imitable, the moſt to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent Qualities of which your Majeſty is Maſter, are loſt in their Application; and your Majeſty has been carrying on for many Years the moſt cruel Tyranny, with all

'all the noble Methods which are uſed to ſup-
'port a juſt Reign. Thus it is, that it avails
'nothing that you are a bountiful Maſter; that
'you are ſo generous as to reward even the Un-
'ſucceſsful with Honour and Riches; that no
'laudable Action paſſes unrewarded in your
'Kingdoms; that you have ſearched all Nations
'for obſcure Merit. In a Word, that you are
'in your private Character endowed with every
'Princely Quality, when all this is ſubjected to
'unjuſt and ill-taught Ambition, which to the In-
'jury of the World is gilded by thoſe Endow-
'ments. However, if your Majeſty will conde-
'ſcend to look into your own Soul, and conſider
'all its Faculties and Weakneſſes with Impartia-
'lity; if you will but be convinced, that
'Life is ſupported in you by the ordinary
'Methods of Food, Reſt, and Sleep; you
'would think it impoſſible that you could ever
'be ſo much impoſed on, as to have been wrought
'into a Belief, that ſo many Thouſands of the
'ſame Make with your ſelf, were formed by
'Providence for no other End, but by the Ha-
'zard of their very Being to extend the Con-
'queſts and Glory of an Individual of their own
'Species. A very little Reflection will convince
'your Majeſty, that ſuch cannot be the Intent
'of the Creator; and if not, what Horror muſt
'it give your Majeſty to think of the vaſt De-
'vaſtations your Ambition has made among your
'Fellow-Creatures? While the Warmth of Youth,
'the Flattery of Crowds, and a continual Series of
'Succeſs and Triumph, indulged your Majeſty
'in this Illuſion of Mind, it was leſs to be won-
'dered at, that you proceeded in this miſtaken
'Purſuit of Grandeur; but when Age, Diſap-
'pointments, publick Calamities, perſonal Di-
'ſtempers, and the Reverſe of all that makes
'Men forget their true Being, are fallen upon
'you: Heavens! Is it poſſible you can live with-
'out Remorſe? Can the wretched Man be a Ty-
'rant?

'rant? Can Grief ſtudy Torments? Can Sorrow 'be cruel?——

'YOUR Majeſty will obſerve, I do not bring 'againſt you a railing Accuſation; but as you 'are a ſtrict Profeſſor of Religion, I beſeech 'your Majeſty to ſtop the Effuſion of Blood, by 'receiving the Opportunity which preſents itſelf, 'for the Preſervation of your diſtreſſed People. 'Be no longer ſo infatuated, as to hope for Re-'nown from Murder and Violence: But conſider 'that the Great Day will come, in which this 'World and all its Glory ſhall change in a Mo-'ment; when Nature ſhall ſicken, and the Earth 'and Sea give up the Bodies committed to them, 'to appear before the laſt Tribunal. Will it 'then, Oh King! be an Anſwer for the Lives of 'Millions who have fallen by the Sword? *They 'periſhed for my Glory.* That Day will come on, 'and one like it is immediately approaching: 'Injur'd Nations advance towards thy Habitation: 'Vengeance has began its March, which is to 'be diverted only by the Penitence of the Op-'preſſor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy Le-'thargy! Diſdain the Abuſes thou haſt received: 'Pull down the Statue which calls thee Immortal: 'Be truly Great: Tear thy Purple, and put on 'Sackcloth. I am,

*Thy Generous Enemy,*
Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

N° 24. *Saturday, June* 4. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, June* 2.

IN my Paper of the 28th of the laſt Month, I mentioned ſeveral Characters which want Explanation to the Generality of Readers: Among others, I ſpoke of a pretty Fellow. I have ſince received a kind Admonition in a Letter, to take Care

Care that I do not omit to ſhew alſo what is meant by a *very* pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a Character by it ſelf, and a Perſon exalted above the other by a peculiar Sprightlineſs; as one who, by a diſtinguiſhing Vigour, outſtrips his Companions, and has thereby deſerved and obtained a particular Appellation or Nick-name of Familiarity. Some have this Diſtinction from the Fair Sex, who are ſo generous as to take into their Protection ſuch as are laughed at by Men, and place them for that Reaſon in Degrees of Favour.

THE chief of this Sort is Colonel *Brunett*, who is a Man of Faſhion, becauſe he will be ſo; and practiſes a very janty Way of Behaviour, becauſe he is too careleſs to know when he offends, and too ſanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a Town ready to receive him, and cannot poſſibly ſee why he ſhould not make uſe of their Favour, and ſet himſelf in the firſt Degree of Converſation. Therefore he is very ſucceſsfully loud among the Wits, familiar among the Ladies, and diſſolute among the Rakes. Thus he is admitted in one Place, becauſe he is ſo in another; and every Man treats *Brunett* well, not out of his particular Eſteem for him, but in reſpect to the Opinion of others. It is to me a ſolid Pleaſure to ſee the World thus miſtaken on the good-natur'd Side; for 'tis ten to one but the Colonel mounts into a General Officer, marries a fine Lady, and is Maſter of a good Eſtate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives moſt Delight to me in this Obſervation, is, that all this ariſes from pure Nature, and the Colonel can account for his Succeſs no more than thoſe by whom he ſucceeds. For theſe Cauſes and Conſiderations, I pronounce him a true Woman's Man, and in the firſt Degree, *A very pretty Fellow.*

THE next to a Man of this univerſal Genius, is one who is peculiarly formed for the Service

of

of the Ladies, and his Merit chiefly is to be of no Conſequence. I am indeed a little in Doubt, Whether he ought not rather to be called a *very happy*, than a *very pretty* Fellow? For he is admitted at all Hours: All he ſays or does, which would offend in another, are paſſed over in him; and all Actions and Speeches which pleaſe, doubly pleaſe, if they come from him: No one wonders or takes Notice when he's wrong; but all admire him when he's in the Right. — By the Way it is fit to remark, That there are People of better Senſe than theſe, who endeavour at this Character; but they are out of Nature; and tho', with ſome Induſtry, they got the Characters of Fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, ſeldom to be meerly *pretty Fellows*. But where Nature has found a Perſon for this Station amongſt Men, he is gifted with a peculiar Genius for Succeſs, and his very Errors and Abſurdities contribute to it; this Felicity attending him to his Life's End. For it being in a Manner neceſſary that he ſhould be of no Conſequence, he is as well in old Age as Youth; and I know a Man, whoſe Son has been ſome Years a pretty Fellow, who is himſelf at this Hour a *very* pretty Fellow.

ONE muſt move tenderly in this Place, for we are now in the Ladies Lodgings, and ſpeaking of ſuch as are ſupported by their Influence and Favour; againſt which there is not, neither ought there to be, any Diſpute or Obſervation. But when we come into more free Air, one may talk a little more at large.

GIVE me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we ſhall ſee make conſiderable Figures; and theſe are ſuch as for their *Bacchanalian* Performances muſt be admitted into this Order. They are three Brothers lately landed from *Holland*: As yet, indeed, they have not made their publick Entry, but lodge and converſe at *Wapping*. They have merited already on the Water-ſide particular Titles. The firſt

is

is called *Hogſhead*; the ſecond, *Culverin*; and the third, *Muſquet*. This Fraternity is preparing for our End of the Town by their Ability in the Exerciſes of *Bacchus*, and meaſure their Time and Merit by liquid Weight, and Power of Drinking. *Hogſhead* is a prettier Fellow than *Culverin* by two Quarts, and *Culverin* than *Muſquet* by a full Pint. It is to be feared, *Hogſhead* is ſo often too full, and *Culverin* over-loaded, that *Muſquet* will be the only laſting *very* pretty Fellow of the three.

A THIRD Sort of this Denomination is ſuch as by very daring Adventures in Love, have purchaſed to themſelves Renown and new Names; as, *Jo. Carry*, for his exceſſive Strength and Vigour; *Tom Drybones*, for his generous Loſs of Youth and Health; and *Cancrum*, for his meritorious Rottenneſs.

THESE great and leading Spirits are propoſed to all ſuch of our *Britiſh* Youth as would arrive at Perfection in theſe different Kinds; and if their Parts and Accompliſhments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our Nation would ſoon excel all others in Wit and Arts, as they already do in Arms.

*N. B.* The Gentleman who ſtole *Betty Pepin*, may own it, for he is allowed to be a *very* pretty Fellow.

*But we muſt proceed to the Explanation of other Terms in our Writings.*

TO know what a Toaſt is in the Country, gives as much Perplexity as ſhe herſelf does in Town: And indeed, the Learned differ very much upon the Original of this Word, and the Acceptation of it among the Moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful Import. A Toaſt in a cold Morning, heightened by Nutmeg, and ſweetened with Sugar, has for many Ages been

been given to our rural Diſpenſers of Juſtice, before they entered upon Cauſes, and has been of great and politick Uſe to take off the Severity of their Sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill Effect, that it inclines thoſe who uſe it immoderately, to ſpeak *Latin*, to the Admiration, rather than Information, of an Audience. This Application of a Toaſt makes it very obvious, that the Word may, without a Metaphor, be underſtood as an apt Name for a Thing which raiſes us in the moſt ſovereign Degree. But many of the Wits of the laſt Age will aſſert, That the Word, in its preſent Senſe, was known among them in their Youth, and had its Riſe from an Accident at the Town of *Bath*, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

IT happened, That on a publick Day a celebrated Beauty of thoſe Times was in the *Cross Bath*, and one of the Crowd of her Admirers took a Glaſs of the Water in which the Fair one ſtood, and drank her Health to the Company. There was in the Place a gay Fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and ſwore, Tho' he liked not the Liquor, he would have the Toaſt. He was oppoſed in his Reſolution; yet this Whim gave Foundation to the preſent Honour which is done to the Lady we mention in our Liquors, who has ever ſince been called a *Toaſt*.

THO' this Inſtitution had ſo trivial a Beginning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that happy Virgin who is received and drank to at their Meetings, has no more to do in this Life, but to judge and accept of the firſt good Offer. The Manner of her Inauguration is much like that of the Choice of a Doge in *Venice*: It is performed by balloting; and when ſhe is ſo choſen, ſhe reigns indiſputably for that enſuing Year; but muſt be elected anew to prolong her Empire a Moment beyond it. When ſhe is regularly choſen, her Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking-glaſs. The Hieroglyphick of the Diamond

mond is to ſhew her, that her Value is imaginary; and that of the Glaſs to acquaint her, that her Condition is frail, and depends on the Hand which holds her. This wiſe Deſign admoniſhes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her Charms; as well conſidering and applying that it is perfectly accordin gto the Humour and Taſte of the Company, whether the Toaſt is eaten, or left as an Offal.

THE foremoſt of the whole Rank of Toaſts, and the moſt indiſputed in their preſent Empire, are Mrs. *Gatty* and Mrs. *Frontlet*: The firſt an agreeable, the ſecond an awful, Beauty. Theſe Ladies are perfect Friends, out of a Knowledge, that their Perfections are too different to ſtand in Competition. He that likes *Gatty*, can have no Reliſh for ſo ſolemn a Creature as *Frontlet*; and an Admirer of *Frontlet* will call *Gatty* a May-pole Girl. *Gatty* for ever ſmiles upon you; and *Frontlet* diſdains to ſee you ſmile. *Gatty*'s Love is a ſhining quick Flame; *Frontlet*'s a ſlow waſting Fire. *Gatty* likes the Man that diverts her; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improves the Soil in which ſhe travels; *Frontlet* lays waſte the Country. *Gatty* does not only ſmile, but laughs at her Lover; *Frontlet* not only looks ſerious, but frowns at him. All the Men of Wit (and Coxcombs their Followers) are profeſſed Servants of *Gatty*: The Politicians and Pretenders give ſolemn Worſhip to *Frontlet*. Their Reign will be beſt judged of by its Duration. *Frontlet* will never be choſen more; and *Gatty* is a Toaſt for Life.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June* 3.

LETTERS from *Hamburgh* of the 7th Inſtant, *N.S.* informs us, That no Art or Coſt is omitted to make the Stay of his *Daniſh* Majeſty at *Dreſden* agreeable; but there are various Speculations upon the Interview between King *Auguſtus* and that

that Prince, mainly putting politick Constructions upon his *Dutch* Majesty's Arrival at a Time when his Troops are marching out of *Hungary*, with Orders to pass through *Saxony*, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, That several *Polish* Senators have invited King *Augustus* to return into *Poland*. His Majesty of *Sweden*, according to the same Advices, has passed the *Nieper* without any Opposition from the *Muscovites*, and advances with all possible Expedition towards *Volhinia*, where he proposes to join King *Stanislaus* and General *Crassau*.

WE hear from *Bern* of the first Instant, *N. S.* That there is not a Province in *France*, from whence the Court is not apprehensive of receiving Accounts of publick Emotions, occasioned by the Want of Corn. The General Diet of the 13 Cantons is assembled at *Baden*, but have not yet entered upon Business, so that the Affair of *Tockenburgh* is yet at a Stand.

LETTERS from the *Hague*, dated the 12th Instant, *N. S.* advise, That Monsieur *Rouille* having acquainted the Ministers of the Allies, that his Master had refused to ratify the Preliminaries of a Treaty adjusted with Monsieur *Torcy*, set out for *Paris* on *Sunday* Morning. The same Day the Foreign Ministers met a Committee of the States-General, where Monsieur *van Hessen* opened the Business upon which they were assembled, and in a very warm Discourse laid before them the Conduct of *France* in the late Negotiations, representing the abject Manner in which she had laid open her own Distresses, that reduced her to a Compliance with the Demands of all the Allies, and her Meanness in receding from those Points to which Monsieur *Torcy* had consented. The respective Ministers of each Potentate of the Alliance severally expressed their Resentments of the faithless Behaviour of the *French*, and gave each other mutual Assurances of the Constancy and Resolution of their Principals

cipals, to proceed with the utmoſt Vigour againſt the Common Enemy. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* ſet out from the *Hague* on the 9th in the Afternoon, and lay that Night at *Rotterdam*, from whence at four the next Morning he proceeded towards *Antwerp*, with a Deſign to reach *Ghent* the next Day. All the Troops in the *Low-Countries* are in Motion towards the general Rendezvous between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*; The whole Army will be formed on the 12th Inſtant; and 'tis ſaid, That on the 14th they will advance towards the Enemy's Country. In the mean Time, the Marſhal *de Villars* has aſſembled the *French* Forces between *Lens*, *la Baſſee* and *Douay*.

YESTERDAY Morning, Sir *John Norris* with the Squadron under his Command, ſailed from the *Downs* for *Holland*.

*From my own Apartment, June* 3.

I HAVE the Honour of the following Letter from a Gentleman whom I receive into my Family, and order the Heralds at Arms to enroll him accordingly.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'THO' you have excluded me the Honour of your Family, yet I have ventured to 'correſpond with the ſame great Perſons as your 'ſelf, and have wrote this Poſt to the King of '*France*; though I am in a Manner unknown in 'his Country, and have not been ſeen there 'theſe many Months.

*To* LEWIS le Grand.

THO' in your Country I'm unknown,
Yet, Sir, I muſt adviſe you;
Of late ſo poor and mean you're grown.
That all the World deſpiſe you.

HERE

HERE Vermin eat your Majesty,
There meagre Subjects stand unfed;
What surer Signs of Poverty,
Than many Lice, and little Bread?

THEN; Sir, the present Minute chuse,
Our Armies are advanced;
Those Terms you at the *Hague* refuse,
At *Paris* won't be granted.

CONSIDER this, and *Dunkirk* raze,
And *Anna*'s Title own;
Send one Pretender out to graze,
And call the other Home.

*Your Humble Servant,*

Bread the Staff of Life.

N° 25. *Tuesday, June* 7. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 6.

A LETTER from a young Lady, written in the most passionate Terms, wherein she laments the Misfortune of a Gentleman, her Lover, who was lately wounded in a Duel, has turned my Thoughts to that Subject, and inclined me to examine into the Causes which precipitate Men into so fatal a Folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of Subjects of Gallantry in the Article from hence, and no one Point in Nature is more proper to be considered by the Company who frequent this Place than that of Duels, it is worth our Consideration to examine into this chimerical groundless Humour, and to lay every other Thought aside, till we have striyp'd it of all its false Pretences to Credit and Reputation amongst Men.

BUT

BUT I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my Imagination all the endleſs Crowd of Men of Honour who will be offended at ſuch a Diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a Work worthy an invulnerable Hero in Romance, rather than a private Gentleman with a ſingle Rapier: But as I am pretty well acquainted by great Opportunities with the Nature of Man, and know of a Truth, that all Men fight *againſt their Will*, the Danger vaniſhes, and Reſolution riſes upon this Subject. For this Reaſon I ſhall talk very freely on a Cuſtom which all Men wiſh exploded, though no Man has Courage enough to reſiſt it.

BUT there is one unintelligible Word which I fear will extreamly perplex my Diſſertation; and I confeſs to you I find very hard to explain, which is, the Term *Satisfaction*. An honeſt Country Gentleman had the Misfortune to fall into Company with two or three modern Men of Honour, where he happened to be very ill-treated; and one of the Company being conſcious of his Offence ſends a Note to him in the Morning, and tells him, He was ready to give him Satisfaction. This is fine Doing (ſays the plain Fellow) Laſt Night he ſent me away curſedly out of Humour, and this Morning he fancies it would be a Satisfaction to be run through the Body.

AS the Matter at preſent ſtands, it is not to do handſome Actions denominates a Man of Honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often ſee a common Sharper in Competition with a Gentleman of the firſt Rank; though all Mankind is convinced, that a fighting Gameſter is only a Pick-pocket with the Courage of an Highwayman. One cannot with any Patience reflect on the unaccountable Jumble of Perſons and Things in this Town and Nation, which occaſions very frequently, that a brave Man falls by a Hand below that of a Common Hangman. and yet his Executioner eſcapes the Clutches

Clutches of the Hangman for doing it. I ſhall therefore hereafter conſider, how the braveſt Men in other Ages and Nations have behaved themſelves upon ſuch Incidents as we decide by Combate; and ſhew, from their Practice, that this Reſentment neither has its Foundation from true Reaſon, or ſolid Fame; but is an Impoſture made up of Cowardice, Faſhhood, and Want of Underſtanding. For this Work, a good Hiſtory of Quarrels would be very edifying to the Publick, and I apply my ſelf to the Town for Particulars and Circumſtances within their Knowledge, which may ſerve to embeliſh the Diſſertation with proper Cuts. Moſt of the Quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from ſome valiant Coxcomb's perſiſting in the Wrong, to defend ſome prevailing Folly, and preſerve himſelf from the Ingenuity of owning a Miſtake.

BY this Means it is called, *Giving a Man Satisfaction*, to urge your Offence againſt him with your Sword; which puts me in Mind of *Peter*'s Order to the Keeper, in *The Tale of a Tub*: *If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your Generation for ever; and ſo we bid you heartily farewell.* If the Contradiction in the very Terms of one of our Challenges were as well explained and turned into downright *Engliſh*, would it not run after this Manner?

*SIR*,

'YOUR extraordinary Behaviour laſt Night, and the Liberty you were pleaſed to take with me, makes me this Morning give you this, to tell you, becauſe you are an ill-bred Puppy, I will meet you in *Hide-Park*, an Hour hence; and becauſe you want both Breeding and Humanity, I deſire you would come with a Piſtol in your Hand, on Horſeback, and endeavour to ſhoot me through the Head; to teach you more Manners. If you fail of doing me this Pleaſure I ſhall ſay, you are a Raſcal, on every

'every Poſt in Town; And ſo, Sir, if you will 'not injure me more, I ſhall never forgive what 'you have done already. Pray Sir, do not fail 'of getting every Thing ready, and you will in-'finitely oblige.

*SIR,*

*Your moſt Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,* &c.

*From my own Apartment, June 6.*

AMONG the many Employments I am neceſſarily put upon by my Friends, that of giving Advice is the moſt unwelcome to me; and indeed, I am forced to uſe a little Art in the Matter; for ſome People will ask Counſel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is ſtill under Deliberation. I had almoſt loſt a very good Friend t'other Day, who came to know how I liked his Deſign to marry ſuch a Lady. I anſwered, By no Means; and I muſt be poſitive againſt it, for very ſolid Reaſons, which are not proper to communicate. Not proper to communicate! (ſaid he with a grave Air) I will know the Bottom of this. I ſaw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by ſaying, To tell you the Truth, dear *Frank*, of all Women living, I would have her my ſelf. *Iſaac*, ſaid he, Thou art too late, for we have been one theſe two Months.

I learned this Caution by a Gentleman's conſulting me formerly about his Son. He railed at his damn'd Extravagance, and told me, in a very little Time, he would beggar him by the exorbitant Bills which came from *Oxford* every Quarter. *Make the Rogue bite upon the Bridle*, ſaid I, *pay none of his Bills, it will but encourage him to further Treſpaſſes.* He look'd plaguy ſowr at me. His Son ſoon after ſent up a Paper of Verſes, forſooth, in Print on the laſt publick

Occa-

ſion; upon which, he is convinced the Boy has Parts, and a Lad of Spirit is not to be too much cramp'd in his Maintenance, leſt he take ill Courſes. Neither Father nor Son can ever ſince endure the Sight of me.

THESE Sort of People ask Opinions, only out of the Fulneſs of their Heart on the Subject of their Perplexity, and not for the Deſire of Information.

THERE is nothing ſo eaſie as to find out which Opinion the Man in Doubt has a Mind to; therefore the ſure Way is to tell him, that is certainly to be choſen. Then you are to be very clear and poſitive; leave no Handle for Scruple. Bleſs me! Sir, there's no Room for a Queſtion. This rivets you into his Heart; for you at once applaud his Wiſdom, and gratify his Inclination. However, I had too much Bowels to be inſincere to a Man who came Yeſterday to know of me, with which of two eminent Men in the City he ſhould place his Son? Their Names are *Paulo* and *Avaro*. This gave me much Debate with my ſelf, becauſe not only the Fortune of the Youth, but his Virtue alſo depended upon this Choice. The Men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the Uſe and Application of their Riches, which you immediately ſee upon entring their Doors.

THE Habitation of *Paulo* has at once the Air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You ſee the Servants act with Affection to their Maſter, and Satisfaction in themſelves: The Maſter meets you with an open Countenance, full of Benevolence and Integrity: Your Buſineſs is diſpatched with that Confidence and Welcome which always accompanies honeſt Minds: His Table is the Image of Plenty and Generoſity, ſupported by Juſtice and Frugality. After we had dined here, our Affair was to viſit *Avaro*: Out comes an awkward Fellow with a careful Countenance; Sir, would you ſpeak with my Maſter? May I crave your Name? After the firſt Preambles, he leads us into

into a noble Solitude, a great Houſe that ſeemed uninhabited; but from the End of the ſpacious Hall moves towards us *Avaro*, with a ſuſpicious Aſpect, as if he believed us Thieves; and as for my Part, I approached him as if I knew him a Cut-purſe. We fell into Diſcourſe of his noble Dwelling, and the great Eſtate all the World knew he had to enjoy it; And I, to plague him, fell a commending *Paulo*'s Way of Living. *Paulo*, anſwered *Avaro*, is a very good Man; but we who have ſmaller Eſtates, muſt cut our Coat according to our Cloth. Nay, ſays I, Every Man knows his own Circumſtance beſt; you are in the right, if you han't wherewithal. He look'd very ſowr; (for it is, you muſt know, the utmoſt Vanity of a Mean-ſpirited rich Man to be contradicted, when he calls himſelf poor.) But I was reſolved to vex him, by conſenting to all he ſaid; the main Deſign of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthieſt Men in *London*, and lived like a Beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Change. My Friend was raviſhed with *Avaro*: This (ſaid he) is certainly a ſure Man. I contradicted him with much Warmth, and ſummed up their different Characters as well as I could. This *Paulo* (ſaid I) grows wealthy by being a common Good; *Avaro*, by being a general Evil: *Paulo* has the Art, *Avaro* the Craft, of Trade. When *Paulo* gains, all Men he deals with are the better: Whenever *Avaro* profits, another certainly loſes. In a Word, *Paulo* is a Citizen, and *Avaro* a Cit. I convinced my Friend, and carried the young Gentleman the next Day to *Paulo*, where he will learn the Way both to gain and enjoy a good Fortune. And though I cannot ſay, I have, by keeping him from *Avaro*, ſaved him from the Gallows, I have prevented his deſerving it every Day he lives: For with *Paulo* he will be an honeſt Man, without being ſo for Fear of the Law;

as with *Avaro*, he would have been a Villain within the Protection of it.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 6.*

WE hear from *Vienna* of the 1ſt Inſtant, That Baron *Imoff*, who attended her Catholick Majeſty with the Character of Envoy from the Duke of *Wolfembuttel*, was returned thither. That Miniſter brought an Account, That Major-General *Stanhope*, with the Troops which embarked at *Naples*, was returned to *Barcelona*. We hear from *Berlin*, by Advices of the 8th Inſtant, That his *Pruſſian* Majeſty had received Intelligence from his Miniſter at *Dreſden* that the King of *Denmark* deſired to meet his Majeſty at *Madgeburg*. The King of *Pruſſia* has ſent Anſwer, That his preſent Indiſpoſition will not admit of ſo great a Journey; but has ſent the King a very preſſing Invitation to come to *Berlin* or *Potſdam*. Theſe Advices ſay, That the Miniſter of the King of *Sweden* has produced a Letter from his Maſter to the King of *Poland*, dated from *Botitzau* the 30th of *March*, *O. S.* wherein he acquaints him, that he has been ſucceſsful againſt the *Muſcovites* in all the Occaſions which have happened ſince his March into their Country. Great Numbers have revolted to the *Swedes* ſince General *Mazeppa* went over to that Side; and as many as have done ſo, have taken ſolemn Oaths to adhere to the Intereſts of his *Swediſh* Majeſty.

ADVICES from the *Hague* of the 14th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That all Things tended to a vigorous and active Campaign; the Allies having ſtrong Reſentments againſt the late Behaviour of the Court of *France*; and the *French* uſing all poſſible Endeavours to animate their Men to defend their Country againſt a victorious and exaſperated Enemy. Monſieur *Rouille* had paſſed through *Bruſſels* without viſiting either the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*, who were both there

there at that Time. The States have met, and publickly declared their Satisfaction in the Conduct of their Deputies during the whole Treaty. Letters from *France* ſay, That the Court is reſolved to put all to the Iſſue of the enſuing Campaign. In the mean Time, they have ordered the Preliminary Treaty to be publiſhed, with Obſervations upon each Article, in order to quiet the Minds of the People, and perſwade them, that it has not been in the Power of the King to procure a Peace, but to the Diminution of his Majeſty's Glory, and the Hazard of his Dominions. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arriv'd at *Ghent* on *Wedneſday* laſt, where, at an Aſſembly of all the General Officers, it was thought proper, by Reaſon of the great Rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a Camp, or bringing the Troops together; but as ſoon as the Weather would permit, to march upon the Enemy with all Expedition.

N° 26. *Thurſday, June* 9. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, June* 8.

I HAVE read the following Letter with Delight and Approbation, and I hereby order Mr. *Kidney* at St *James*'s, and Sir *Thomas* at *White*'s, (who are my Clerks for inrolling all Men in their different Claſſes, before they preſume to drink Tea or Chocolate in thoſe Places) to take Care, that the Perſons within the Deſcriptions in the Letter be admitted, and excluded according to my Friend's Remonſtrance.

*SIR, June* 6. 1709.

'YOUR Paper of *Saturday* has raiſed up in me a noble Emulation, to be recorded in the foremoſt Rank of Worthies therein men-

'tioned; and if any Regard be had to Merit or Industry, I may hope to succeed in the Promotion, for I have omitted no Toil or Expence to be a Proficient; and if my Frinds do not flatter, they assure me, I have not lost my Time since I came to Town. To enumerate but a few Particulars; there's hardly a Coachman I meet with, but desires to be excused taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded two or three Rapes; and let out to Hire as many Bastards to Beggars. I never saw above the first Act of a Play. And as to my Courage it is well known, I have more than once had sufficient Witnesses of my drawing my Sword both in Tavern and Playhouse. Dr. *Wall* is my particular Friend; and if it were any Service to the Publick to compose the Difference between *Martin* and *Sintilaer* the *Pearl-Driller*, I don't know a Judge of more Experience than my self: For in that I may say with the Poet;

*Quæ regio in villa nostri non plena laboris?*

'I omit other less Particulars, the necessary Consequences of greater Actions. But my Reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a Stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increasing Set of People, who sticking to the *Letter* of your Treatise, and not to the Spirit of it, do assume the Name of *Pretty Fellows*; nay, and even get new Names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sate at *White*'s and St. *James*'s, by the Names of, *Betty*, *Nelly*, and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate Airs: They have their Signs and Tokens like Free-Masons: They rail at Womankind, receive Visits on their Beds in Gowns, and do a thousand other unintelligible Prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I

'there-

'fore heartily desire you would exclude all this 'Sort of Animals.

'There is another I am foreseeing an ill Con-'sequence from, but may be timely prevented 'by Prudence; which is, that for the last Fort-'night, prodigious Shoals of Volunteers have gone 'over to bully the *French*, upon hearing the Peace 'was just signing: and this is so true, that I can 'assure you, all ingrossing Work about the *Tem-'ple* is risen above 3 *s.* in the Pound for want of 'Hands. Now, as 'tis possible, some little Al-'teration of Affairs may have broken their Mea-'sures, and that they will post back again, I am 'under the last Apprehension, that these will, 'at their Return, all set up for *Pretty Fellows*, 'and thereby confound all Merit and Service, 'and impose on us some new Alteration in our 'Nightcap-Wigs and Pockets, unless you can 'provide a particular Class for them. I cannot 'apply my self better than to you, and I am 'sure I speak the Mind of a very great Number 'as deserving as my self.

THE Pretensions of this Correspondent are worthy a particular Distinction; He cannot indeed be admitted as a *Pretty*, but is, what we more justly call, a *Smart Fellow*. Never to pay at the Playhouse is an Act of Frugality that lets you into his Character; and his Expedient in sending his Children a-begging before they can go, are Characteristical Instances that he belongs to this Class. I never saw the Gentleman; but I know by his Letter, he hangs his Cane on his Button; and by some Lines of it he should wear red-heel'd Shoes; which are essential Parts of the Habit belonging to the Order of *Smart Fellows*.

MY Familiar is returned with the following Letter from the *French* King:

*Verſailles, June* 13. 1709.

LEWIS *the Fourteenth, to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

SIR,

I *HAVE your Epiſtle, and muſt take the Liberty to ſay, That there has been a Time, when there were generous Spirits in* Great Britain, *who would not have ſuffered my Name to be treated with the Familiarity you think fit to uſe. I thought Liberal Men would not be ſuch Time-ſervers, as to fall upon a Man becauſe his Friends are not in Power. But having ſome Concern for what you may tranſmit to Poſterity concerning me, I am willing to keep Terms with you, and make a Requeſt to you, which is, That you would give my Service to the Nineteenth Century, (if ever you or yours reach to them) and tell them, That I have ſettled all Matters between them and me by Monſieur* Boileau. *I ſhould be glad to ſee you here.*

IT is very odd, this Prince ſhould offer to invite me into his Dominions, or believe I ſhould accept the Invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he ſerved an Ingenious Gentleman, a Friend of mine, whom he lock'd up in the *Baſtile* for no Reaſon in the World, but becauſe he was a Wit, and feared he might mention him with Juſtice in ſome of his Writings. His Way is, That all Men of Senſe are preferred, baniſhed or impriſoned. He has indeed a Sort of Juſtice in him, like that of the Gameſters; for if a Stander-by ſees one cheat at Play, he has a Right to come in for Shares, as knowing the Myſteries of the Game.

THIS is a very wiſe and juſt Maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. *Morphew's*, directed to me, Bank-Bills for 200 *l.* on or before this Day Seven-night, I ſhall tell how *Tom Caſh* got his Eſtate. I expect three hundred Pounds of Mr. *Soilett*, for concealing all the Money he has lent to himſelf, and

and his landed Friend bound with him, at thirty *per Cent.* at his Scrivener's. Abſolute Princes make People pay what they pleaſe in Deference to their Power: I do not know why I ſhould not do the ſame, out of Fear or Reſpect to my Knowledge. I always preſerve Decorums and Civilities to the Fair Sex: Therefore if a certain Lady, who left her Coach at the *New-Exchange* Door in the *Strand*, and whipt down *Durham Yard* into a Boat with a Young Gentleman for *Fox-Hall*; I ſay, if ſhe will ſend me Word, that I may give the Fan which ſhe dropp'd, and I found, to my Siſter *Jenny*, there ſhall be no more ſaid of it. I expect Huſh-Money to be regularly ſent for every Folly or Vice any one commits in this whole Town; and hope, I may pretend to deſerve it better than a Chamber-Maid or a Valet de Chambre: They only whiſper it to the little Set of their Companions; but I can tell it to all Men living, or who are to live. Therefore I deſire all my Readers to pay their Fines, or mend their Lives.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, June* 8.

MY Familiar being come from *France*, with an Anſwer to my Letter to *Lewis* of that Kingdom, inſtead of going on in a Diſcourſe of what he had ſeen in that Court, he put on the immediate Concern of a Guardian, and fell to enquiring into my Thoughts and Adventures ſince his Journey. As ſhort as his Stay had been, I confeſs'd I had had many Occaſions for his Aſſiſtance in my Conduct; but communicated to him my Thoughts of putting all my Force againſt the horrid and ſenſeleſs Cuſtom of *Duels*; If it were poſſible, ſaid he, to laugh at Things in themſelves ſo deeply tragical as the impertinent Profuſion of human Life, I think I could divert you with a Figure I ſaw juſt after my Death, when the Philoſopher threw me, as I told you ſome Days ago, into the Pail of Water.

'YOU are to know, That when Men leave 'the Body, there are Receptacles for them as 'ſoon as they depart, according to the Manner 'in which they lived and died. At the very In-'ſtant I was killed, there came away with me a 'Spirit which had loſt it Body in a Duel. We 'were both examined. Me, the whole Aſſembly 'looked at with Kindneſs and Pity, but at the 'ſame Time with an Air of Welcome and Con-'ſolation: They pronounced me very happy, who 'had died in Innocence; and told me, a quite 'different Place was allotted to me, than that 'which was appointed for my Companion; there 'being a great Diſtance from the Manſions of 'Fools and Innocents: Though at the ſame Time, 'ſaid one of the Ghoſts, there is a great Affi-'nity between an Idiot who has been ſo for long 'Life, and a Child who departs before Maturity. 'But this Gentleman who has aarived with you 'is a Fool of his own making, is ignorant out of 'Choice, and will fare accordingly. The As-'ſembly began to flock about him, and one ſaid 'to him, Sir, I obſerved you came into the Gate 'of Perſons murdered, and I deſire to know, 'What brought you to your untimely End? He 'ſaid, He had been a Second. *Socrates* (who 'may have been ſaid to have been murdered 'by the Commonwealth of *Athens*) ſtood by, and 'began to draw near him, in order, after his 'Manner, to lead him into a Senſe of his Error 'by Conceſſions in his own Diſcourſe. *Sir*, ſaid 'that divine and amicable Spirit, *What was the 'Quarrel?* He anſwered, *We ſhall know very ſud-'denly, when the Principal in the Buſineſs comes, for 'he was deſperately wounded before I fell. Sir*, ſaid 'the Sage, *Had you an Eſtate? Yes, Sir*, the new 'Gueſt anſwered, *I have left it in a very good Condi-'tion, and made my Will the Night before this Occaſion.* 'Did you read it before you ſigned it? *Yes ſure, 'Sir*, ſaid the new Comer. *Socrates* replies, Could 'a Man, that would not give his Eſtate with-

'out

'out reading the Inſtrument, diſpoſe of his Life 'without asking a Queſtion? That illuſtrious 'Shade turned from him, and a Croud of impertinent Goblins, who had been Droles and Paraſites in their Life-Time, and were knock'd on 'the Head for their Saucineſs, came about my 'Fellow-Traveller, and made themſelves very 'merry with Queſtions about the Words *Cart* and *Tence*, and other Terms of Fencers. But his 'Thoughts began to ſettle into Reflection upon 'the Adventure which had robbed him of his late 'Being; and with a wretched Sigh, ſaid he, *How 'terrible are Conviction and Guilt when they come too 'late for Penitence!*

*Pacolet* was going on in this Strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, "It was too ſoon 'to give my Diſcourſe on this Subject ſo ſerous 'a Turn; you have chiefly to do with that Part 'of Mankind which muſt be led into Reflection 'by Degrees, and you muſt treat this Cuſtom 'with Humour and Raillery to get an Audience, 'before you come to pronounce Sentence upon 'it. There is Foundation enough for raiſing 'ſuch Entertainments from the Practice on this 'Occaſion. Don't you know that often a Man 'is called out of Bed to follow implicitly a Coxcomb (with whom he would not keep Company 'on any other Occaſion) to Ruin and Death?— 'Then a good Liſt of ſuch as are qualified by the 'Laws of theſe uncourteous Men of Chivalry to 'enter into Combat (who are often Perſons of 'Honour without common Honeſty): Theſe, I 'ſay, ranged and drawn up in their proper Order, would give an Averſion to doing any 'Thing in common with ſuch as Men laugh 'at and contemn. But to go through this Work, 'you muſt not let your Thoughts vary, or make 'Excurſions from your Theme: Conſider at the 'ſame Time, that the Matter has been often 'treated by the ableſt and greateſt Writers; 'yet that muſt not diſcourage you: For the

'propereſt Perſon to handle it, is one who has 'roved into mix'd Converſations, and muſt have 'Opportunities (which I ſhall give you) of ſee-'ing theſe Sort of Men in their Pleaſures and 'Gratifications; among which, they pretend to 'reckon Fighting. It was pleaſantly enough 'ſaid of a Bully in *France*, when Duels firſt be-'gan to be puniſhed: The King has taken away 'Gaming, and Stage-playing, and now Fighting 'too; how does he expect Gentlemen ſhall divert 'themſelves?

## N° 27. *Saturday, June* 11. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, June* 9.

PACOLET being gone a ſtrolling among the Men of the Sword, in order to find out the ſecret Cauſes of the frequent Diſputes we meet with, and furniſh me with Materials for my Treatiſe on Duelling; I have Room left to go on in my Information to my Country Readers, whereby they may underſtand the bright People whoſe Memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my Diſcourſe of the 28th of the laſt Month, I omitted to mention the moſt agreeable of all bad Characters; and that is, a *Rake*.

A RAKE is a Man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one Day certainly reclaimed; for his Faults proceed not from Choice or Inclination, but from ſtrong Paſſions and Appetites, which are in Youth too violent for the Curb of Reaſon, good Senſe, good Manners, and good Nature: All which he muſt have by Nature and Education, before he can be allowed to be, or have been of this Order. He is a poor unwieldy Wretch, that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities. His pity and Compaſſion makes him ſometimes a Bubble to all his Fellows,

lows, let them be never ſo much below him in Underſtanding. His Deſires run away with him thro' the Strength and Force of a lively Imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful Pleaſures, before Reaſon has Power to come in to his Reſcue. Thus with all the good Intentions in the World to Amendment, this Creature ſins on againſt Heaven, himſelf, his Friends, and his Country, who all call for a better Uſe of his Talents. There is not a Being under the Sun ſo miſerable as this: He goes on in a Purſuit he himſelf diſapproves, and has no Enjoyment but what is followed by Remorſe; no Relief from Remorſe, but the Repetition of his Crime. It's poſſible I may talk of the Perſon with too much Indulgence; but I muſt repeat it, that I think this, a Character which is the moſt the Object of Pity of any in the World. The Man in the Pangs of the Stone, Gout or any acute Diſtempers, is not in ſo deplorable a Condition in the Eye of right Senſe, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The Fellow with broken Limbs juſtly deſerves your Alms for his impotent Condition; but he that can't uſe his own Reaſon, is in a much worſe State; for you ſee him in miſerable Circumſtances, with his Remedy at the ſame Time in his own Poſſeſſion, if he would or could uſe it. This is the Cauſe that, of all ill Characters, the Rake has the beſt Quarter in the World; for when he is himſelf, and unruffiled with Intemperance, you ſee his natural Faculties exert themſelves, and attract an Eye of Favour towards his Infirmities.

BUT if we look round us here, how many dull Rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor Man hates himſelf for? All the Noiſe towards ſix in the Evening is cauſed by his Mimicks and Imitators. How ought Men of Senſe to be careful of their Actions, if it were merely from the Indignation of ſeeing themſelves ill drawn by ſuch little Pretenders? Not to ſay, he that leads,

is

is guilty of all the Actions of his Followers; And a Rake has Imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand Vice sure of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a Folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for, (tho' 'tis what we say every Day) than that grave and honest Natures give into this Way, and at the same Time have good Sense, if they thought fit to use it: But the Fatality (under which most Men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a Method, in which they might be received with Applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their Life have the Air of Strangers to what they aim at.

FOR this Reason, I have not lamented the Metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of *Nobilis*, who was born with Sweetness of Temper, just Apprehension, and every Thing else that might make him a Man fit for his Order. But instead of the Pursuit of sober Studies and Applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable Figure in the noblest Assembly of Men in the World; I say, in spight of that good Nature, which is his proper Bent, he will say ill-natur'd Things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of Countenance, and drown all the natural Good in him, to receive an artificial ill Character, in which he will never succeed; For *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much Wine as he pleases, talk Bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink Water-gruel, and go twice a Day to Church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that Order he must be vicious against his Will, and not so by Study or Application. All pretty Fellows are also excluded to a Man, as well as all Inamoratoes, or Persons of the Epicene Gender, who gaze at one another in the Presence of Ladies. This Class, of which I am giving you an Account, is pre-

pretended to alſo by Men of ſtrong Abilities in Drinking; tho' they are ſuch whom the Liquor, not the Converſation, keeps together. But Blockheads may roar, fight and ſtab, and be never the nearer; their Labour is alſo loſt; They want Senſe: They are no Rakes.

AS a Rake among Men is the Man who lives in the conſtant Abuſe of his Reaſon, ſo a Coquet among Women is one who lives in continual Miſapplication of her Beauty. The chief of all whom I have the Honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Miſs *Toſs*: She is ever in Practice of ſomething which diſfigures her, and takes from her Charms; tho' all ſhe does, tends to a contrary Effect. She has naturally a very agreeable Voice and Utterance, which ſhe has changed for the prettieſt Liſp imaginable. She ſees what ſhe has a Mind to ſee, at half a Mile Diſtance; but poring with her Eyes half ſhut at every one ſhe paſſes by, ſhe believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her Fan and ſhe have their Eyes full on each other, all the Time in which they are not both in Motion. Whenever her Eye is turned from that Dear Object, you may have a Glance and your Bow, if ſhe is in Humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that muſt not be in the Preſence of a Man of greater Quality: For Miſs *Toſs* is ſo throughly well-bred, that the chief Perſon preſent has all her Regards. And ſhe who giggles at Divine Service, and laughs at her very Mother, can compoſe herſelf at the Approach of a Man of a good Eſtate.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, June 9.*

A FINE Lady ſhewed a Gentleman of this Company, for an eternal Anſwer to all his Addreſſes, a Paper of Verſes, with which ſhe is ſo captivated, that ſhe profeſs'd, the Author ſhould be the happy Man in Spite of all other Pretenders. It is ordinary for Love to make Men Poets, and it had that Effect on this enamour'd Man: But he was reſolved to try his Vein upon ſome of

her Confidents or Retinue, before he ventured upon ſo high a Theme as herſelf. To do otherwiſe than ſo, would be like making an Heroick Poem a Man's firſt Attempt. Among the Favourites to the Fair One, he found her Parrat not to be in the laſt Degree: He ſaw *Poll* had her Ear, when his Sighs were neglected. To write againſt him had been a fruitleſs Labour; therefore he reſolved to flatter him into his Intereſts, in the following Manner:

To a Lady on her Parrat.

*WHEN Nymphs were coy, and Love could not prevail,*
*The Gods diſguis'd were ſeldom known to fail:*
Leda *was chaſte, but yet a feather'd* Jove
*Surpriz'd the Fair, and taught her how to love.*
*There's no celeſtial but his Heaven would quit,*
*For any Form which might to thee admit.*
*See how the wanton Bird, at ev'ry Glance,*
*Swells his glad Plumes, and feels an am'rous Trance.*
*The Queen of Beauty has forſook the Dove:*
*Henceforth the Parrat be the Bird of Love.*

IT is indeed a very juſt Propoſition, to give that Honour rather to the Parrat than the other Volatile. The Parrat repreſents us in the State of making Love: The Dove, in the Poſſeſſion of the Object beloved. But inſtead of turning the Dove off, I fancy it would be better if the Chaiſe of *Venus* had hereafter a Parrat added, (as we ſee ſometimes a third Horſe to a Coach) which might intimate, That to be a Parrat, is the only Way to ſucceed; and to be a Dove, to preſerve your Conqueſts. If the Swain would go on ſucceſsfully, he muſt imitate the Bird he writes upon. For he who would be loved by Women, muſt never be ſilent before the Favour, or open his Lips after it.

*From my own Apartment, June* 10.

I HAVE ſo many Meſſages from young Gentlemen who expect Preferment and Diſtinction, that

that I am wholly at a Loſs in what Manner to acquit my ſelf. The Writer of the following Letter tells me in a Poſtſcript, he cannot go out of Town till I have taken ſome Notice of him, and is very urgent to be ſome Body in it, before he returns to his Commons at the Univerſity. But take it from himſelf.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; Monitor-General of *Great Britain*.

SIR, Sheer Lane, June 8.

I *HAVE been above ſix Months from the Univerſity, of Age theſe three Months, and ſo long in Town. I was recommended to one* Charles Bubleboy *near the* Temple, *who has ſupplied me with all the Furniture he ſays a Gentleman ought to have. I deſired a Certificate thereof from him, which he ſaid would require ſome Time to conſider of; and when I went Yeſterday Morning for it, he tells me, upon due Conſideration, I ſtill want ſome few odd Things more, to the Value of threeſcore or fourſcore Pounds to meke me compleat. I have beſpoke them; and the Favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipp'd, in what Part or Claſs of Men in this Town you will place me. Pray ſend me Word what I am, and you ſhall find me,*

*SIR,*

*Your moſt Humble Servant,*

Jeffry Nicknack.

I AM very willing to encourage young Beginners; but am extreamly in the Dark how to diſpoſe of this Gentleman. I cannot ſee either his Perſon or Habit in this Letter; but I'll call at *Charles*'s and know the Shape of his Snuff-Box, by which I can ſettle his Character. Tho' indeed, to know his full Capacity, I ought to be informed, whether he take *Spaniſh* or *Muſty*.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June* 10.

LETTERS from the *Low-Countries* of the 17th Inſtant ſay, That the Duke of *Marlborough* and

and the Prince of *Savoy* intended to leave *Ghent* on that Day, and join the Army, which lies between *Pont d'Espiere* and *Courtray*, their Head Quarters being at *Helchin*. The same Day the *Palatine* Foot were expected at *Brussels*. Lieutenant General *Dompre*, with a Body of eight thousand Men, is posted at *Alost*, in order to cover *Ghent* and *Brussels*. The Marshal *de Villars* was still on the Plain of *Lenz*; and it is said the Duke of *Vendosme* is appointed to command in Conjunction with that General. Advices from *Paris* say, Monsieur *Voisin* is made Secretary of State, upon Monsieur *Chamillard's* Resignation of that Employment. The Want of Money in that Kingdom is so great, that the Court has thought fit to command all the Plate of private Families to be brought into the Mint. They write from the *Hague* on the 18th, That the States of *Holland* continue their Session; and that they have approved the Resolution of the States General, to publish a second Edict to prohibit the Sale of Corn to the Enemy. Many eminent Persons in that Assembly have declared that they are of Opinion, that all Commerce whatsoever with *France* should be wholly forbidden: Which Point is under present Deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful Opposition.

N° 28. *Tuesday, June* 14. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 13.

I HAD suspended the Business of Duelling to a distant Time, but that I am called upon to declare my self on a Point proposed in the following Letter

SIR,

SIR, June 9. at Night.

*I DESIRE the Favour of you to decide this Question, Whether calling a Gentleman a* Smart fellow, *is an Affront or not? A Youth entering a certain Coffee-house, with his Cane tied at his Button, wearing red-heel'd Shoes, I thought of your Description, and could not forbear telling a Friend of mine next to me, There enters a Smart Fellow. The Gentleman hearing it, had immediately a Mind to pick a Quarrel with me, and desired Satisfaction: At which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembring what Mention your Familiar makes of those that had lost their Lives on such Occasions. The Thing is referred to your Judgment, and I expect you to be my Second, since you have been the Cause of our Quarrel. I am,*

*SIR,*

*Your Friend and humble Servant.*

I absolutely pronounce, That there is no Occasion of Offence given in this Expression; for a *Smart Fellow* is always an Appellation of Praise, and is a Man of double Capacity. The true Cast or Mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his Livelihood or Education is in the Civil List, and you see him express a Vivacity or Mettle above the Way he is in by a little Jerk in his Motion, short Trip in his Steps, well-fancied Lining of his Coat, or any other Indications which may be given in a vigorous Dress. Now, What possible Insinuation can there be, that 'tis a Cause of Quarrel for a Man to say, he allows a Gentleman really to be, what he, his Tailor, his Hosier, and his Milliner have conspired to make him? I confess, if this Person who appeals to me had said, He was *not a Smart Fellow*, there had been Cause for Resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no Manner of Ground for Misunderstanding. Indeed, it is a most lamentable Thing, that there should be a

Dispute

Diſpute raiſed upon a Man's ſaying another is, what he plainly takes Pains to be thought.

BUT this Point cannot be ſo well adjuſted, as by enquiring what are the Sentiments of wiſe Nations and Communities, of the Uſe of the Sword, and from thence conclude, Whether it is honourable to draw it ſo frequently or not? An illuſtrious Commonwealth of *Italy* has preſerved itſelf for many Ages, without letting one of their Subjects handle this deſtructive Inſtrument, always leaving that Work to ſuch of Mankind as underſtand the Uſe of a whole Skin ſo little, as to make a Profeſſion of expoſing it to Cuts and Scars.

BUT what need we run to ſuch Foreign Inſtances? Our own ancient and well governed Cities are conſpicuous Examples to all Mankind in their Regulation of military Atchievements. The chief Citizens, like the noble *Italians*, hire Mercenaries to carry Arms in their Stead; and you ſhall have a Fellow of a deſperate Fortune, for the Gain of one Half-Crown, go through all the Dangers of *Tuttle-Fields*, or the *Artillery-Ground*, clap his right Jaw within two Inches of the Touch-hole of a Muſquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little Concern as he tears a Pullet. Thus you ſee, to what Scorn of Danger theſe Mercenaries arrive, out of a meer Love of ſordid Gain: But methinks it ſhould take off the ſtrong Prepoſſeſſion Men have in Favour of bold Actions, when they ſee upon what low Motives Men aſpire to them. Do but obſerve the common Practice in the Government of thoſe Heroick Bodies, our Militia and Lieutenancies, the moſt ancient Corps of Soldiers, perhaps in the Univerſe; I queſtion, Whether there is one Inſtance of an Animoſity between any two of theſe illuſtrious Sons of *Mars* ſince their Inſtitution, which was decided by Combat? I remember indeed to have read the Chronicle of an Accident which had like to have occaſioned Bloodſhed in the

the very Field before all the General Officers, tho' moſt of them were Juſtices of the Peace. Captain *Crabtree* of *Birching Lane*, Haberdaſher, had drawn a Bill upon Major-General *Maggot*, Cheeſmonger in *Thames Street*. *Crabtree* draws this upon Mr. *William Maggot* and *Company*. A Country Lad received this Bill, and not underſtanding the Word *Company*, us'd in drawing Bills on Men in Partnerſhip, carried it to Mr. *Jeffery Stich* of *Crooked Lane* (Lieutenant of the Major-General's Company) whom he had the Day before ſeen march by the Door in all the Pomp of his Commiſſion. The Lieutenant accepts it, for the Honour of the Company, ſince it had come to him. But Repayment being asked from the Major-General, he abſolutely refuſes. Upon this, the Lieutenant thinks of nothing leſs than to bring this to a Rupture, and takes for his Second *Tobias Armſtrong* of the *Counter*, and ſends him with a Challenge in a Scrip of Parchment, wherein was written, *Stich contra Maggot*, and all the Fury vaniſhed in a Moment. The Major-General gives Satisfaction to the Second, and all was well.

HENCE it is, that the bold Spirits of our City are kept in ſuch Subjection to the Civil Power. Otherwiſe, Where would our Liberties ſoon be? If Wealth and Valour were ſuffered to exert themſelves with their utmoſt Force. If ſuch Officers as are employed in the terrible Bands abovementioned, were to draw Bills as well as Swords: Theſe dangerous Captains, who could victual an Army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the State. But the Point of Honour juſtly gives Way to that of Gain; and by long and wiſe Regulation, the richeſt is the braveſt Man. I have known a Captain riſe to a Colonel in two Days by the Fall of Stocks; and a Major, my good Friend, near the *Monument*, aſcended to that Honour by the Fall of the Price of Spirits, and the riſing of right *Nantz*. By this true Senſe of Honour, that Body of Warriours

ours are ever in good Order and Diſcipline, wit
their Colours and Coats all whole: As in othe
Battalions (where their Principles of Action ar
leſs ſolid) you ſee the Men of Service look lik
Spectres with long Sides and lank Cheeks. In thi
Army you may meaſure a Man's Services by hi
Waſte, and the moſt prominent Belly is certain
ly the Man who has been moſt upon Action. Be
ſides all this, there is another excellent Remar
to be made in the Diſcipline of theſe Troops. I
being of abſolute Neceſſity that the People o
*England* ſhould ſee what they have for their Mo
ney, and be Eye-Witneſſes of the Advantage
they gain by it, all Battels which are fought a
broad are repreſented here. But ſince one Side
muſt be beaten, and the other conquer, which
might create Diſputes, the eldeſt Company is al
ways to make the other run, and the younger
retreats according to the laſt News and beſt In
telligence. I have my ſelf ſeen Prince *Eugene*
make *Catinat* fly from the Backſide of *Grays-Inn*
*Lane* to *Hockley in the Hole*, and not give over the
Purſuit, till obliged to leave the *Bear-Garden* on
the Right, to avoid being born down by Fencers,
wild Bulls and Monſters, too terrible for the En
counter of any Heroes, but ſuch whoſe Lives are
their Livelihood.

WE have here ſeen, that wiſe Nations do not
admit of Fighting, even in the Defence of their
Country, as a laudable Action; and they live
within the Walls of our own City in great Ho
nour and Reputation without it. It would be
very neceſſary to underſtand, by what Force of
the Climate, Food, Education, or Employment,
one Man's Senſe is brought to differ ſo eſſential
ly from that of another; that one is ridiculous
and contemptible for forbearing a Thing which
makes for his Safety; and another applauded for
conſulting his Ruin and Deſtruction.

IT will therefore be neceſſary for us (to ſhew
our Travelling) to examine this Subject fully,
and

and tell you how it comes to pass, That a Man of Honour in *Spain*, tho' you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in *England*, though you offend never so basely, challenges fairly: The former kills you out of Revenge, the latter out of good Breeding. But to probe the Heart of Man in this Particular to its utmost Thoughts and Recesses, I must wait for the return of *Pacolet*, who is now attending a Gentleman lately in a Duel, and sometimes visits the Person, by whose Hand he received his Wounds.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June* 13.

LETTERS from *Vienna* of the 8th Instant say, There has been a Journal of the Marches and Actions of the King of *Sweden*, from the Beginning of *January* to the 11th of *April N. S.* communicated by the *Swedish* Ministers to that Court. These Advices inform, That his *Swedish* Majesty entered the Territores of *Muscovy* in *February* last with the main Body of his Army, in order to oblige the Enemy to a general Engagement; but that the *Muscovites* declining a Battel, and an universal Thaw having rendred the Rivers unpassable, the King returned into *Ukrania*. There are mentioned several Rencounters between considerable Detachments of the *Swedish* and *Russian* Armies. Marshal *Heister* intended to take his Leave of the Court on the Day after the Date of these Letters, and put himself at the Head of the Army in *Hungary*. The Malecontents had attempted to send in a Supply of Provisson into *Newhausel*; but their Design was disappointed by the *Germans*.

ADVICES from *Berlin* of the 15th Instant, *N. S.* say, That his *Danish* Majesty having received an Invitation from the King of *Prussia* to an Interview, designed to come to *Potsdam* within few Days; and that King *Augustus* resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all Difficulties

ties in Ceremony, the three Kings and all the Company who ſhall have the Honour to ſit with them at Table, are to draw Lots, and take Precedence accordingly.

THEY write from *Hamburgh* of the 18th Inſtant, *N. S.* That ſome particular Letters from *Dantzick* ſpeak of a late Action between the *Swedes* and *Muſcovites* near *Feriſlaw*; but that Engagement being mentioned from no other Place, there is not much Credit given to this Intelligence.

WE hear from *Bruſſels*, by Letters dated the 20th, That on the 14th in the Evening the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arrived at *Courtray*, with a Deſign to proceed the Day following to *Liſle*, in the Neighbourhood of which City the Confederate Army was to rendezvous the ſame Day. Advices from *Paris* inform us, that the Marſhal *de Bezons* is appointed to command in *Dauphine*, and that the Duke of *Berwick* is ſet out for *Spain*, with a Deſign to follow the Fortunes of the Duke of *Anjou*, in caſe the *French* King ſhould comply with the late Demands of the Allies.

THE Court of *France* has ſent a Circular Letter to all the Governors of the Provinces, to recommend to their Conſideration his Majeſty's late Conduct in the Affair of Peace. It is thought fit in that Epiſtle, to condeſcend to a certain Appeal to the People, Whether it is conſiſtent with the Dignity of the Crown or the *French* Name, to ſubmit to the Preliminaries demanded by the Confederates? That Letter dwells upon the Unreaſonableneſs of the Allies, in requiring his Majeſty's Aſſiſtance in dethroning his Grandſon, and treats this Particular in Language more ſuitable to it, as it is a Topick of Oratory, than a real Circumſtance on which the Intereſts of Nations, and Reaſons of State, which affect all *Europe*, are concerned.

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THE Close of this Memorial seems to prepare the People to expect all Events, attributing the Confidence of the Enemy to the Goodness of their Troops; but acknowledging, that his sole Dependence is upon the Intervention of Providence.

N° 29. *Thursday, June* 16. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 14.

HAVING a very solid Respect for human Nature, however it is distorted from its natural Make, by Affectation, Humour, Custom, Misfortune or Vice, I do apply my self to my Friends to help me in raising Arguments for preserving it in all its Individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my Letters on this Subject; I have received the following Answer:

SIR,

*IN Answer to your Question, Why Men of Sense, Virtue, and Experience, are seen still to comply with that ridiculous Custom of Duelling? I must desire you to reflect, that Custom has dish'd up in Ruffs the wisest Heads of our Ancestors, and put the best of the present Age into huge Falbala Periwigs. Men of Sense would not impose such Incumbrances on themselves, but be glad they might shew their Faces decently in publick upon easier Terms. If then such Men appear reasonably Slaves to the Fashion, in what regards the Figure of their Persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their Reputation. Besides, you can't be ignorant, that Dress and Chivalry have been always encouraged by the Ladies, as the two principal Branches of Gallantry. 'Tis to avoid being sneer'd at for his Singularity, and from a Desire to appear more agreeable to his Mistress, that a wise, experienced and polite Man, complies with the Dress commonly received; and*

and is prevailed upon to violate his Reason and Princi-
ples, in hazarding his Life and Estate by a Tilt, a
well as suffering his Pleasures to be constrained and sowr
ed by the constant Apprehension of a Quarrel. This i
the more surprising, because Men of the most delicat
Sense and Principles have naturally in other Cases
particular Repugnance in accommodating themselves
the Maxims of the World: But one may easily distin
guish the Man that is affected with Beautry, and th
Reputation of a Tilt, from him who complies with both
meerly as they are imposed upon him by Custom; for in
the former you'll remark an Air of Vanity and Triumph
whereas when the later appears in a long Duvillier ful
of Powder, or has decided a Quarrel by the Sword, yo
may perceive in his Face, that he appeals to Custom fo
an Excuse. I think it may not be improper to enquir
into the Genealogy of this Chimerical Monster, called a
Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate Species of th
antient Knight Errantry. By the Laws of this Whim
your Heroick Person, or Man of Gallantry, was indis
pensibly obliged to starve in Armour a certain Numbe
of Years in the Chase of Monsters, encounter them a
the Peril of his Life, and suffer greater Hardships, i
order to gain the Affection of the fair Lady, and quali
fy himself for assuming the Bel-Air, that is, of
pretty Fellow, or Man of Honour according to the Fa
shion: But since the publishing of Don Quixot, and Ex
tinction of the Race of Dragons, which Suetoniu
says happened in that of Wantley, the gallant and he
roick Spirits of these later Times have been under th
Necessity of creating new chimerical Monsters to enter
tain themselves with by Way of single Combat, as th
only Proofs they are able to give their own Sex, and th
Ladies, that they are in all Points Men of nice Ho
nour. But to do Justice to the antient and real Mon
sters, I must observe, that they never molested those who
were not in a Humour to hunt for them in Woods and
Desarts; whereas on the contrary, our modern Monsters
are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the
Courts and Cities of Europe, (except France) that one
can scarce be in the most humaniz'd Society without

risking

*risking one's Life; the People of the best Sort, and the fine Gentlemen of the Age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any publick Place without one. I have some further Considerations upon this Subject, which as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you, by, Sir, a Cousin, but once removed from the best Family of the* Staffs, *namely,*

*SIR,*

*Your Humble Servant,*
*Kinsman and Friend,*
Tim. Switch.

It is certain Mr. *Switch* has hit upon the true Source of this Evil; and that it proceeds only from the Force of Custom that we contradict our selves in half the Particulars and Occurrences of Life. But such a Tyranny in Love, which the Fair impose upon us, is a little too severe, that we must demonstrate our Affection for them by no certain Proof but Hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an Estate) by Survivorship. This Way of Application to gain a Lady's Heart, is taking her as we do Towns and Castles, by distressing the Place, and letting none come near them without our Pass. Were such a Lover once to write the Truth of his Heart, and let her know his whole Thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a Passion for her; but it would hardly be called Love. The Billet-Doux would run to this Purpose:

MADAM.

*I HAVE so tender a Regard for you and your Interests, that I'll knock any Man on the Head whom I observe to be of my Mind, and like you. Mr.* Truman *the other Day looked at you in so languishing a Manner, that I am resolved to run him through to Morrow-Morning: This, I think, he deserves for his Guilt in admiring you; than which I cannot have a greater Reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you,*

*I will make his Words good, for I will kill him.*
*I am,*

*Madam,*
*Your moſt Obedient,*
*Moſt Humble Servant.*

*From my own Apartment, June 14.*

I AM juſt come hither at ten at Night, and have ever ſince ſix been in the moſt celebrated, though moſt nauſeous, Company in Town: The two Leaders of the Society were a Critick and a Wit. Theſe two Gentlemen are great Opponents on all Occaſions, not diſcerning that they are the neareſt each other in Temper and Talents of any two Claſſes of Men in the World; for to profeſs Judgment, and to profeſs Wit, both ariſe from the ſame Failure, which is Want of Judgment. The Poverty of the Critick this Way proceeds from the Abuſe of his Faculty; that of the Wit, from the Neglect of it. It's a particular Obſervation I have always made, That of all Mortals, a Critick is the ſillieſt; for by inuring himſelf to examine all Things, whether they are of Conſequence or not, he never looks upon any Thing but with a Deſign of paſſing Sentence upon it; by which Means he is never a Companion, but always a Cenſor. This makes him earneſt upon Trifles; and diſpute on the moſt indifferent Occaſions with Vehemence. If he offers to ſpeak or write, that Talent which ſhould approve the Work of the other Faculties, prevents their Operation, He comes upon Action in Armour; but without Weapons; He ſtands in Safety; but can gain no Glory. The Wit on the other Hand has been hurried ſo long away by Imagination only, that Judgment ſeems not to have ever been one of his natural Faculties. This Gentleman takes himſelf to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critick is a Sort of Puritan in the po-

polite World. As an Enthuſiaſt in Religion ſtumbles at the ordinary Occurrences of Life, if he cannot quote Scripture-Examples on the Occaſion; ſo the Critick is never ſafe in his Speech or Writing, without he has among the celebrated Writers an Authority for the Truth of his Sentence. You will believe we had a very good Time with theſe Brethren, who were ſo far out of the Dreſs of their native Country, and ſo loſt to its Dialect, that they were as much Strangers to themſelves, as to their Relation to each other. They took up the whole Diſcourſe; ſometimes the Critick grew paſſionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any Trip or Heſitation in his Voice, he would anſwer, Mr. *Dryden* makes ſuch a Character on ſuch an Occaſion break off in the ſame Manner; ſo that the Stop was according to Nature, and as a Man in a Paſſion ſhould do. The Wit, who is as far gone in Letters as himſelf, ſeems to be at a Loſs to anſwer ſuch an Apology; and concludes only, that tho' his Anger is juſtly vented, it wants Fire in the Utterance. If Wit is to be meaſured by the Circumſtances of Time and Place, there is no Man has generally ſo little of that Talent, as he who is a Wit by Profeſſion. What he ſays, inſtead of ariſing from the Occaſion, has an Occaſion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other Reaſon, but that he talks like no Body elſe; but has taken up a Method of his own, without Commerce of Dialogue with other People. The lively *Jaſper Dactyle* is one of this Character. He ſeems to have made a Vow to be witty to his Life's End. When you meet him, What do you think, ſays he, I have been entertaining my ſelf with? Then out comes a premeditated Turn; to which 'tis to no Purpoſe to anſwer, for he goes on in the ſame Strain of Thought he deſigned without your ſpeaking. Therefore I have a general Anſwer to all he can ſay: as, *Sure there never was any Creature had ſo much Fire*; *Spondee*, who

is a Critick, is ſeldom out of this fine Man's Company. They have no Manner of Affection for each other, but keep together, like *Novell* and *Oldfax* in the *Plain Dealer*, becauſe they ſhew each other. I know ſeveral of Senſe who can be diverted with this Couple; but I ſee no Curioſity in the Thing, except it be, that *Spondee* is dull, and ſeems dull; but *Dactyle* is heavy with a brisk Face. It muſt be own'd alſo, that *Dactyle* has almoſt Vigour enough to be a Coxcomb; but *Spondee* by the Lowneſs of his Conſtitution, is only a Blockhead.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June* 15.

WE have no Particulars of Moment ſince our laſt, except it be, that the Copy of the following original Letter came by the Way of *Oſtend*. It is ſaid to have been found in the Cloſet of Monſieur *Chamillard*, the late Secretary of State of *France*, ſince his Diſgrace. It was ſigned by two Brothers of the famous *Cavalier*, who led the *Cevennois*, and had a perſonal Interview with the King, as well as a Capitulation to lay down his Arms, and leave the Dominions of *France*. There are many other Names to it; among whom, is the chief of the Family of the Marquis *Guiſcard*. It is not yet known, whether Monſieur *Chamillard* had any real Deſign to favour the Proteſtant Intereſt, or only thought to place himſelf at the Head of that People, to make himſelf conſiderable enough to oppoſe his Enemies at Court, and re-inſtate himſelf in Power there.

*SIR*,

'WE have read your Majeſty's * Letter to the Governors of your Provinces, with

* *Soon after the Breaking off of the late Treaty of Peace, the* French *King diſperſed a Letter through his Dominions, wherein he ſhews the Reaſons why he could not ratify the Preliminaries.* Vide *the publick News-Papers of this Date.*

'In-

'Inſtructions what Sentiments to inſinuate into 'the Minds of your People: But as you have al-'ways acted upon the Maxim, That we were 'made for you, and not you for us; we muſt 'take Leave to aſſure your Majeſty, that we are 'exactly of the contrary Opinion, and muſt de-'ſire you to ſend for your Grandſon Home, and 'acquaint him, that you now know by Experi-'ence, Abſolute Power is only a Vertigo in the 'the Brain of Princes, which for a Time may 'quicken their Motion, and double in their di-'ſeaſed Sight the Inſtances of Power above them; 'but muſt end in their Fall and Deſtruction. 'Your Memorial ſpeaks a good Father of your 'Family, but a very ill one of your People. 'Your Majeſty is reduced to hear Truth when 'you are obliged to ſpeak it. There is no go-'verning any but Savages by other Methods than 'their own Conſent, which you ſeem to acknow-'ledge. in appealing to us for our Opinion of 'your Conduct in treating of Peace. Had your 'People been always of your Council, the King 'of *France* had never been reduced ſo low, as to 'acknowledge his Arms were fallen into Con-'tempt. But ſince it is thus, we muſt ask, How 'is any Man of *France*, but they of the Houſe of 'Bourbon, the better that *Philip* is King of *Spain*? 'We have out-grown that Folly of placing our 'Happineſs in your Majeſty's being called, *The* 'Great. Therefore as you and we are all alike '* Bankrupts, and undone, let us not de-'ceive our ſelves, but compound with our Ad-'verſaries, and not talk like their Equals. Your 'Majeſty muſt forgive us that we cannot wiſh 'you Succeſs, or lend you Help; for if you loſe 'one Battel more, we may have an Hand in the

† N. B. *Monſieur* Bernard *and the chief* Bankers *of* France *became* Bankrupts *about this Time.*

'Peace you make; and doubt not but your Ma-
'jesty's Faith in Treaties will require the Rati-
'fication of the States of your Kingdoms. So we
'bid you heartily farewell, till we have the Ho-
'nour to meet you assembled in Parliament.
'This happy Expectation makes us willing to wait
'the Event of another Campaign, from whence
'we hope to be raised from the Misery of
'Slaves to the Privileges of Subjects. We are,

*Your Majesty's*

*Truly faithful, and*

*Loyal Subjects, &c.*

Nº 30. *Saturday, June* 18. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, June* 16.

THE Vigilance, the Anxiety, the Tenderness, which I have for the good People of *England*, I am perswaded will in Time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. However, I must go on chearfully in my Work of Reformation: That being my great Design, I am studious to prevent my Labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant of the Temper and Inclinations of Childhood and Youth that we may not give Vice and Folly Supplies from the growing Generation. It is hardly to be imagined, how useful this Study is, and what great Evils or Benefits arise from putting us in our tender Years to what we are fit, or unfit: Therefore on *Tuesday* last (with a Design to sound their Inclinations) I took three Lads, who are under my Guardianship, a rambling, in a Hackney-Coach, to shew them the

the Town, as the Lions, the Tombs, *Bedlam*, and the other Places which are Entertainments to raw Minds, becauſe they ſtrike forcibly on the Fancy. The Boys are Brothers, one of ſixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The firſt was his Father's Darling, the ſecond his Mother's, and the third is mine, who am their Uncle. Mr. *William* is a Lad of true Genius; but being at the upper End of a great School, and having all the Boys below him, his Arroganee is inſupportable. If I begin to ſhew a little of my *Latin*, he immediately interrupts: Uncle, under Favour, that which you ſay is not underſtood in that Manner. Brother, ſays my Boy *Jack*, You do not ſhew your Manners much in contradicting my Uncle *Iſaac*? You queer Cur, ſays Mr. *William*, Do you think my Uncle takes any Notice of ſuch a dull Rogue as you are? Mr. *William* goes on; He is the moſt ſtupid of all my Mother's Children: He knows nothing of his Book: When he ſhould mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his Taws and Marbles, or laying up Farthings. His Way of thinking is, four and twenty Farthings makes Sixpence, and two Sixpences a Shilling, two Shillings and Sixpence, Half a Crown, and two Half Crowns five Shillings. So within theſe two Months, the cloſe Hunks has ſcraped up twenty Shillings, and we'll make him ſpend it all before he comes Home. *Jack* immediately claps his Hands into both Pockets, and turns as pale as Aſhes. There is nothing touches a Parent (and ſuch I am to *Jack*) ſo nearly as a provident Conduct. This Lad has in him the true Temper for a good Husband, a kind Father, and an honeſt Executor. All the great People you ſee make conſiderable Figures on the Change, in Court, and ſometimes in Senates, are ſuch as in Reality have no greater Faculty than what may be called human Inſtinct, which is a natural Tendency to their own Preſervation,

ſervation, and that of their Friends, without being capable of ſtriking out of the Road for Adventures. There's Sir *William Scrip* was of this Sort of Capacity from his Childhood; He has bought the Country round him, and makes a Bargain better than Sir *Harry Wildfire*, with all his Wit and Humour. Sir *Harry* never wants Money but he comes to *Scrip*, laughs at him half an Hour, and then gives Bond for t'other Thouſand. The cloſe Men are incapable of placing Merit any where but in their Pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger Capacities, are diverted from the Purſuit by Enjoyments, which can be ſupported only by that Caſh which they deſpiſe; and therefore are in the End, Slaves to their Inferiors both in Fortune and Underſtanding. I once heard a Man of excellent Senſe obſerve, That more Affairs in the World failed by being in the Hands of Men of too large Capacities for their Buſineſs, than by being in the Conduct of ſuch as wanted Abilities to execute them. *Jack* therefore being of a plodding Make, ſhall be a Citizen; and I deſign him to be the Refuge of the Family in their Diſtreſs, as well as their Jeſt in Proſperity. His Brother *Will* ſhall go to *Oxford* with all Speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a Man of Senſe, he will ſoon be informed wherein he is a Coxcomb. There is in that Place ſuch a true Spirit of Raillery and Humour, that if they can't make you a wiſe Man, they will certainly let you know you are a Fool, which is all my Couſin wants to ceaſe to be ſo. Thus having taken theſe two out of the Way, I have Leiſure to look at my third Lad. I obſerve in the young Rogue a natural Subtilty of Mind, which diſcovers it ſelf rather in forbearing to declare his Thoughts on any Occaſion, than in any viſible Way of exerting himſelf in Diſcourſe. For which Reaſon I will place him where, if he commits no Faults, he may

may go farther than those in other Stations, though they excel in Virtues. The Boy is well fashioned and will easily fall into a graceful Manner; wherefore, I have a Design to make him a Page to a great Lady of my Acquaintance; by which Means he will be well skill'd in the common Modes of Life, and make a greater Progress in the World by that Knowledge than with the greatest Qualities without it. A good Mien in a Court will carry a Man greater Lengths than a good Understanding in any other Place. We see a World of Pains taken, and the best Years of Life spent, in collecting a Set of Thoughts in a College for the Conduct of Life; and after all, the Man so qualified shall hesitate in his Speech to a good Suit of Clothes, and want common Sense before an agreeable Woman. Hence it is, that Wisdom, Valour, Justice and Learning, can't keep a Man in Countenance that is possessed with these Excellencies, if he wants that inferior Art of Life and Behaviour, called Good Breeding. A Man endowed with great Perfections without this, is like one who has his Pockets full of Gold, but always wants Change for his ordinary Occasions.

*Will Courtly* is a living Instance of this Truth, and has had the same Education which I am giving my Nephew. He never spoke a Thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest Men without being ridiculous. Among the Learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wise, indiscreet. Living in Conversation from his Infancy, makes him no where at a Loss; and a long Familiarity with the Persons of Men, is in a Manner of the same Service to him, as if he knew their Arts. As Ceremony is the Invention of wise Men, to keep Fools at a Distance, so Good Breeding is an Expedient to make Fools and wise Men Equals.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 17.*

THE Suspension of the Playhouse has made me have nothing to send you from hence; but calling here this Evening, I found the Party I usually sit with, upon the Business of Writing, and examining what was the handsomest Style in which to address Women and write Letters of Gallantry. Many were the Opinions which were immediately declared on this Subject. Some were for a certain Softness; some for I know not what Delicacy; others for something inexpressibly tender: When it came to me, I said there was no Rule in the World to be made for writing Letters, but that of being as near what you speak Face to Face as you can; which is so great a Truth, that I am of Opinion, Writing has lost more Mistresses than any one Mistake in the whole Legend of Love. For when you write to a Lady for whom you have a solid and honourable Passion, the great Idea you have of her, join'd to a quick Sense of her Absence, fills your Mind with a Sort of Tenderness, that gives your Language too much the Air of Complaint, which is seldom successful. For a Man may flatter himself as he pleases, but he will find that the Women have more Understanding in their own Affairs than we have, and Women of Spirit are not to be won by Mourners. He that can keep handsomly within Rules, and support the Carriage of a Companion to his Mistress, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her see the whole Relish of his Life depends upon her. If possible therefore divert your Mistress, rather than sigh to her. The pleasant Man she will desire for her own Sake; but the Languishing Lover has nothing to hope from, but her Pity. To shew the Difference, I produced two Letters a Lady gave me, which had been writ by two Gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed

the

the next Day after the Date at the Battel of *Almanza*. One of them was a mercurial gay-humour'd Man; the other a Man of a ſerious, but a great and gallant Spirit. Poor *Jack Careleſs*! This is his Letter: You ſee how it is folded: The Air of it is ſo negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it without breaking it open. He had no Exactneſs.

*MADAM*,

'IT is a very pleaſant Circumſtance I am in, 'that while I ſhould be thinking of the good 'Company we are to meet within a Day or two, 'where we ſhall go to Loggerheads, my Thoughts 'are running upon a fair Enemy in *England*. I 'was in Hopes I had left you there; but you fol-'low the Camp, tho' I have endeavoured to make 'ſome of our Leaguer Ladies drive you out of 'the Field. All my Comfort is, you are more 'troubleſome to my Colonel than my ſelf: I 'permit you to viſit me only now and then; 'but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his 'Honour as far as his Gravity will allow me; 'but I know him to be a Man of too much Me-'rit to ſucceed with a Woman. Therefore de-'fend your Heart as well as you can, I ſhall come 'home this Winter irreſiſtibly dreſs'd, and with 'quite a new foreign Foreign Air. And ſo I 'had like to ſay, I reſt, but, alas! I remain,

*MADAM*,

*Your moſt obedient*,

*Moſt humble Servant*,

John Careleſs.

NOW for Colonel *Conſtant*'s Epiſtle; you ſee it is folded and directed with the utmoſt Care.

*MADAM*,

'I DO my ſelf the Honour to write to you this 'Evening, becauſe I believe to Morrow will 'be a Day of Battel, and ſomething forebodes in

'my

'my Breaſt that I ſhall fall in it. If it proves ſo
'I hope you will hear, I have done nothing be-
'low a Man who had the Love of his Country
'quickened by a Paſſion for a Woman of Ho-
'nour. If there be any Thing noble in going to
'a certain Death, if there be any Merit, that I
'meet it with Pleaſure, by promiſing my ſelf a
'Place in your Eſteem; if your Applauſe, when
'I am no more, is preferable to the moſt glori-
'ous Life without you: I ſay, Madam, if any
'of theſe Conſiderations can have Weight with
'you, you will give give me a kind Place in your
'Memory, which I prefer to the Glory of *Cæſar*.
'I hope, this will be read as it is writ, with
'Tears.

THE beloved Lady is a Woman of a ſenſible Mind; but ſhe has confeſs'd to me, that after all her true and ſolid Value for *Conſtant*, ſhe has much more Concern for the Loſs of *Careleſs*. Thoſe noble and ſerious Spirits have ſomething equal to the Adverſities they meet with, and conſequently leſſen the Objects of Pity. Great Accidents ſeem not cut out ſo much for Men of familiar Characters, which makes them more eaſily pitied, and ſoon after beloved. Add to this that the Sort of Love which generally ſucceeds, is a Stranger to Awe and Diſtance. I asked *Romana*, Whether of the two ſhe ſhould have choſen had they ſurvived? She ſaid, She knew ſhe ought to have taken *Conſtant*; but believed, ſhe ſhould have choſen *Careleſs*.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 17.*

LETTERS from *Lisbon* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Enemy's Army having block'd up *Olivenza*, was poſted on the *Guadiana*. The *Portugueze* are very apprehenſive that the Garriſon of that Place, though it conſiſts of five of the beſt Regiments of their Army, will be obliged to ſurrender, if not timely relieved, they

not being supplied with Provisions for more than six Weeks. Hereupon their Generals held a Council on the 4th Instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards *Badajos*. With this Design the Army decamped on the 5th from *Fuente*, and marched to *Cantan*. 'Tis hoped, that if the Enemy follow their Motions, they may have Opportunity to put a sufficient Quantity of Provision and Ammunition into *Olivenza*.

*Mr.* Bickerstaff *gives Notice to all Persons that dress themselves as they please, without Regard to Decorum, (as with blue and red Stockings in Mourning, tuck'd Cravats, and Night-cap Wigs, before People of the first Quality) That he has yet received no Fine for indulging them in that Liberty, and that he expects their Compliance with this Demand, or that they go Home immediately and shift themselves. This is further to acquaint the Town, That the Report of the Hosiers, Tymen, and Milliners, having compounded with Mr.* Bickerstaff *for tolerating such Enormities, is utterly false and scandalous.*

N° 31. *Tuesday, June* 21. 1709.

*Grecian Coffee-house, June* 18.

IN my Dissertation against the Custom of single Combat, it has been objected, That there is not Learning, or much Reading, shewn therein, which is the very Life and Soul of all Treatises; for which Reason, being always easy to receive Admonitions, and reform my Errors, I thought fit to consult this learned Board, on the Subject. Upon proposing some Doubts, and desiring their Assistance, a very hopeful young Gentleman, my Relation, who is to be called to the Bar within a Year and an half at farthest, told me, That he had ever since I first mentioned Duelling, turned

his

his Head that Way; and that he was principall moved thereto, becauſe he deſigned to follow th Circuits in the North of *England* and South *Scotland*, and to reſide moſtly at his own Eſta at *Landhadernaawz* in *Cardiganſhire*. The Norther *Britains* and the Southern *Scots* are a warm Peo ple, and the *Welſh a Natitn of Gentlemen*; ſo th it behov'd him to underſtand well the Science Quarrelling. The young Gentleman proceede admirably well, and gave the Board an Accoun that he had read *Fitzherbert's Grand Abridgmen* and had found, that Duelling is a very ancien Part of the Law; For when a Man is ſued, be for Life or his Land, the Perſon that joins th Iſſue, whether Plaintiff or Defendant, may pu the Trial upon the Duel. Further he argued under Favour of the Court, and when the Iſſu is joined by the Duel in Treaſon or other Capi tal Crimes, the Parties accuſed and Accuſer mu fight in their own proper Perſons: But if th Diſpute be for Lands, you may hire a Champion at *Hockley in the Hole*, or any where elſe. Thi Part of the Law we had from the *Saxons*; and they had it, as alſo the Trial by *Ordeal*, from the *Laplanders*. It is indeed agreed, ſaid he, the Southern and Eaſtern Nations never knew any Thing of it; for though the ancient *Romans* would ſcold, and call Names filthily, yet there is not an Example of a Challenge that ever paſſed among them.

HIS quoting the Eaſtern Nations, put another Gentleman in Mind of an Account he had from a Boatſwain of an *Eaſt-India* Man; which was, That a *Chineſe* had trick'd and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand Satisfaction the next Morning, and like a true Tar of Honour called him Son of a Whore, Liar, Dog, and other rough Appllatives uſed by Perſons converſant with Winds and Waves; the *Chineſe*, with great Tranquillity deſired him not to come abroad faſting, nor put himſelf in a Heat, for it would

pre-

prejudice his Health. Thus the East know nothing of this Gallantry.

THERE sate at the Left of the Table a Person of a venerable Aspect, who asserted, That half the Impositions which are put upon these Ages, have been transmitted by Writers who have given too great Pomp and Magnificence to the Exploits of the ancient *Bear-Garden*, and made their Gladiators, by fabulous Tradition, greater than *Grecian* and others of *Great Britain*. He informed the Company, that he had searched Authorities for what he said, and that a learned Antiquary *Humphrey Scarecrow*, Esq; of *Hockley in the Hole*, Recorder to the *Bear-Garden*, was then writing a Discourse on the Subject. It appears by the best Accounts, says this Gentleman, that the high Names which are used among us with so great Veneration, were no other than Stage-fighters, and Worthies of the ancient *Bear-garden*. The renowned *Hercules* always carried a Quarter-staff, and was from thence called *Claviger*. A learned Chronologist is about proving what Wood this Staff was made of, whether Oak, Ash, or Crab-Tree. The first Trial of Skill he ever performed, was with one *Cacus*, a Deer-stealer; the next was with *Typhoeus*, a Giant of forty Foot four Inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at last with a Sailor's Wife, she made his Staff of Prowess serve her own Use, and dwindle away to a Distaff: she clapt him on an old Tar-Jacket of her Husband's; so that this great Hero drooped like a scabbed Sheep. Him his Contemporary *Theseus* succeeded in the *Bear-Garden*, which Honour he held for many Years. This grand Duellist went to Hell, and was the only one of that Sort that ever came back again. As for *Achilles* and *Hector*, (as the Ballads of those Times mention) They were pretty Smart Fellows; they fought at Sword and Buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his Mother, who was an Oyster-Woman, having got a Black-

smith

smith of *Lemnos* to make her Son's Weapon
There's a Pair of trusty *Trojans* in a Song
*Virgil's*, that were famous for handling their
Gauntlets, *Dares* and *Entellus*; and indeed it does
appear, they fought no sham-Prize. What Arms
the great *Alexander* used, is uncertain; however
the Historian mentions, when he attack'd *Taxi-
lestris*, it was only at single Rapier; but the Wea-
pon soon failed; for it was always observed, that
the *Amazons* had a Sort of Enchantment about
them, which made the Blade of the Weapon,
though of never so good Metal, at every Home
Push lose its Edge and grow feeble.

THE *Roman Bear-Garden* was abundantly more
magnificent than any Thing *Greece* could boast of;
it flourish'd most under those Delights of Man-
kind, *Nero* and *Domitian*. At one Time it is re-
corded, 400 Senators enter'd the Lists, and thought
it an Honour to be cudgel'd and quarterstaff'd.
I observe the *Lanistæ* were the People chiefly em-
ployed, which makes me imagine our *Bear-Gar-
den* copied much after this, the Butchers being
the greatest Men in it.

THUS far the Glory and Honour of the *Bear-
Garden* stood secure, till Fate, that irresistible
Ruler of sublunary Things, in that universal
Ruin of Arts and politer Learning, by those Sa-
vage People the *Goths* and *Vandals*, destroyed and
levelled it to the Ground. Then fell the Gran-
deur and Bravery of the *Roman* State, till at last
the warlike Genius (but accompanied with more
Courtesie) revived in the Christian World under
those puissant Champions, St. *George*, St *Dennis*,
and other dignified Heroes: One killed his Dra-
gon, another his Lion, and were all afterwards
canonized for it, having red Letters before them
to illustrate their Martial Temper. The *Spanish*
Nation, it must be own'd, were devoted to Gal-
lantry and Chivalry above the rest of the World.
What a great Figure does that great Name, Don
*Quixot*, make in History? How shines that glo-
rious

rious Star in the *Western* World? O renowned here! O Mirror of Knighthood!

*Thy brandish'd Winyard all the World defies,*
*And kills as sure as* del Toboſa's *Eyes.*

I AM forced to break off abruptly, being ſent for in Haſte with my Rule, to meaſure the Degree of an Affront, before the two Gentlemen (who are now in their Breeches and Pumps ready to engage behind *Montagus* Houſe) have made a Paſs.

*From my own Apartment, June* 18.

IT is an unreaſonable Objection I find againſt my Labours, that my Stock is not all my own, and therefore the kind Reception I have met with is not ſo deſerved as it ought to be. But, I hope, tho' it be never ſo true, that I am obliged to my Friends for laying their Caſh in my Hands, ſince I give it them again when they pleaſe, and leave them at their Liberty to call it Home, it will not hurt me with my gentle Readers. Aſk all the Merchants who act upon Conſignments, Where is the Neceſſity (if they anſwer readily what their Correſpondents draw) of their being wealthy themſelves? Aſk the greateſt Bankers, If all the Men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the Conſequence? But indeed a Country Friend has writ me a Letter which gives me great Mortification; wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a Supply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me. His Epiſtle is as follows:

*Dear Couſin,*

'I THOUGHT when I left the Town to have 'raiſed your Fame here, and helped you to 'ſupport it by Intelligence from hence; but alas! 'they had never heard of the *Tatler* till I brought 'down a Set. I lent them from Houſe to Houſe; 'but

'but they asked me what they meant. I began 'to enlighten them, by telling who and who 'were ſuppoſed to be intended by the Characters 'drawn. I ſaid for Inſtance *Chloe* and *Clariſſa* are 'two eminent Toaſts. A Gentleman (who keeps 'his Greyhound and Gun, and one would think 'might know better) told me, he ſuppoſed they 'were Papiſhes, for their Names were not *Engliſh*. 'Then ſaid he, Why do you call live People 'Toaſts; I anſwered, That was a new Name 'found out by the Wits, to make a Lady have 'the ſame Effect as Burridge in the Glaſs when 'a Man is drinking. But, ſays I, Sir, I perceive 'this is to you all bamboozling; why you look 'as if you were *Don Diego'd* to the Tune of a 'thouſand Pounds. All this good Language was 'loſt upon him: He only ſtared, though he is 'as good a Scholar as any Layman in the Town, 'except the Barber. Thus, Couſin, you muſt 'be content with *London* for the Center of your 'Wealth and Fame; we have no Reliſh for 'you. Wit muſt deſcribe its proper Circum-'ference, and not go beyond it, leſt (like little 'Boys, when they ſtraggle out of their own Pa-'riſh) it may wander to Places where it is not 'known, and be loſt. Since it is ſo, you muſt 'excuſe me that I am forced at a Viſit to ſit ſi-'lent, and only lay up what excellent Things 'paſs at ſuch Converſations.

'THIS Evening I was with a couple of young 'Ladies; one of them has the Character of the 'prettieſt Company, yet really I thought her but 'ſilly; the other, who talked a great deal leſs, 'I obſerved to have Underſtanding. The Lady 'who is reckoned ſuch a Companion among her 'Acquaintance, has only with a very briſk Air, 'a Knack of ſaying the commoneſt Things: 'The other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home 'Things enough. The firſt (Miſtreſs *Giddy*) is very 'quick; but the ſecond (Mrs. *Slim*) fell into *Gid-*

'*dy's*

'dy's own Style, and was as good Company as ſhe. *Giddy* happens to drop her Glove; *Slim* reaches it to her. Madam (ſays *Giddy*) I hope you'll have a better Office. Upon which *Slim* immediately repartees, and ſits in her Lap, and cries, Are you not ſorry for my Heavineſs? This ſly Wench pleaſed me to ſee how ſhe hit her Height of Underſtanding ſo well. We ſate down to Supper. Says *Giddy* mighty prettily, Two Hands in a Diſh and one in a Purſe: Says *Slim*, Ay, Madam, the more the merrier, the fewer the better Chear. I quickly took the Hint, and was as witty and talkative as they: Says I,

'*He that will not when he may,*
'*When he will he ſhall have Nay*;

And ſo helped my ſelf. *Giddy* turns about, What have you found your Tongue? Yes, (ſays I) 'tis Manners to ſpeak when I am ſpoken to; but your greateſt Talkers are the leaſt Doers, and the ſtill Sow eats up all the Broth. Ha! Ha! ſays *Giddy*, One would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks when he pleaſes! I grew immediately roguiſh and pleaſant to a Degree in the ſame Strain. *Slim*, who knew how good Company we had been, cries, You'll certainly print this bright Converſation.

IT is ſo; and hereby you may ſee how ſmall an Appearance the prettieſt Things ſaid in Company make, when in Print.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 20.*

A MAIL from *Lisbon* has brought Advices of *June* the 12th, from the King of *Portugal*'s Army encamped at *Torre Allegada*, which inform us, That the General of the Army called a Court-Martial on the 4th at the Camp of *Ferumena*, where it was reſolved to march with a De-

Design to attempt the Succour of *Olivenza*. Accordingly the Army moved on the 5th, and marched towards *Badajos*. Upon their Approach the Marquis *de Bay* detached so great a Party from the Blockade of *Olivenza*, that the Marquis *das Minas*, at the Head of a large Detachment, covered a great Convoy of Provisions towards *Olivenza*, which threw in their Stores, and marched back to the main Army, without Molestation from the *Spaniards*. They add, That each Army must necessarily march into Quarters within twenty Days.

*Whosoever can discover a Surgeon's Apprentice who fell upon Mr.* Bickerstaff's *Messenger, or (as the Printers call him)* Devil, *going to the Press, and tore out of his Hand Part of his Essay against Duels, in the Fragments of which were the Words,* You lie *and* Man of Honour, *taken up at the* Temple-Gate; *and the Words,* Perhaps,—May be not,—By your Leave, Sir,— *and other Terms of Provocation, taken up at the Door of* Young Man's *Coffee-house; shall receive Satisfaction from Mr.* Morphew, *besides a Set of Arguments to be spoken to any Man in a Passion, which if the said enraged Man listens to, will prevent Quarrelling.*

*Mr.* Bickerstaff *does hereby give Notice, That he has taken the two famous Universities of this Land under his immediate Care, and does hereby promise all Tutors and Pupils, That he will hear what can be said on each Side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in Orders and Classes in the Learned World, according to their Merit.*

N° 32. *Thursday, June* 23. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 22.

AN Answer to the following Letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all Expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with Horary Questions into my Antichamber, to give the Gentleman my Opinion.

To

*To* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq;*

*SIR,* *June* 18, 1709.

'I KNOW not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen deſperately in Love with a profeſſed *Platonic*, the moſt unaccountable Creature of her Sex. To hear her talk Seraphicks, and run over *Norris*, and *Mear*, and *Milton*, and the whole Set of intellectual Triflers, torments me heartily; for to a Lover who underſtands Metaphors, all this pretty Prattle of Ideas gives very fine Views of Pleaſure, which only the dear Declaimer prevents, by underſtanding them literally; Why ſhould ſhe wiſh to be a Cherubim, when 'tis Fleſh and Blood that makes her adorable? If I ſpeak to her, that's a high Breach of the Idea of Intuition. If I offer at her Hand or Lip, ſhe ſhrinks from the Touch like a Senſitive Plant, and would contract herſelf into meer Spirit. She calls her Chariot, Vehicle; her furbelow'd Scarf, Pinions; her blue Mant and Petticoat is her Azure Dreſs; and her Footman goes by the Name of *Oberon*. 'Tis my Misfortune to be ſix Foot and a half high, two full Spans between the Shoulders, thirteen Inches Diameter in the Calves; and before I was in Love, I had a noble Stomach, and uſually went to Bed ſober with two Bottles. I am not quit ſix and twenty, and my Noſe is marked truly Aquiline. For theſe Reaſons, I am in a very particular Manner her Averſion. What ſhall I do? Impudence it ſelf cannot reclaim her. If I write miſerable, ſhe reckons me among the Children of Perdition, and diſcards me her Region: If I aſſume the groſs and ſubſtantial, ſhe plays the real Ghoſt with me, and vaniſhes in a Moment. I had Hopes in the Hypocriſy of her Sex; but Perſeverance makes it as bad as fixed Averſion. I deſire your Opinion, Whether I

'may

'may not lawfully play the Inquiſition upon her, 'make uſe of a little Force, and put her to the 'Rack and the Torture, only to convince her, 'ſhe has really fine Limbs, without ſpoiling or 'diſtorting them. I expect your Directions, ere I 'proceed to dwindle and fall away with Deſpair; 'which at preſent I do not think adviſeable, be-'cauſe, if ſhe ſhould recant, ſhe may then have 'me perhaps in the other Extreme for my Te-'nuity. I am (with Impatience)

*Your moſt humble Servant,*

Charles Sturdy.

MY Patient has put his Caſe with very much Warmth, and repreſented it in ſo lively a Manner, that I ſee both his Torment and Tormenter with great Perſpicuity. This Order of *Platonick* Ladies are to be dealt with in a peculiar Manner from all the reſt of the Sex. Flattery is the general Way, and the Way in this Caſe; but it is not to be done groſly. Every Man that has Wit, and Humour, and Raillery, can make a good Flatterer for Women in general; but a *Platonne* is not to be touched with Panegyrick: She will tell you, it is a Senſuality in the Soul to be delighted that Way. You are not therefore to commend, but ſilently conſent to all ſhe does, and ſays. You are to conſider in her, the Scorn of you is not Humour, but Opinion.

THERE were ſome Years ſince a Set of theſe Ladies, who were of Quality, and gave out, That Virginity was to be their State of Life during this mortal Condition, and therefore reſolved to join their Fortunes, and erect a Nunnery. The Place of Reſidence was pitched upon; and a pretty Situation, full of natural Falls and Riſings of Waters, with ſhady Coverts, and flowry Arbours, was approved by ſeven of the Founders. There were as many of our Sex who took the Liberty to viſit thoſe Manſions of intended Severity; among

mung others, a famous *Rake* of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in firſt; but upon ſeeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Deſign to tell him, this was no Place for him or his Companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid: Young Woman, ſaid he, if any of the Ladies are in the Way on this Side of the Honſe, pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens: We are, you muſt know, Gentlemen that are travelling *England*; after which we ſhall go into Foreign Parts, where ſome of us have already been. Here he bows in the moſt humble Manner, and kiſſed the Girl, who knew not how to behave to ſuch a Sort of Carriage. He goes on: Now you muſt know we have an Ambition to have it to ſay, That we have a Proteſtant Nunnery in *England*: But pray Mrs. *Betty* —— Sir, ſhe replied, my Name is *Suſan*, at your Service. Then I heartily beg your Pardon —— No Offence in the leaſt, (ſays ſhe) for I have a Couſin-German whoſe Name is *Betty*. Indeed, ſaid he, I proteſt to you, that was more than I knew, I ſpoke at Random: But ſince it happens that I was near in the Right, give me leave to preſent this Gentleman to the Favour of a civil Salute. His Friend advances, and ſo on, till they had all ſaluted her. By this Means the poor Girl was in the Middle of the Crowd of theſe Fellows at a Loſs what to do, without Courage to paſs through them; and the *Platonicke*, at ſeveral Peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. *Rake* perceived they were obſerved, and therefore took Care to keep *Suky* in Chat with Queſtions concerning their Way of Life; when appeared at laſt *Madonella*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the Recluſe Life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall; and *Rake* knowing the Dignity and Mien of his own Aſpect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins; Sir, I am obliged to follow the Servant,

who

who was ſent out to know, What Affair could make Strangers proſs upon a Solitude which we who are to inhabit this Place, have devoted to Heaven and our own Thoughts? Madam, replied *Rake*, (with an Air of great Diſtance, mixed with a certain Indifference, by which he could diſſemble Diſſimulation) your great Intention has made more Noiſe in the World, than you deſign it ſhould; and we Travellers, who have ſeen many Foreign Inſtitutions of this Kind, have a Curioſity to ſee, in its firſt Rudiments, the Seat of primitive Piety; for ſuch it muſt be called by future Ages to the eternal Honour of the Founders. I have read *Madonella*'s excellent and ſeraphick Diſcourſe on this Subject. The Lady immediately anſwered, If what I have ſaid could have contributed to raiſe any Thoughts in you that may make for the Advancement of intellectual and divine Converſation, I ſhould think my ſelf extreamly happy. He immediateiy fell back with the profoundeſt Veneration; then advancing, Are you then that admired Lady? If I may approach Lips which have uttered Things ſo ſacred —— He ſalutes her. His Friends followed his Example. The Devoted within ſtood in Amazement where this would end, to ſee *Madonella* receive their Addreſs and their Company. But *Rake* goes on —— We would not tranſgreſs Rules; but if we may take the Liberty to ſee the Place you have thought fit to chuſe for ever, we would go into ſuch Parts of the Gardens as is conſiſtent with the Severities you have impoſed on your ſelves. To be ſhort, *Madonella* permitted *Rake* to lead her into the Aſſembly of Nuns, followed by his Friends, and each took his Fair One by the Hand, after due Explanation, to walk round the Gardens. The Converſation turned upon the Lillies, the Flowers, the Arbors, and the growing Vegetables; and *Rake* had the ſolemn Impudence, when the whole Company ſtood round him, to ſay, That he ſincerely wiſhed Men might

might riſe out of the Earth like Plants; and that our Minds were not of Neceſſity to be ſullied with carnivorous Appetites for the Generation, as well as Support of our Species. This was ſpoke with ſo eaſy and fixed an Aſſurance, that *Madonella* anſwered, Sir, under the Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive your ſelf in wiſhing an Inſtitution foreign to that of Providence. Theſe Deſires were implanted in us for reverend Purpoſes, in preſerving the Race of Men, and giving Opportunities for making our Chaſtity more heroick. The Conference was continued in this Celeſtial Strain, and carried on ſo well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a ſecond and a ſecond Interview; and, without entering into further Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth.

ANY unnatural Part is long taking up, and as long laying aſide; therefore Mr. *Sturdy* may aſſure himſelf, *Platonica* will fly for over from a forward Behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this Model, ſhe will fall in with the Neceſſities of mortal Life, and condeſcend to look with Pity upon an unhappy Man, impriſoned in ſo much Body, and urged by ſuch violent Deſires.

*From my own Apartment, June 22.*

THE Evils of this Town increaſe upon me to ſo great a Degree, that I am half afraid I ſhall not leave the World much better than I found it. Several worthy Gentlemen and Criticks have applied to me, to give my Cenſure of an Enormity which has been revived, (after being long oppreſſed) and is called *Punning*. I have ſeveral Arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a Man of Honour who is guilty of this Abuſe of human Society. But the Way to expoſe it, is, like the Expedient of curing Drunkenneſs, ſhew-

ing a Man in that Condition: Therefore I must give my Reader Warning, to expect a Collection of these Offences; without which Preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very Mention of it in good Company; and I hope, I shall be understood to do it, as a Divine mentions Oaths and Curses, only for their Condemnation. I shall dedicate this Discourse to a Gentleman my very good Friend, who is the *Janus* of our Times. and whom, by his Years and Wit, you would take to be of the last Age; but by his Dress and Morals, of this.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 22.*

LAST Night arrived two Mails from *Holland*, which bring Letters from the *Hague* of the 28th Instant, *N. S.* with Advice, That the Enemy lay encamped behind a strong Retrenchment, with the Marsh of *Ramiers* on their Right and Left, extending it self as far as *Bethune*: *La Bassee* is in their Front, *Lens* in their Rear, and their Camp is strengthened by another Line from *Lens* to *Douay*. The Duke of *Marlborough* caused an exact Observation to be made of their Ground, and the Works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong, that it was not thought proper to attack them in their present Posture. However, the Duke thought fit to make a Feint as if he designed it: His Grace accordingly marched from the Abbey at *Loze*, as did Prince *Eugene* from *Lampret*, and advanc'd with all possible Diligence towatds the Enemy. To favour the Appearance of an intended Assault, the Ways were made, and Orders distributed in such Manner, that none in either Camp could have Thoughts of any Thing but charging the Enemy by Break of Day next Morning: But soon after the Fall of the Night of the 26th, the whole Army faced towards *Tournay*, which Place they invested early in the Morning of the 27th.

27th. The Marſhal *Villars* was ſo confident that we deſigned to attack him, that he had drawn great Part of the Garriſon of the Place, which is now inveſted, into the Field: For which Reaſon, it is preſumed it muſt ſubmit within a ſmall Time, which the Enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their preſent Camp, and hazarding a general Engagement. Theſe Advices add, That the Garriſon of *Mons* had marched out under the Command of Marſhal *d'Arco*; which, with the *Bavarians*, *Walloons*, and the Troops of *Cologne*, have joined the grand Army of the Enemy.

By *Mrs.* Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

N° 33. *Saturday, June* 25. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, June* 23.

MY Brother has made an Excurſion into the Country, and the Work againſt *Saturday* lies upon me. I am very glad I have got Pen and Ink in my Hand; for I have for ſome Time longed for his Abſence, to give a right Idea of Things, which I thought he put in a very odd Light, and ſome of them to the Diſadvantage of my own Sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is neceſſary to make Diſcourſes, and publiſh Treatiſes, to keep the horrid Creatures, the Men, within the Rules of common Decency. Turning over the Papers of Memorials or Hints for the enſuing Diſcourſes, I find a Letter ſubſcribed by Mr. *Truman*.

SIR,

*I AM lately come to Town, and have read your Works with much Pleaſure: You make Wit ſubſervient to good Principles and good Manners. Yet, becauſe I deſign to buy the* Tatlers *for my Daughters to read,*

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*I take the Freedom to desire you for the future, to say nothing about any Combat between* Alexander *and* Thaleſtris.

THIS Offence gives me Occaſion to expreſs my ſelf with the Reſentment I ought, on People who take Liberties of Speech before that Sex of whom the honoured Names of Mother, Daughter and Siſter are a Part: I had like to have named Wife in the Number; but the ſenſeleſs World are ſo miſtaken in their Sentiments of Pleaſure, that the moſt amiable Term in humane Life is become the Deriſion of Fools and Scorners. My Brother and I have at leaſt fifty Times quarrell'd upon this Topick. I ever argue, That the Frailties of Women are to be imputed to the falſe Ornaments which Men of Wit put upon our Folly and Coquetry. He lays all the Vices of Men upon Women's ſecret Approbation of Libertine Characters in them. I did not care to give up a Point; but now he is out of the Way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he aſſerted: For if you will believe your Eyes and own, that the wickedeſt and the wittieſt of them all marry one Day or other, is it impoſſibe to believe, that if a Man thought he ſhould be for ever incapable of being received by a Woman of Merit and Honour, he would perſiſt in an abandon'd Way, and deny himſelf the Poſſibility of enjoying the Happineſs of well governed Deſires, orderly Satisfactions, and honourable Methods of Life? If our Sex were wiſe, a Lover ſhould have a Certificate from the laſt Woman he ſerved, how he was turned away, before he was receiv'd into the Service of another: But at preſent any Vagabond is welcome, provided he promiſes to enter into our Livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a Footman without Credentials from his laſt Maſter; and in the greateſt Concern of Life, we make no Scruple of falling into a Treaty with the moſt notorious offender in his

his Behaviour againſt others. But this Breach of Commerce between the Sexes proceeds from an unaccountable Prevalence of Cuſtom, by which a Woman is to the laſt Degree reproachable for being deceived, and a Man ſuffers no Loſs of Credit for being a Deceiver.

SINCE this Tyrant Humour has gained Place, Why are we repreſented in the Writings of Men in ill Figures for Artifice in our Carriage, when we have to do with a profeſſed Impoſtor? When Oaths, Imprecations, Vows and Adorations, are made uſe of as Words of Courſe, what Arts are not neceſſary to defend us from ſuch as glory in the Breach of them? As for my Part, I am reſolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore ſolemnly declare, no Vow ſhall deceive me, but that of Marriage: For I am turned of twenty, and being of a ſmall Fortune, ſome Wit, and (if I can believe my Lovers and my Glaſs) handſome, I have heard all that can be ſaid towards my Undoing, and ſhall therefore, for Warning-ſake, give an Account of the Offers that have been made me, my Manner of rejecting them, and my Aſſiſtances to keep my Reſolution.

IN the ſixteenth Year of my Life, I fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady extreamly well known in this Town for the quick Advancement of her Husband, and the Honours and Diſtinctions which her Induſtry has procured him, and all who belong to her. This excellent Body ſate next to me for ſome Months at Church, and took the Liberty (which ſhe ſaid her Years and the Zeal ſhe had for my Welfare gave her Claim to) to aſſure me, that ſhe obſerved ſome Parts in my Behaviour which would lead me into Errors, and give Encouragement to ſome to entertain Hopes I did not think of. What made you (ſaid ſhe) look through your Fan at that Lord, when your Eyes ſhould have been turned upward, or cloſed in Attention upon better Objects? I bluſhed, and pretended fifty odd Excuſes; —but confounded

my ſelf the more. She wanted nothing but to ſee that Confuſion, and goes on: Nay, Child, do not be troubled that I take Notice of it, my Value for you made me ſpeak it; for though he is my Kinſman, I have a nearer Regard to Virtue than any other Conſideration. She had hardly done ſpeaking, when this noble Lord came up to us, and lead her to her Coach.

MY Head ran all that Day and Night on the exemplary Carriage of this Woman, who could be ſo virtuouſly impertinent, as to admoniſh one ſhe was hardly acquainted with. However it ſtruck upon the Vanity of a Girl that it may poſſibly be, his Thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him, and as unlikely Things as that have happened, if he ſhould make me his Wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I ſtill in all publick Places ſtole Looks at this Man, who eaſily obſerved my Paſſion for him. It is ſo hard a Thing to check the Return of agreeable Thoughts, that he became my Dream, my Viſion, my Food, my Wiſh, my Torment.

THAT Miniſter of Darkneſs, the Lady *Semphronia*, perceived too well the Temper I was in, and would one Day after Evening-Service needs take me to the Park. When we were there, my Lord paſſes by; I fluſhed into a Flame. Mrs. *Diſtaff*, ſays ſhe, You may very well remember the Concern I was in upon the firſt Notice I took of your Regard to that Lord, and forgive me, who had a tender Friendſhip for your Mother (now in her Grave) that I am vigilant of your Conduct. She went on with much Severity, and after great Solicitation prevailed on me to go with her into the Country, and there ſpend the enſuing Summer out of the Way of a Man ſhe ſaw I lov'd, and one whom ſhe perceived meditated my Ruin, by frequently deſiring her to introduce him to me; which ſhe abſolutely refuſing, except he would give his Honour that he had

had no other Deſign but to marry me. To her Country-Houſe a Week or two after we went: There was at the farther End of her Garden a Kind of Wilderneſs, in the Middle of which ran a ſoft Rivulet by an Arbour of Jeſſamin. In this Place I uſually paſſed my retired Hours, and read ſome Romantick or Poetical Tale till the Cloſe of the Evening. It was near that Time in the Heat of Summer, when gentle Winds, ſoft Murmurs of Water, and Notes of Nightingales, had given my Mind an Indolence, which added to that Repoſe of Soul, Twilight and the End of a warm Day naturally throws upon the Spirits. It was at ſuch an Hour, and in ſuch a State of Tranquillity I ſate, when, to my unexpreſſible Amazement, I ſaw my Lord walking towards me, whom I knew not till that Moment to have been in the Country. I could obſerve in his Approach the Perplexity which attends a Man big with Deſign; and I had, while he was coming forward, Time to reflect that I was betrayed; the Senſe of which gave me a Reſentment ſuitable to ſuch a Baſeneſs: But when he entered into the Bower where I was, my Heart flew towards him, and, I confeſs, a certain Joy came into my Mind, with an Hope, that he might then make a Declaration of Honour and Paſſion. This threw my Eye upon him with ſuch Tenderneſs, as gave him Power; with a broken Accent, to begin. Madam, —You will wonder —For it is certain, you muſt have obſerved —though I fear you will miſinterpret the Motives —But by Heaven, and all that's ſacred! If you could —Here he made a full Stand. And I recovered Power to ſay, The Conſternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe —An helpleſs innocent Maid—Beſides that, the Place—He ſaw me in as great Confuſion as himſelf; which attributing to the ſame Cauſes, he had the Audaciouſneſs to throw himſelf at my Feet, talk of the Stilneſs of the Evening, and then ran into Deifications of my Perſon. Pure

Flames, conſtant Love, eternal Raptures, and a Thouſand other Phraſes drawn from the Images we have of Heaven, which all Men uſe for the Service of Hell, when run over with uncommon Vehemence. After which he ſeiz'd me in his Arms: His Deſign was too evident. In my utmoſt Diſtreſs, I fell upon my Knees —My Lord, pity me, on my Knees ——— On my Knees in the Cauſe of Virtue, as you were lately in that of Wickedneſs. Can you think of deſtroying the Labour of a whole Life, the Purpoſe of a long Education, for the baſe Service of a ſudden Appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the Company and Road of all that is virtuous and Praiſe-worthy; Have I taken in all the Inſtructions of Piety, Religion and Reaſon, for no other End, but to be the Sacrifice of Luſt, and abandoned to Scorn? Aſſume your ſelf, my Lord, and do not attempt to vitiate a Temple ſacred to Innocence, Honour and Religion. If I have injured you, ſtab this Boſom, and let me die, but not be ruined by the Hand I love. The Ardency of my Paſſion made me incapable of uttering more; and I ſaw my Lover aſtoniſhed and reformed by my Behaviour: When ruſhed in *Semphronia*. Ha! Faithleſs baſe Man, could you then ſteal out of Town, and lurk like a Robber about my Houſe for ſuch brutiſh Purpoſes!

MY Lord was by this Time recovered, and fell into a violent Laughter at the Turn which *Semphronia* deſigned to give her Villany. He bowed to me with the utmoſt Reſpect: Mrs. *Diſtaff*, ſaid he, be careful hereafter of your Company; and ſo retired. The Fiend *Semphronia* congratulated my Deliverance with a Flood of Tears.

THIS Nobleman has ſince frequently made his Addreſſes to me with Honour, but I have as often refuſed them; as well knowing, that Familiarity and Marriage will make him, on ſome ill-natured Occaſion call all I ſaid in the Arbour a thea-

a theatrical Action. Beſides that, I glory in contemning a Man, who had Thoughts to my Diſhonour. If this Method were the Imitation of the whole Sex, Innocence would be the only Dreſs of Beauty; and all Affectation by any other Arts to pleaſe the Eyes of Men, would be baniſhed to the Stews for ever. The Conqueſt of Paſſion gives ten times more Happineſs than we can reap from the Gratification of it; and ſhe that has got over ſuch a one as mine, will ſtand among Beaux and pretty Fellows, with as much Safety as in a Summer's Day among Graſhoppers and Butterflies.

P. S. *I have ten Millions of Things more againſt Men, if I ever get the Pen again.*

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 24.*

OUR laſt Advices from the *Hague* dated the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That on the 25th a Squadron of *Dutch* Men of War ſailed out of the *Texel* to join Admiral *Baker* at *Spithead*. The 26th was obſerved as a Day of Faſting and Humiliation, to implore a Bleſſing on the Arms of the Allies this enſuing Campaign. Letters from *Dreſden* are very particular in the Account of the Gallantry and Magnificence in which that Court has appeared ſince the Arrival of the King of *Denmark*. No Day has paſſed in which publick Shows have not been exhibited for his Entertainment and Diverſion: The laſt of that Kind which is mentioned is a Carouſal, wherein many of the Youth of the firſt Quality, dreſſed in the moſt ſplendid Manner, ran for the Prize. His *Daniſh* Majeſty condeſcended to the ſame; but having obſerved that there was a Deſign laid to throw it in his Way, paſſed by without attempting to gain it. The Court of *Dreſden* was preparing to accompany his *Daniſh* Majeſty to *Potſdam*, where the Expectation of an Interview of three Kings had drawn

together such Multitudes of People, that many Persons of Distinction will be obliged to lie in Tents as long as those Courts continue in that Place.

By Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq;*

N° 34. *Tuesday, June* 28. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June* 25.

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the Distempers which proceed from Affections of the Mind, I have laboured since I first kept this publick Stage, to do all the Good I could, and have perfected many Cures at my own Lodgings; carefully avoiding the common Method of Mountebanks, to do their most eminent Operations in Sight of the People; but must be so just to my Patients as to declare, they have testified under their Hands their Sense of my poor Abilities, and the Good I have done them, which I publish for the Benefit of the World, and not out of any Thoughts of private Advantage.

I HAVE cured fine Mrs. *Spy* of a great Imperfection in her Eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one Coxcomb to another in publick Places, in so languishing a Manner, that it at once lessened her own Power, and her Beholders Vanity. Twenty Drops of my Ink, placed in certain Letters on which she attentively looked for half an Hour, have restored her to the true Use of her Sight; which is, to guide, and not mislead us. Ever since she took the Liquor, which I call, *Bickerstaff's Circumspection-Water*, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a Day without returning one Glance.

Glance. This Water has a pecuiiar Virtue in it, which makes it the only true Coſmetick or Beauty-Waſh in the World: The Nature of it is ſuch, that if you go to a Glaſs, with a Deſign to admire your Face, it immediately changes it into downright Deformity. If you conſult it only to look with a better Countenance upon your Friends, it immediately gives an Alacrity to the Viſage, and new Grace to the whole Perſon. There is indeed a great deal owing to the Conſtituiion of the Perſon to whom it is applied: It is in vain to give it when the Patient is in the Rage of the Diſtemper; a Bride in her firſt Month, a Lady ſoon after her Husband's being knighted, or any Perſon of either Sex who has lately obtained any new good Fortune or Preferment, muſt be prepared ſome Time before they uſe it. It has an Effect upon others, as well as the Patient, when it is taken in due Form. Lady *Petulant* has by the Uſe of it cured her Husband of Jealouſy, and Lady *Gad* her whole Neighbourhood of Detraction.

THE Fame of theſe Things, added to my being an old Fellow, makes me extreamly acceptable to the Fair Sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a Man in Town ſo much their Delight as my ſelf. They make no more of viſiting me, than going to Madam *d'Eſpingle*'s. There were two of them, Namely, *Damia* and *Clidamira*, (I aſſure you Women of Diſtinction) who came to ſee me this Morning in their Way to Prayers; and being in a very diverting Humour, (as Innocence always makes People chearful) they would needs have me according to the Diſtinction of *pretty* and *very pretty* Fellows, inform them if I thought either of them had a Title to the *very pretty* among thoſe of their own Sex; and if I did, which was the moſt deſerving of the two?

TO put them to the Trial, Look ye, ſaid I, I muſt not raſhly give my Judgment in Matters of this

his Importance; pray let me see you dance: I play upon the Kit. They immediately fell back to the lower End of the Room (You may be sure they curt'sy'd low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the World so equally match'd, and both Scholars to my Name-sake *Isaac*. Never was Man in so dangerous a Condition as my self, when they began to expand their Charms. Oh! Ladies, Ladies, cried I, not half that Air, you'll fire the House. Both smiled; for by the By, there's no carrying a Metaphor too far, when a Lady's Charms are spoke of. Some Body, I think, has called a fine Woman dancing, a brandished Torch of Beauty. These Rivals moved with such an agreeable Freedom, that you would believe their Gesture was the necessary Effect of the Musick, and not the Product of Skill and Practice. Now *Clidamira* came on with a Crowd of Graces, and demanded my Judgment with so sweet an Air—— And she had no sooner carried it, but *Damia* made her utterly forgot by a gentle sinking, and a Rigadoon Step. The Contest held a full half Hour; and I protest, I saw no Manner of Difference in their Perfections, till they came up together, and expected my Sentence. Look ye, Ladies, said I, I see no Difference in the least in your Performance; but you *Clidamira* seem to be so well satisfied that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to *Damia*, who stands with so much Diffidence and Fear, after shewing an equal Merit to what she pretends to. Therefore *Clidamira* you are a *pretty*; but, *Damia*, you are a *very pretty* Lady. For, said I, Beauty loses its Force, if not accompanied with Modesty. She that has an humble Opinion of herself, will have every Body's Applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain Creature loses Approbation, through too great a Sense of deserving it.

From

*From my own Apartment, June 27.*

BEING of a very ſpare and hectick Conſtitution, I am forced to make frequent Journies of a Mile or two for freſh Air; and indeed by this laſt, which was no farther than the Village of *Chelſea*, I am farther convinced of the Neceſſity of travelling to know the World. For as it is uſual with young Voyagers, as ſoon as they land upon a Shore, to begin their Accounts of the Nature of the People, their Soil, their Government, their Inclinations and their Paſſions; ſo really I fancied I could give you an immediate Deſcription of this Village, from the five Fields where the Robbers lie in wait, to the Coffee-houſe where the *Literati* ſit in Council. A great Anceſtor of ours by the Mother's Side, Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, (whoſe Hiſtory is written by *Ben Johnſon*) met with more Enormities by walking *incog.* than he was capable of correcting; and found great Mortifications in obſerving alſo Perſons of Eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a Place ſo near the Town as this. When I came into the Coffee-houſe, I had not Time to ſalute the Company, before my Eye was diverted by ten thouſand Gimcracks round the Room and on the Cieling. When my firſt Aſtoniſhment was over, comes to me a Sage of a thin and meagre Countenance; which Aſpect made me doubt, whether Reading or Fretting had made it ſo philoſophick: But I very ſoon perceived him to be of that Sect which the Ancients call *Gingiviſtæ*; in our Language, Tooth-Drawers. I immediately had a Reſpect for the Man; for theſe practical Philoſophers go upon a very rational Hypotheſis, not to cure, but take away the Part affected. My Love of Mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. *Salter*, for ſuch is the Name of this eminent Barber and Antiquary. Men are uſually, but un-

unjustly, distinguished rather by their Fortunes than their Talents, otherwise this Personage would make a great Figure in that Class of Men which I distinguish under the Title of *Idle Fellows*. But it is the Misfortune of Persons of great Genius to have their Faculties dissipated by Attention to too many Things at once. Mr. *Salter* is an Instance of this: If he would wholly give himself up to the String, instead of playing twenty Beginnings to Tunes, he might before he dies play *Roger de Coverly* quite out. I heard him go through his whole Round, and indeed I think he does play the merry *Christ-Church* Bells pretty justly; but he confess'd to me, he did that rather to shew he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the Musick it self. Or if he did proceed in his Anatomy, Why might he not hope in Time to cut off Legs, as well as draw Teeth? The Particularity of this Man put me into a deep Thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower Order, Barbers should go further in hitting the Ridiculous, than any other Set of Men. Watermen brawl, Coblers sing: But why must a Barber be for ever a Politician, a Musician, an Anatomist, a Poet, and a Physician? The learned *Vossius* says, his Barber used to comb his Head in *Iambicks*. And indeed in all Ages, one of this useful Profession, this Order of Cosmetick Philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent Hands. You see the Barber in Don *Quixot* is one of the principal Characters in the History, which gave me Satisfaction in the Doubt, why Don *Saltero* writ his Name with a *Spanish* Termination: For he is descended in a Right Line, not from *John Tradescan*, as he himself asserts, but from that memorable Companion of the Knight of *Mancha*. And I hereby certifie all the worthy Citizens who travel to see his Rarities, that his double-barrelled Pistols, Targets, Coats of Mail, his Sclopeta and Sword of *Toledo*, were left to his Ancestor by the said Don *Quixot*, and

and by the said Ancestor to all his Progeny down to Don *Saltero*. Though I go thus far in Favour of Don *Saltero's* great Merit, I cannot allow a Liberty he takes of imposing several Names (without my Licence) on the Collections he has made, to the Abuse of the good People of *England*; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious Persons, to the great Scandal of the Well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox Opinions. He shews you a Straw-Hat, which I know to be made by *Madge Peskad*, within three Miles of *Bedford*; and tells you, *It is* Pontius Pilate's *Wife's Chambermaid's Sister's Hat*. To my Knowledge of this very Hat, it may be added, that the Covering with Straw was never used among the *Jews*, since it was demanded of them to make Bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing, but under the specious Pretence of Learning and Antiquity, to impose upon the World. There are other Things which I cannot tolerate among his Rarities; as, the *China* Figure of a Lady in the Glass-Case; the *Italian* Engine for the Imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: Both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his Letters Patent for making Punch superseded, be debarred wearing his Muff next Winter, or ever coming to *London* without his Wife. It may perhaps be thought I have dwelt too long upon the Affairs of this Operator; but I desire the Reader to remember, that it is my Way to consider Men as they stand in Merit, and not according to their Fortune or Figure; and if he is in a Coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more Characters drawn in this Account, than that of Don *Saltero*; for half the Politicians about him, he may observe, are, by their Place in Nature, of the Class of Tooth-Drawers.

The

N° 35. *Thurſday, June* 30. 1709.

*Grecian Coffee-houſe, June* 28.

THERE is an Habit or Cuſtom which I have put my Patience to the utmoſt Stretch to have ſuffered ſo long, becauſe ſeveral of my intimate Friends are in the Guilt; and that is, the Humour of taking Snuff, and looking dirty about the Mouth by way of Ornament.

MY Method is to dive to the Bottom of a Sore before I pretend to apply a Remedy. For this Reaſon, I ſate by an eminent Story-teller and Politician who takes half an Ounce in five Seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty Tenement near the Town, meerly to improve and dung his Brains with this prolifick Powder. I obſerved this Gentleman t'other Day in the midſt of a Story diverted from it by looking at ſomething at a Diſtance, and I ſoftly hid his Box. But he returns to his Tale, and looking for his Box, he cries, *And ſo Sir*——Then when he ſhould have taken a Pinch; *As I was ſaying*, ſays he,——*Has no Body ſeen my Box*? His Friend beſeeches him to finiſh his Narration. Then he proceeds; *And ſo Sir*—— *Where can my Box be*? Then turning to me; *Pray Sir, Did you ſee my Box*? Yes Sir, ſaid I, I took it to ſee how long you could live without it. He reſumes his Tale; and I took Notice, that his Dulneſs was much more regular and fluent than before. A Pinch ſupplied the Place of, *As I was ſaying*, *And ſo Sir*; and he went on currently enough in that Style which the Learned call the Inſipid. This Obſervation eaſily led me into a philoſophick Reaſon for taking Snuff, which is done only to ſupply with Senſations the Want of Reflection. This I take to be an 'Eυρηκα, a *noſtrum*;

a *noſtrum*; upon which I hope to receive the Thanks of this Board. For as it is natural to lift a Man's Hand to a Sore, when you fear any Thing coming at you; ſo when a Perſon feels his Thoughts are run out, and has no more to ſay, it is as natural to ſupply his weak Brain with Powder at the neareſt Place of Acceſs, *viz.* the Noſtrils. This is ſo evident, that Nature ſuggeſts the Uſe according to the Indigence of the Perſons who uſe this Medicine, without being prepoſſeſſed with the Force of Faſhion or Cuſtom. For Example; the Native *Hibernians*, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient *Bœotians*, take this Specifick for Emptineſs in the Head, in greater Abundance than any other Nation under the Sun. The learned *Sotus*, as ſparing as he is in his Words, would be ſtill more ſilent if it were not for this Powder.

HOWEVER low and poor, the taking Snuff argues a Man to be in his own Stock of Thought, or Means to employ his Brains and his Fingers; yet there is a poorer Creature in the World than he, and this is a Borrower of Snuff; a Fellow that keeps no Box of his own, but is always asking others for a Pinch. Such poor Rogues put me always in Mind of a common Phraſe among School-Boys when they are compoſing their Exerciſe, who run to an upper Scholar, and cry, *Pray give me a little Senſe.* But of all Things commend me to the Ladies who are got into this pretty Help to Diſcourſe. I have been this three Years perſwading *Sagiſſa* to leave it off: but ſhe talks ſo much, and is ſo learned, that ſhe is above Contradiction. However, an Accident t'other Day brought that about, which my Eloquence never could accompliſh: She had a *very pretty Fellow* in her Cloſet, who ran thither to avoid ſome Company that came to viſit her. She made an Excuſe to go in to him for ſome Implement they were talking of. Her eager Gallant ſnatched a Kiſs; but being unuſed to ſnuff, ſome Grains from

from off her upper Lip made him ſneeze alou
which alarm'd the Viſitants, and has made a D
covery, that profound Reading, very much I
telligence, and a general Knowledge of who a
who's together, cannot fill up her vacant Hou
ſo much, but that ſhe is ſometimes obliged to
ſcend to Entertainments leſs intellectual.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, June 29.*

I KNOW no manner of News for this Pla
but that *Cynthio*, having been long in Deſpair f
the inexorable *Clariſſa*, lately reſolved to fall
Love the good old Way of Bargain and Sal
and has pitched upon a very agreeable you
Woman. He will undoubtedly ſucceed; for h
accoſts her in a Strain of Familiarity, witho
breaking through the Deference that is due to
Woman whom a Man could chuſe for his Lif
I have hardly ever heard rough Truth ſpoke
with a better Grace than in this his Letter.

MADAM,

I *WRIT to you on* Saturday *by Mrs.* Lucy, a
*give you this Trouble to urge the ſame Requeſt
made then, which wa, that I may be admitted to wa
upon you. I ſhould be very far from deſiring this, if
were a Tranſgreſſion of the moſt ſevere Rules to allo
it: I know you are very much above the little Ar
which are frequent in your Sex, of giving unneceſſa
Tyrants to their Admirers; therefore hope, you'll do
much Juſtice to the generous Paſſion I have for you,
to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting you wh
what Motives I pretend to your good Opinion. I ſha
not trouble you with my Sentiments, till I know ho
they will be received; and as I know no Reaſon wh
Difference of Sex ſhould make our Language to each o
ther differ from the ordinary Rules of Right Reaſon,
ſhall affect Plainneſs and Sincerity in my Diſcourſe t
you, as much as other Lovers do Perplexity and Rap
ture. Inſtead of ſaying, I ſhall die for you, I profeſs
ſhould

*ould be glad to lead my Life with You: You are as dutiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humour'd, s any Woman breathing; but I muſt confeſs to you, I gard all theſe Excellencies as you will pleaſe to direct them, for my Happineſs or Miſery. With me, Madam, the only laſting Motive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs.* Lucy *ſend me Word when I may attend you. I promiſe you, I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things; though at the ſame Time I know not how I ſhall approach you in the tender Moment of firſt ſeeing you, after this Declaration of,*

*MADAM,*

*Your moſt Obedient,*

*and moſt Faithful*

*Humble Servant,* &c.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, June* 29.

HAVING taken a Reſolution when Plays are acted next Winter by an entire good Company, to publiſh Obſervations from Time to Time on the Performance of the Actors, I think it but juſt to give an Abſtract of the Laws of Action, for the Help of the leſs learned Part of the Audience, that they may rationally enjoy ſo refined and inſtructive a Pleaſure as a juſt Repreſentation of humane Life. The great Errors in playing are admirably well expoſed in *Hamlet*'s Direction to the Actors who are to play in his ſuppoſed Tragedy; by which we ſhall form our future Judgments on their Behaviour, and for that Reaſon you have the Diſcourſe as follows:

'Speak the Speech as I pronounce it to you, 'trippingly on the Tongue, but if you mouth it 'as many of our Players do, I had as lief the 'Town-Crier had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not 'ſaw the Air too much with your Hands thus; 'but uſe all gently: For in the very Torrent, 'Tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, the Whirlwind of Paſſion,

Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Tem
rance that may give it Smoothneſs. Oh! it offe
me to the Soul, to ſee a robuſtous Perriwig-
ted Fellow tear a Paſſion to Tatters, to v
Rags, to ſplit the Ears of the Groundlings, w
(for the moſt Part) are capable of nothing b
inexplicable dumb Shews and Noiſe. I co
have ſuch a Fellow whipt for o'erdoing *Ter
gant*: It out-*Herod's Herod*. Be not too tu
neither; but let your own Diſcretion be yo
Tutor: Suite the Action to the Word, the Wo
to the Action; with this ſpecial Obſervance, th
that you o'erſtop not the Modeſty of Natur
for any Thing ſo overdone, is from the Purpo
of playing, whoſe End, both at the firſt a
now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirr
up to Nature; to ſhew—Virtue her own Fe
ture, ſcorn her own Image, and the very Ag
and Body of the Time, its Form and Preſſur
Now this overdone, or come tardy off, thoug
it make the Unſkilful laugh, cannot but ma
the Judicious grieve. The Cenſures of whic
one, muſt, in your Allowance, overſway a whol
Theatre of others. Oh! there be Players th
I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, an
that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) tha
neither having the Accent of *Chriſtian*, *Paga*
or *Norman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, tha
I have thought ſome of Nature's Journeyme
had made Men, and not made them well, the
imitated Humanity ſo abominably. This ſhoul
be reformed altogether; and let thoſe that pla
your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet dow
for them: For there be of them that will o
themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome Quantity o
barren Spectators to laugh too; though in th
mean Time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play
be then to be conſidered; that's villanous, an
ſhews a moſt pitiful Ambition in the Fool tha
uſes it.

From

*From my own Apartment, June 29.*

IT would be a very great Obligation, and an Aſſiſtance to my Treatiſe upon *Punning*, if any one would pleaſe to inform in what Claſs among the Learned who play with Words, to place the Author of the following Letter.

SIR,

NOT long ſince you were pleaſed to give us a Chimerical Account of the famous Family of the *Staffs*, from whence I ſuppoſe you would inſinuate, that it is the moſt ancient and numerous Houſe in all *Europe*. But I poſitively deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious Proceedings in this Matter, ſince 'tis well known, that our moſt illuſtrious, moſt renowned, and moſt celebrated *Roman* Family of *Ix*, has enjoyed the Precedency to all others from the Reign of good old *Saturn*. I could ſay much to the Defamation and Diſgrace of your Family; as, that your Relations *Diſtaff* and *Broomſtaff* were both inconſiderable mean Perſons, one ſpinning, the other ſweeping the Streets, for their daily Bread. But I forbear to vent my Spleen on Objects ſo much beneath my Indignation. I ſhall only give the World a Catalogue of my Anceſtors, and leave them to detetermine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the Preference.

'Firſt then comes the moſt famous and popular Lady *Meretrix*, Parent of the fertile Family of *Bellatrix*, *Lotrix*, *Netrix*, *Nutrix*, *Obſtetrix*, *Famulatrix*, *Coctrix*, *Ornatrix*, *Sarcinatrix*, *Fextrix*, *Balneatrix*, *Portatrix*, *Saltatrix*, *Divinatrix*, *Conjectrix*, *Comtrix*, *Debitrix*, *Creditrix*, *Donatrix*, *Ambulatrix*, *Mercatrix*, *Adſectrix*, *Aſſectatrix*, *Palpatrix*, *Præceptrix*, *Piſtrix*. I am,

Yours,

*Eliz. Potatrix.*

*St. James's*

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 29.*

LETTERS from *Brussels* of the 2d of Ju
*N. S.* say, that the Duke of *Marlborough* a
Prince *Eugene* having received Advice, That t
Marshal *Villars* had drawn a considerable Bod
out of the Garrison of *Tournay*, to reinforce h
Army, marched towards that Place, and cam
before it early in the Morning of the 27th. A
soon as they came into that Ground, the Princ
of *Nassau* was sent with a strong Detachment
take Post at St. *Amand*; and at the same Tim
my Lord *Orkney* received Orders to possess him
self of *Mortagne*; both which were successfull
executed; whereby we are Masters of the Sch
and the *Scarp*. Eight Men were drawn out
each Troop of Dragoons and Company of Foo
in the Garrison of *Tournay*, to make up the R
inforcement which was ordered to join Marsh
*Villars*; but upon Advice that the Allies we
marching towards *Tournay*, they endeavoured
return into the Town; but were intercepted b
the Earl of *Orkney*, by whom the whole Bod
was killed or taken. These Letters add, Th
1200 Dragoons (each Horseman carrying a Foo
Soldier behind him) were detached from Mo
to throw themselves into *Tournay*; but upon Ap
pearance of a great Body of Horse of the Allies
retired towards *Conde*. We hear that the Gar
rison does not consist of more than 3500 Men
Of the 60 Battalions designed to be employed i
this Siege, seven are *English*, *viz.* two of Guards
and the Regiments of *Argyle*, *Temple*, *Evans* an
*Meredith*.

3

*Mrs.* Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

N° 36. *Saturday, July* 2. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, June* 30.

MANY Affairs calling my Brother into the Country, the Care of our Intelligence with the Town is left to me for ſome Time; therefore you muſt expect the Advices you meet with in this Paper to be ſuch, as more immediately and naturally fall under the Conſideration of our Sex. Hiſtory therefore written by a Woman, you will eaſily imagine to conſiſt of Love in all its Forms, both in the Abuſe of, and Obedience to, that Paſſion. As to the Faculty of Writing it ſelf, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded, that Style and Ornament ſhall be ſo much conſulted, as Truth and Simplicity; which later Qualities we may more juſtly pretend to beyond the other Sex. While therefore the Adminiſtration of our Affairs is in my Hands, you ſhall from Time to Time have an exact Account of all falſe Lovers, and their ſhallow Pretences for breaking off; of all Termagant Wives who make Wedlock a Yoke; of Men who affect the Entertainments and Manners ſuitable only to our Sex, and Women who pretend to the Conduct of ſuch Affairs as are only within the Province of Men. It is neceſſary further to adverti ſe the Reader, that the uſual Places of Reſort being utterly out of my Province or Obſervation, I ſhall be obliged frequently to change the Dates of Places, as Occurrences come into my Way. The following Letter I lately received from *Epſom*.

Epſom,

Epsom, June

IT is now almost three Weeks since what you w
about happened in this Place: The Quarrel betwe
my Friends did not run so high as I find your Accou
have made it. The Truth of the Fact you shall ha
very faithfully. You are to understand, that the Perso
concerned in this Scene were Lady Autumn, and La
Springly: Autumn is a Person of good Breeding, F
nality, and a singular Way practised in the last Ag
and Lady Springly, a Modern Impertinent of our Se
who affects as improper a Familiarity, as the other d
Distance. Lady Autumn knows to an Hair's Brea
where her Place is in all Assemblies and Conversation
but Springly neither gives nor takes Place of any th
dy, but understands the Place to signifie no more, th
to have Room enough to be at Ease where-ever she com
Thus while Autumn takes the whole of this Life
consist in understanding Punctilio and Decorum, Sprin
ly takes every Thing to be becoming, which contribu
to her Ease and Satisfaction. These Heroines have ma
ried two Brothers, both Knights. Springly is the Sp
of the elder, who is a Baronet; and Autumn, bei
a rich Widow, has taken the younger, and her Pu
endowed him with an equal Fortune and Knighthood
the same Order. This Jumble of Titles, you need
doubt, has been an aching Torment to Autumn, w
took Place of the other on no Pretence, but her Carele
ness and Disregard of Distinction. This secret Occasi
of Envy broiled long in the Breast of Autumn; but
Opportunity of Contention on that Subject happening, ke
all Things quiet till the Accident, of which you demn
an Account.

It was given out among all the gay People of th
Place, that on the 9th Instant several Damsels, swift
Foot, were to run for a Suit of Head-Cloaths at the Ol
Wells. Lady Autumn on this Occasion invited Spring
ly to go with her in her Coach to see the Race. Wh
they came to the Place where the Governor of Epso
and all his Court of Citizens were assembled, as well
a Crowd of People of all Orders, a brisk young Fello
addres

addresses himself to the younger of the Ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his Service to conduct her into the Musick-Room. Springly accepts the Compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing Crowd, while Autumn is left among the Rabble, and has much ado to get back into her Coach; but she did it at last: And as it is usual to see by the Horses my Lady's present Disposition, she orders John to whip furiously Home to her Husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her Hood, and lament her foolish fond Heart to marry into a Family where she was so little regarded; she that might —— Here she stops; then rises up and stamps and sits down again. Her gentle Knight made his Approach with a supple beseeching Gesture. My Dear, said he, —— Tell me no Dears, replied Autumn, —— in the Presence of the Governor and all the Merchants —— What will the World say of a Woman that has thrown herself away at this Rate? Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a Secret to him; as well as that Experience told him, He that marries a Fortune is of Course guilty of all Faults against his Wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an Hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole Company together. Down she sate, and a profound Silence ensued. You know a premeditated Quarrel usually begins and works up with the Words, Some People. The Silence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to say, There are some People who fancy, that if some People —Springly immediately takes her up, There are some People who fancy, if other People —— Autumn repartees; People may give themselves Airs; but other People, perhaps, who make less Ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as People who set themselves out more. All the other People at the Table sate mute, while these two People, who were quarrelling, went on with the Use of the Word People, inserting the very Accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant Hints. Therefore, says Autumn, meaning, There are some People will go abroad in other People's Coaches, and leave those with

whom they went to ſhift for themſelves; and if, perhaps, thoſe People have married the younger Brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to thoſe People for what he is. Springly *ſmartly anſwers*, People may bring ſo much ill Humour into a Family, as People may repent their receiving their Money; *and goes on*,—— Every Body is not conſiderable enough to give her Uneaſineſs. *Upon this*, Autumn *comes up to her, and deſired her to kiſs her, and never to ſee her again; which her Siſter refuſing, my Lady gave her a Box on the Ear.*—— Springly *returns*; Ay, ay, *ſaid ſhe*, I knew well enough you meant me by your ſome People; *and gives her another on t'other Side. To it they went with moſt Maſculine Fury; each Husband ran in. The Wives immediately fell upon their Husbands, and tore Periwigs and Cravats. The Company interpoſed; when (according to the Slip-Knot of Matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the Ladies and their Husbands fell upon all the reſt of the Company; and having beat all their Friends and Relations out of the Houſe, came to themſelves time enough to know, there was no beating the Feſt of the Place after theſe Adventures, and therefore marched off the next Day. It is ſaid, the Governor has ſent ſeveral Joints of Mutton, and has propoſed divers Diſhes very exquiſitely dreſſed, to bring them down again. From his Addreſs and Knowledge in Roaſt and Boiled, all our Hopes of the Return of this good Company depend. I am,*

*Dear* Jenny,

*Your Ready Friend and Servant,*

Martha Tatle.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, June* 30.

THIS Day appeared here a Figure of a Perſon, whoſe Services to the Fair Sex have reduced him to a kind of Exiſtence, for which there is no Name. If there be a Condition between Life and Death, without being abſolutely Dead or living, his State is that. His Aſpect and Complex-

on in his robuſt Days gave him the illuſtrious Title of *Africanus*: But it is not only from the warm Climates in which he has ſerved, nor from the Diſaſters in which he has ſuffered, that he deſerves the ſame Appellation with that renowned *Roman*; but the Magnanimity with which he appears in his laſt Moments, is what gives him the undoubted Character of *Hero*. *Cato* ſtabb'd himſelf, and *Hannibal* drank Poiſon; but our *Africanus* lives in the continual Puncture of aching Bones and poiſoned Juices. The old Heroes fled from Torments by Death, and this Modern lives in Death and Torments, with an Heart wholly bent upon a Supply for remaining in them. An ordinary Spirit would ſink under his Oppreſſions, but he makes an Advantage of his very Sorrow, and raiſes an Income from his Diſeaſes. Long has this Worthy been converſant in Bartering, and knows that when Stocks are loweſt, it is the Time to buy. Therefore, with much Prudence and Tranquillity, he thinks that now he has not a Bone ſound, but a thouſand nodous Parts for which the Anatomiſts have not Words, and more Diſeaſes than the College ever heard of, it is the only Time to purchaſe an Annuity for Life. Sir *Thomas* told me, it was an Entertainment more ſurprizing and pleaſant than can be imagined, to ſee an Inhabitant of neither World without Hand to lift, or Leg to move, ſcarce Tongue to utter his Meaning, ſo keen upon biting the whole World, and making Bubbles at his *Exit*. Sir *Thomas* added, that he would have bought twelve Shillings a Year of him, but that he feared there was ſome Trick in it, and believed him already dead: What, ſays the Knight, is Mr. *Partridge*, whom I met juſt now going on both his Legs firmer than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and ſhall *Africanus*, without one Limb that can do its Office, be pronounced alive?

WHAT heigntened the Tragi-Comedy of this Market for Annuities was, that the Obſervation of it provoked *Monoculus* (who is the moſt elo-

quent of all Men) to many excellent Reflections, which he ſpoke with the Vehemence and Language both of a Gameſter and an Orator. 'When I caſt (ſaid that delightful Speaker) my Eye upon thee, thou unaccountable *Africanus*, I cannot but call my ſelf as unaccountable as thou art, for certainly we were born to ſhew what Contradictions Nature is pleaſed to form in the ſame Species. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to ſleep, and to do all Acts of Nature, except begetting my Like; and yet by an unintelligible Force of Spleen and Fancy, I every Moment imagine I am dying. It is utter Madneſs in thee to provide for Supper; for I'll bet you ten to one, you don't live till half an Hour after four; and yet I am ſo diſtracted as to be in Fear every Moment, though I'll lay ten to three I drink three Pints of burnt Claret at your Funeral three Nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou that haſt no Senſe of Death, art happier than one that always fears it.' The Knight had gone on, but that a third Man ended the Scene by applauding the Knight's Eloquence and Philoſophy, in a Laughter too violent for his own Conſtitution, as much as he mock'd that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 1.*

THIS Day arrived three Mails from *Holland* with Advices relating to the Poſture of Affairs in the *Low-Countries*, which ſay, That the Confederate Army extends from *Luchin*, on the Cauſeway between *Tournay* and *Liſle*, to *Epain* near *Mortagne* on the *Scheld*. The Marſhal *Villars* remains in his Camp at *Lens*; but it is ſaid, he detached ten thouſand Men under the Command of the Chevalier *de Luxemburg*, with Orders to form a Camp at *Crepin* on the *Haine*, between *Conde* and St. *Guillain*, where it is to be joined by the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops; and after their Conjunction, to attempt to march into

into *Brabant*. But they write from *Bruſſels*, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having it equally in his Power to make Detachments to the ſame Parts, they are under no Apprehenſions from theſe Reports for the Safety of their Country. They further add from *Bruſſels*, that they have good Authority for believing that the *French* Troops under the Conduct of the Marſhal *de Bezons* are retiring out of *Spain*.

*By Mrs.* Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

N° 37. *Tueſday, July* 5. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 2.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be ſuppoſed to go to *White's*, ſhould pretend to talk to you of Matters proper for, or in the Style of, that Place. But though I never viſit theſe publick Haunts, I converſe with thoſe that do; and for all they pretend ſo much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our Sex, and as much at a Loſs to entertain the preſent Company, without ſacrificing the laſt, as we our ſelves. This Reflection has led me into the Conſideration of the Uſe of Speech; and made me look over in my Memory all my Acquaintance of both Sexes, to know to which I may more juſtly impute the Sin of ſuperfluous Diſcourſe in Regard to Converſation, without entring into it as it reſpects Religion.

I FORESEE my Acquaintance will immediately, upon ſtarting this Subject, ask me, How I ſhall celebrate Mrs. *Alſe Copſwood*, the *Yorkſhire* Huntreſs, who is come to Town lately, and moves as if ſhe were on her Nag, and going to take a Five-Bar-Gate; and is as loud as if ſhe were following

loving her Dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that: for ſhe is as ſoft as *Damon*, in Compariſon of her Brother-in-Law, *Tom Belfrey*, who is the moſt accompliſhed Man in this Kingdom for all Gentleman-like Activities and Accompliſhments. It is allowed, that he is a profeſs'd Enemy to the *Italian* Performers in Muſick. But then for our own native Manner, according to the Cuſtoms and known Uſages of our Iſland, he is to be prefered, for the Generality of the Pleaſure he beſtows, much before thoſe Fellows, though they ſing to full Theatres. For what is a Theatrical Voice to that of a Fox-hunter? I have been at a muſical Entertainment in an open Field, where it amaz'd me to hear to what Pitches the chief Maſters would reach. There was a Meeting near our Seat in *Staffordſhire*, and the moſt eminent of all the Counties of *England* were at it. How wonderful was the Harmony between Men and Dogs! *Robin Cartail* of *Bucks* was to anſwer to *Fowler*; Mr. *Tinbreaſt* of *Cornwal* was appointed to open with *Sweetlips*, and Beaux *Slimber* a *Londoner*, undertook to keep up with *Trips*, a Whelp juſt ſet in: *Tom Bellfrey* and *Ringwood* were coupled together, to fill the Cry on all Occaſions, and be in at the Death of the Fox, Hare or Stag; for which both the Dog and the Man were excellently ſuited, and loved one another, and were as much together as *Baniſter* and *King*. When *Fowler* firſt alarm'd the Field, *Cartail* repeated every Note; *Sweetlips*'s Treble ſucceded, and ſhook the Wood; *Tinbreaſt* echo'd a Quarter of a Mile beyond it. We were ſoon after all at a Loſs, till we rid up, and found *Trips* and *Slimber* at a Default in half Notes: But the Day and the Time was recovered by *Tom Belfrey* and *Ringwood*, to the great Joy of us all, though they drowned every other Voice: For *Bellfrey* carries a Note four Furlongs, three Rood and ſix Paces, further than any other in *England*.

I FEAR

I FEAR the Mention of this will be thought a Digreſſion from my Purpoſe about Speech: But I anſwer, No. Since this is uſed where Speech rather ſhould be employed, it may come into Conſideration in the ſame Chapter: For Mr. *Bellfrey* being at a Viſit where I was, viz. his Couſin's (Lady *Dainty*'s) in *Soho*, was asked, What Entertainments they had in the Country? Now *Bellfrey* is very ignorant, and much a Clown; but confident withal. In a Word, he ſtruck up a Fox-chaſe: Lady *Dainty*'s Dog, Mr. *Sippet*, as ſhe calls him, ſtarted and jump'd out of his Lady's Lap, and fell a barking. *Bellfrey* went on, and call'd all the neighbouring Pariſhes into the Square. Never was Woman in ſuch Confuſion as that delicate Lady. But there was no ſtopping her Kinſman. A Room full of Ladies fell into the moſt violent Laughter: My Lady look'd as if ſhe was ſhrieking; Mr. *Sippet* in the Middle of the Room, breaking his Heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As ſoon as *Bellfrey* became ſilent, up gets my Lady, and takes him by the Arm to lead him off; *Bellfrey* was in his Boots. As ſhe was hurrying him away, his Spurs take hold of her Petticoat; his Whip throws down a Cabinet of *China*: He cries, *What! Are your Crocks rotten? Are your Petticoats ragged? A Man can't walk in your Houſe for Trincums.*

EVERY County of *Great Britain* has one Hundred or more of this Sort of Fellows, who roar inſtead of ſpeaking. Therefore if it be true, that we Women are alſo given to greater Fluency of Words than is neceſſary, ſure ſhe that diſturbs but a Room or a Family is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole Pariſhes and Counties, and ſometimes (with an Eſtate that might make him the Bleſſing and Ornament of the World around him) has no other View and Ambition, but to be an Animal above Dogs and Horſes, without the Reliſh of any one Enjoyment, which is peculiar to the Faculties of humane Nature. I know it will here be ſaid, that

talking of meer Country Squires at this Rate, is, as it were, to write againſt *Valentine* and *Orſon*. To prove any Thing againſt the Race of Men, you muſt take them as they are adorned with Education, as they live in Courts, or have received Inſtructions in Colleges.

BUT I am ſo full of my late Entertainment by Mr. *Bellfrey*, that I muſt defer purſuing this Subject to another Day; and wave the proper Obſervations upon the different Offenders in this Kind, ſome by profound Eloquence on ſmall Occaſions, others by degrading Speech upon great Circumſtances. Expect therefore to hear of the Whiſperer without Buſineſs, the Laugher without Wit, the Complainer without receiving Injuries, and a very large Crowd, which I ſhall not foreſtall, who are common (though not commonly obſerved) Impertinents, whoſe Tongues are too voluble for their Brains, and are the general Deſpiſers of us Women, though we have their Superiors, the Men of Senſe, for our Servants.

*St. James's Coffe-houſe, July 4.*

THERE has arrived no Mail ſince our laſt; ſo that we have no Manner of Foreign News, except we were to give you, for ſuch, the many Speculations which are on Foot concerning what was imported by the laſt Advices. There are, it ſeems, ſixteen Battalions and ſeventeen Squadrons appointed to ſerve in the Siege of *Tournay*; the Garriſon of which Place conſiſts of but eleven Battalions and four Squadrons. Letters of the 29th of the laſt Month from *Berlin* have brought Advice, That the Kings of *Denmark* and *Pruſſia*, and his Majeſty *Auguſtus*, were within few Days to come to an Interview at *Potſdam*. Theſe Letters mention, That two *Poliſh* Princes of the Family of *Sapioha* and *Lubermirsky*, lately arrived from *Paris*, confirm the Reports of the Miſery in *France* for Want of Proviſions, and give a particular Inſtance

ſtance of it, which is, That on the Day Monſieur *Rouille* returned to Court, the common People gathered in Crowds about the *Dauphin*'s Coach, crying, *Peace and Bread, Bread and Peace.*

*Mrs.* Diſtaff *has taken upon her, while ſhe writes this Paper, to turn her Thoughts wholly to the Service of her own Sex, and to propoſe Remedies againſt the greateſt Vexations attending Female Life. She has for this End written a ſmall Treatiſe concerning the* Second Word, *with an Appendix on the Uſe of a* Reply, *very proper for all ſuch as are married to Perſons either ill-bred or ill-natured. There is in this Tract a Digreſſion for the Uſe of Virgins, concerning the Words,* I will.

*A Gentlewoman, who has a very delicate Ear, wants a Maid who can whiſper, and help her in the Government of her Family. If the ſaid Servant can clear-ſtarch, liſp and tread ſoftly, ſhe ſhall have ſuitable Encouragement in her Wages.*

By *Mrs.* Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

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N°. 38. *Thurſday, July* 7. 1709.

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*From my own Apartment, July* 6.

I FIND among my Brother's Papers the following Letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could ſuppreſs ſo long as he has, ſince it was ſent him for no other End, but to ſhew the good Effect his Writings have already had upon the ill Cuſtoms of the Age.

'SIR, *London, June* 13.

'THE End of all publick Papers ought to be the Benefit and Inſtruction, as well as

'the Diverſion of the Readers: To which I ſee 'none ſo truly conducive as your late Perfor-'mances; eſpecially thoſe tending to the root-'ing out from among us that unchriſtian-like and 'bloody Cuſtom of Duelling; which, that you 'have already in ſome Meaſure performed, will 'appear to the Publick in the following no leſs 'true than heroick Story.

'A NOBLE Gentleman of this City, who 'has the Honour of ſerving his Country as Ma-'jor in the Train-Bands, being at that general 'Mart of Stock-jobbers call'd *Jonathan's*, endea-'vouring to raiſe himſelf (as all Men of Honour 'ought) to the Degree of Colonel at leaſt; it 'happened that he bought the *Bear* of another 'Officer, who, though not commiſſioned in the 'Army, yet no leſs eminently ſerves the Publick 'than the other, in raiſing the Credit of the 'Kingdom, by raiſing that of the Stocks. How-'ever, having ſold the *Bear*, and Words ariſing 'by the Delivery, the moſt noble Major, no leſs 'ſcorning to be outwitted in the Coffee-houſe, 'than to run into the Field, according to Me-'thod, abuſed the other with the Titles of, *Rogue*, '*Villain*, *Bearſkin-Man*, and the like. Whereup-'on Satisfaction was demanded, and accepted: 'So, forth the Major marched, commanding his 'Adverſary to follow him. To a moſt ſpacious 'Room in the Sheriff's Houſe, near the Place 'of Quarrel, they come; where, having due 'Regard to what you have lately publiſhed, they 'reſolved not to ſhed one another's Blood in that 'barbarous Manner you prohibited; yet, not 'willing to put up Affronts without Satisfaction, 'they ſtrip'd, and in decent Manner fought full 'fairly with their wrathful Hands. The Com-'bat laſted a Quarter of an Hour; in which 'Time Victory was often doubtful, and many a 'dry Blow was ſtrenuouſly laid on by each Side, 'till the Major finding his Adverſary obſtinate, 'unwilling to give him further Chaſtiſement, with

'moſt

moſt ſhrill Voice cry'd out, *I am ſatisfy'd, enough.* Whereupon the Combat ceaſed, and both were Friends immediately.

'THUS the World may ſee, how neceſſary it is to encourage thoſe Men, who make it their 'Buſineſs to inſtruct the People in every Thing 'neceſſary for their Preſervation. I am informed, a Body of worthy Citizens have agreed on 'an Addreſs of Thanks to you for what you have 'writ on the foregoing Subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly eſteemed Officers 'preſerved from Death.

*Your Humble Servant,*

A. B.

I FEAR the Word *Bear* is hardly to be underſtood among the polite People; but I take the Meaning to be, that one who inſures a real Value upon an imaginary Thing, is ſaid to ſell a *Bear*, and is the ſame Thing as a Promiſe among Courtiers, or a Vow between Lovers. I have writ to my Brother to haſten to Town; and hope, that printing the Letters directed to him, which I knew not how to anſwer, will bring him ſpedily; and therefore I add alſo the following:

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *July* 5. 1709.

'YOU have hinted a generous Intention of 'taking under your Conſideration the Whiſperers without Buſineſs, and Laughers without 'Occaſion; as you tender the Welfare of your 'Country, I intreat you not to forget or delay ſo 'publick-ſpirited a Work. Now or never is the 'Time. Many other Calamities may ceaſe with 'the War; but I diſmally dread the Multiplication of theſe Mortals under the Eaſe and Luxurioufneſs of a ſettled Peace, half the Bleſſing 'of which may be deſtroyed by them. Their 'Miſtake lies certainly here, in a wretched Belief, That their Mimickry paſſes for real Buſineſs; or true Wit. Dear Sir convince them,

'that

'that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of
'them; nor ever did, does, or to all Futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is
'the most cursed Disturbance in Nature, which
'is possible to be inflicted on Mankind, under
'the noble Definition of a sociable Creature. In
'doing this, Sir, you will oblige more humble
'Servants, than can find Room to subscribe their
'Names.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 6.*

IN Pursuance of my last Date from hence, I am to proceed on the Accounts I promised of several Personages among the Men, whose conspicuous Fortunes, or Ambition in shewing their Follies, have exalted them above their Fellows. The Levity of their Minds is visible in their every Word and Gesture, and there is not a Day passes but puts me in Mind of Mr. *Wycherley's* Character of a Coxcomb: *He is ugly all over with the Affectation of the fine Gentleman.* Now though the Women may put on Softness in their Looks, or affected Severity, or impertinent Gaiety, or pert Smartness, their Self-Love and Admiration cannot, under any of these Disguises, appear so invincible as that of the Men. You may easily take Notice, that in all their Actions there is a secret Approbation either in the Tone of their Voice, the Turn of their Body, or Cast of their Eye, which shews that they are extremely in their own Favour.

TAKE one of your Men of Business, he shall keep you half an Hour with your Hat off, entertaining you with his Consideration of that Affair you spoke of to him last, till he has drawn a Crowd that observes you in this Grimace. Then when he is publick enough, he immediately runs into Secrets, and falls a Whispering. You and he make Breaks with Adverbs; as, *But however, thus far*; and then you whisper again, and so on, till

till they who are about you are diſperſed, and your buſy Man's Vanity is no longer gratify'd by the Notice taken of what Importance he is, and how inconſiderable you are; for your Pretender to Buſineſs is never in Secret, but in Publick.

THERE is my dear Lord *No-where*, of all Men the moſt gracious and moſt obliging, the Terror of all *Valets de Chambre*, whom he oppreſſes with good Breeding, in enquiring for my good Lord, and for my good Lady's Health. This inimitable Courtier will whiſper a Privy-Counſellor's Lacquey with the utmoſt Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion, to know when they next ſit; and is throughly taken up, and thinks he has a Part in a Secret, if he knows that there is a Secret, *What it is*, he will whiſper you, *that Time will diſcover*; then he ſhruggs, and calls you back again —— *Sir, I need not ſay to you, That theſe Things are not to be ſpoken of* —— *And hark'ee, No Names, I would not be quoted.* What adds to the Jeſt is, that his Emptineſs has its Moods and Seaſons, and he will not condeſcend to let you into theſe his Diſcoveries, except he is in very good Humour, or has ſeen ſome Body in Faſhion talk to you. He will keep his *Nothing* to himſelf, and paſs by and overlook as well as the beſt of 'em; not obſerving that he is inſolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Shew me a Woman ſo inconſiderable as this frequent Character.

BUT my Mind (now I am in) turns to many no leſs obſervable: Thou dear *Will Shoeſtring!* I profeſs my ſelf in Love with thee? How ſhall I ſpeak thee? How ſhall I addreſs thee? How ſhall I draw thee? Thou dear Outſide! Will you be combing your Wig, playing with your Box, or picking your Teeth? Or chuſeſt thou rather to be ſpeaking; to be ſpeaking for thy only Purpoſe in ſpeaking, to ſhew your Teeth? Rub them no longer, dear *Shoeſtring*: Do not premeditate Murder: Do not for ever whiten: Oh! that for my Quiet and his own they were rotten.

BUT

BUT I will forget him, and give my Hand to the courteous *Umbra*; He is a fine Man indeed but the ſoft Creature bows below my Apron String, before he takes it; yet after the firſt Ceremonies, he is as familiar as my Phyſician, and his Inſignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my Doctor. He is ſo courteous, that he carries half the Meſſages of Ladies Ails in Town to their Midwives and Nurſes. He underſtands too the Art of Medicine as far as to the Cure of a Pimple or a Raſh. On Occaſions of the like Importance, he is the moſt aſſiduous of all Men living, in conſulting and ſearching Precedents from Family to Family; then he ſpeaks of his Obſequiouſneſs and Diligence in the Style of real Services. If you ſneer at him, and thank him for his great Friendſhip, he bows, and ſays, *Madam, all the good Offices in my Power, while I have any Knowledge or Credit, ſhall be at your Service.* The Conſideration of ſo ſhallow a Being, and the intent Application with which he purſues Trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that Sort of Men we uſually call *Impertinent*: And I am, upon mature Deliberation, ſo far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aſide, and talk half an Hour upon Matters wholly inſignificant with the moſt ſolemn Air, yet I conſider, that theſe Things are of Weight in his Imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my Service. If therefore it be a juſt Rule, to judge of a Man by his Intention according to the Equity of good Breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wiſe, to do you Service, ought in Return to have a proportionable Place both in your Affection and Eſteem; ſo that the courteous *Umbra* deſerves the Favour of all his Acquaintance; for though he never ſerved them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

AS

AS impotent Kindneſs is to be returned with all our Abilities to oblige; ſo impotent Malice is to be treated with all our Force to depreſs it. For this Reaſon, *Fly-Blow* (who is received in all the Families in Town thro' the Degeneracy and Iniquity of their Manners) is to be treated like a Knave, though he is one of the weakeſt of Fools: He has by Rote, and at ſecond-hand, all that can be ſaid of any Man of Figure, Wit and Virtue, in Town. Name a Man of Worth, and this Creature tells you the worſt Paſſage of his Life. Speak of a beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will whiſper the next Man to him, though he has nothing to ſay of her. He is a *Fly* that feeds on the ſore Part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole Body were in Health. You may know him by the Frequency of pronouncing the Particle *But*; for which Reaſon I never hear him ſpoke of with common Charity, without uſing my *But* againſt him: For a Friend of mine ſaying the other Day, Mrs. *Diſtaff* has Wit, good Humour, Virtue and Friendſhip; this Oaf added, *But* ſhe is not handſome. Coxcomb! The Gentleman was ſaying what I was, not what I was not.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 6.*

THE Approaches before *Tournay* have been carried on with great Succeſs; and our Advices from the Camp before that Place of the 11th Inſtant ſay, That they had already made a Lodgment on the Glacis. Two hundred Boats were come up the *Scheld* with the heavy Artillery and Ammunition, which would be employed in diſmounting the Enemy's Defences, and raiſed on the Batteries the 15th. A great Body of Miners are ſummoned to the Camp to countermine the Enemy. We are convinced of the Weakneſs of the Garriſon by a certain Account, That they called a Council of War, to conſult whether it

was not advisable to march into the Citadel, a
leave the Town defenceless. We are assure
That when the Confederate Army was advanci
towards the Camp of Marshal *Villars*, that Ge
ral dispached a Courier to his Master with
Letter, giving an Account of their Approac
which concluded with the following Words: I
*Day begins to break, and your Majesty's Army is*
*ready in Order of Battel. Before Noon, I hope to h*
*the Honour of congratulating your Majesty on the Su*
*cess of a great Action; and you shall be very well s*
*tisfied with the Marshal* Villars.

*IT is to be noted, That when any Part of this P*
*per appears dull, there is a Design in it.*

By Isaac Bickerstaff, *Esq;*

No. 39. *Saturday, July 9. 1709.*

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.*

AS I am called forth by the immense Love
bear to my Fellow-Creatures, and the warm
Inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far
I can, the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Igno
rance; so I cannot more properly pursue the
noble Impulse, than by setting forth the Excel
lence of Virtue and Knowledge in their native
and beautiful Colours. For this Reason I made
my late Excursion to *Oxford*, where those Quali
ties appear in their highest Lustre, and are the on
ly Pretences to Honour and Distinction. Supe
riority is there given in Proportion to Men's Ad
vancement in Wisdom and Learning; and that
just Rule of Life is so universally received a
mong those happy People, that you shall see a

Earl walk bare-headed to the Son of the meaneſt Artificer, in reſpect to ſeven Years more worth and Knowledge than the Nobleman is poſſeſſed of. In other Places they bow to Mens Fortunes, but here to their Underſtandings. It is not to be expreſſed, how pleaſing the Order, the Diſcipline, the Regularity of their Lives, is to a Philoſopher, who has by many Years Experience in the World, learned to contemn every Thing but what is revered in this Manſion of ſelect and well-taught Spirits. The Magnificence of their Palaces, the Greatneſs of their Revenues, the Sweetneſs of their Groves and Retirements, ſeem equally adapted for the Reſidence of Princes and Philoſophers; and a Familiarity with Objects of Splendour, as well as Places of Receſs, prepares the Inhabitants with an Equanimity for their future Fortunes, whether humble or illuſtrious. How was I pleaſed when I looked round at St. *Mary's*, and could, in the Faces of the ingenious Youth, ſee Miniſters of State, Chancellors, Biſhops and Judges. Here only is humane Life! Here only the Life of Man is a rational Being! Here Men underſtand and are employed in Works worthy their Noble Nature. This tranſitory Being paſſes away in an Employment not unworthy a future State, the Contemplation of the great Decrees of Providence. Each Man lives as if he were to anſwer the Queſtions made to *Job*, *Where waſt thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Who ſhut up the Sea with Doors; and ſaid, Hitherto thou ſhalt come, and no further?* Such Speculations make Life agreeable, make Death welcome.

BUT alas! I was torn from this noble Society by the Buſineſs of this dirty mean World, and the Cares of Fortune: For I was obliged to be in *London* againſt the 7th Day of the Term, and accordingly governed my ſelf by my *Oxford* Almanack, and came laſt Night; but find, to my great Aſtoniſhment, that this ignorant Town began the

Term

Term on the 24th of the last Month, in Oppo
tion to all the Learning and Astronomy of t
famous University of which I have been speakin
according to which, the Term certainly was
commence on the 1st Instant. You may be su
a Man who has turned his Studies as I hav
could not be mistaken in Point of Time; f
knowing I was to come to Town in Term, I e
amused the passing Moments very narrowly, an
called an eminent Astronomer to my Assistanc
Upon very strict Observation we found, that t
Cold has been so severe this Last Winter, (whi
is allowed to have a benumming Quality) that
retarded the Earth in moving round from *Chri*
*mas* to this Season full seven Days and two S
conds. My learned Friend assured me furthe
That the Earth had lately received a Shog fro
a Comet that cross'd its Vortex, which, if it ha
come ten Degrees nearer us, had made us lo
this whole Term. I was indeed once of Opinio
That the *Gregorian* Computation was the most r
gular, as being eleven Days before the *Julian*
but am now fully convinced, that we ought to
seven Days after the Chancellor and Judges, an
eighteen before the Pope of *Rome*; and th
the *Oxonian* Computation is the best of the thre

THESE are the Reasons which I have g
thered from Philosophy and Nature; to which
can add other Circumstances in Vindication
the Account of this learned Body who publish
this Almanack.

IT is notorious to Philosophers, that Jo
and Grief can hasten and delay Time. Mr. Lo
is of Opinion, That a Man in great Misery ma
so far lose his Measure, as to think a Minut
an Hour; or in Joy, make an Hour a Minut
Let us examine the present Case by this Rul
and we shall find, that the Cause of this gener
Mistake in the *British* Nation, has been the gre
Success of the last Campaign, and the followi
Hopes of Peace. Stocks ran so high at the *Chang*
th

T

that the Citizens had gained three Days of the Courtiers; and we have indeed been ſo happy this Reign, that if the Univerſity did not rectify our Miſtakes, we ſhould think our ſelves but in the ſecond Year of her preſent Majeſty. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Damages that have happened by this Ignorance of the Vulgar. All the Recognizances within the Dioceſs of *Oxford* have been forfeited, for not appearing on the firſt Day of this fictitious Term. The Univerſity has been nonſuited in their Action againſt the Booſellers for printing *Clarendon* in *Quarto*. Indeed, what gives me the moſt quick Concern, is the Caſe of a poor Gentleman my Friend, who was t'other Day taken in Execution by a Set of ignorant Bailiffs. He ſhould, it ſeems, have pleaded in the firſt Week of Term; but being a Maſter of Arts of *Oxford*, he would not recede from the *Oxonian* Computation. He ſhewed Mr. *Broad* the *Almanack*, and the very Day when the Term began; but the mercileſs ignorant Fellow, againſt all Senſe and Learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough, but he has taken exact Notes of the Time of Arreſt and ſufficient Witneſſes of his being carried into Gaol; and has, by Advice of the Recorder of *Oxford*, brought his Action; and we doubt not but we ſhall pay them off with Damages, and blemiſh the Reputation of Mr. *Broad*. We have one convincing Proof, which all that frequent the Courts of Juſtice are Witneſſes of: The Dog that comes conſtantly to *Weſtminſter* on the firſt Day of the Term, did not appear till the firſt Day according to the *Oxford Almanack*; whoſe Inſtinct I take to be a better Guide than Mens erroneous Opinions, which are uſually byaſſed by Intereſt. I judge in this Caſe, as King *Charles* II. victualled his Navy with the Bread which one of his Dogs choſe of ſeveral Pieces thrown before him, rather than truſt to the Aſſeverations of the Victuallers. Mr. *Cowper*, and other learned Counſel, have-

have already urged the Authority of this Alm
nack in Behalf of their Clients. We ſhall ther
fore go on with all Speed in our Cauſe; and dou
not, but Chancery will give at the End what
we loſt in the Beginning, by protracting t
Term for us till *Wedneſday* come Se'nnight. A
the Univerſity *Orator* ſhall for ever pray, &c.

*From my own Apartment, July 7.*

THE Subject of Duels has, I find, been ſta
ed with ſo good Succeſs, that it has been the fr
quent Subject of Converſation among polite Me
a Dialogue of that Kind has been tranſmitted
me *verbatim* as follows. The Perſons concern
in it are Men of Honour and Experience in t
Manners of Men, and have fallen upon the tru
Foundation, as well as ſearched the Bottom
this Evil.

Mr. *Sage.* IF it were in my Power, every Ma
that drew his Sword, unleſs in the Service,
purely to defend his Life, Perſon, or Good
from Violence, (I mean abſtracted from all Pu
&to's or Whims of Honour) ſhould ride t
Wooden-Horſe in the *Tilt-Yard* for ſuch firſt O
fence, for the ſecond ſtand in the Pillory, a
for the third be Priſoner in *Bedlam* for Life.

Col. *Plume.* I remember that a Rencounter
Duel was ſo far from being in Faſhion among t
Officers that ſerved in the Parliament-Army, th
on the contrary, it was as diſreputable, and
great an Impediment to Advancement in the Se
vice, as being baſhful in Time of Action.

Sir *Mark.* YET I have been informed by ſom
old Cavaliers, of famous Reputation for bra
and gallant Men, that they were much more
Mode among their Party, than they have be
during this laſt War.

Col. *Plume.* THAT is true too Sir.

Mr. *Sage.* BY what you ſay, Gentlemen, one ould think that our preſent military Officers e compounded of an equal Proportion of both hoſe Tempers; ſince Duels are neither quite diſ-ountenanced, nor much in Vogue.

Sir *Mark.* THAT Difference of Temper in Regard to Duels, which appears to have been etween the Court and Parliament-Men of the word, was not (I conceive) for want of Courage in the later, not of a liberal Education, ecauſe there were ſome of the beſt Families in *ngland* engaged in that Party; but Gallantry nd Mode, which glitter agreeably to the Ima-ination, were encouraged by the Court, as pro-oting its Splendour; and it was as natural that he contrary Party (who were to recommend them-elves to the Publick for Men of ſerious and ſo-id Parts) ſhould deviate from every Thing Chi-erical.

Mr. *Sage.* I HAVE never read of a Duel a-ong the *Romans*; and yet their Nobility uſed ore Liberty with their Tongues than one may o now without being challenged.

Sir *Mark.* PERHAPS the *Romans* were of Opinion, that ill Language and brutal Manners, eflected only on thoſe who were guilty of them; nd that a Man's Reputation was not at all clear-d by cutting the Perſon's Throat who had re-flected upon it: But the Cuſtom of thoſe Times ad fixed the Scandal in the Action; whereas now t lies in the Reproach.

Mr. *Sage.* AND yet the only Sort of Duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon Mo-tives truly honourable and allowable, was that etween the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

Sir *Mark.* COLONEL *Plume*, Pray what was he Method of ſingle Combat in your Time among he Cavaliers? I ſuppoſe, that as the Uſe of Clothes continues, though the Faſhion of them as been mutable; ſo Duels, though ſtill in Uſe, have

have had in all Times their particular Modes
Performance.

Col. *Plume.* WE had no conſtant Rule but g
nerally conducted our Diſpute and Tilt, accor
ing to the laſt that had happened between Pe
ſons of Reputation among the very top Fello
for Bravery and Gallantry.

Sir *Mark.* IF the Faſhion of Quarrelling a
Tilting was ſo often changed in your Time, C
lonel *Plume*, a Man might fight, yet loſe h
Credit for want of underſtanding the Faſhion.

Col. *Plume.* WHY, Sir *Mark*, in the Begi
ning of *July*, a Man would have been cenſure
for want of Courage, or been thought indigent
the true Notions of Honour, if he had put u
Words; which in the End of *September* followin
one could not reſent without paſſing for a brut
and quarrelſome Fellow.

Sir *Mark.* BUT Colonel, Were Duels or Re
counters moſt in Faſhion in thoſe Days?

Col. *Plume.* YOUR Men of nice Honour, Si
were for avoiding all Cenſure of Advantage whic
they ſuppoſed might be taken in a Rencounter
therefore they uſed Seconds, who were to ſe
that all was upon the Square, and make a faith
ful Report of the whole Combat; but in a littl
Time it became a Faſhion for the Seconds t
fight, and I'll tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage.* PRAY do, Colonel *Plume*, and th
Method of a Duel at that Time, and give u
ſome Notion of the Punctо's upon which you
nice Men quarrelled in thoſe Days.

Col. *Plume.* I WAS going to tell you, Mr *Sage*
That one Cornet *Modiſh* had deſired his Friend
Captain *Smart*'s Opinion in ſome Affair, but did
not follow it; upon which Captain *Smart* ſen
Major *Adroit*, (a very topping Fellow of thoſe
Times) to the Perſon that had ſlighted his Ad-
vice. The Major never enquired into the Quar-
rel, becauſe it was not the Manner then among
the very topping Fellows: but got two Swords o
an

qual Length, and then waited upon Cornet *Modiſh*, deſiring him to chooſe his Sword, and meet s Friend Captain *Smart*. Cornet *Modiſh* came ith his Friend to the Place of Combat; there e Principals put on their Pumps, and ſtripped their Shirts, to ſhew they had nothing but hat Men of Honour carry about them, and then ngaged.

Sir *Mark*. AND did the Seconds ſtand by, Sir?

Col. *Plume*. IT was a received Cuſtom till that Time; but the Swords of thoſe Days being pretty long, and the Principals acting on both Sides upon the Defenſive, and the Morning being froſty, Major *Adroit* deſired that the other Second, who was alſo a very topping Fellow, would try a Thruſt or two only to keep them warm, till the Principals had decided the Matter, which was agreed to by *Modiſh*'s Second, who preſently whipt *Adroit* through the Body, diſarm'd him, and then parted the Principals who had received no Harm at all.

Mr. *Sage*. BUT was not *Adroit* laugh'd at?

Col. *Plume*. ON the contrary, the very topping Fellows were ever after of Opinion, That no Man who deſerved that Character, could ſerve as a Second, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modiſhes finding their Account in it, the Humour took without Oppoſition.

Mr. *Sage*. PRAY Colonel, How long did that Faſhion continue?

Col. *Plume*. NOT long neither, Mr. *Sage*; for as ſoon as it became a Faſhion, the very topping Fellows thought their Honour reflected upon, if they did not profer themſelves as Seconds when any of their Friends had a Quarrel; ſo that ſometimes there were a Dozen of a Side.

Sir *Mark*. BLESS me! If that Cuſtom had continued, we ſhould have been at a Loſs now for our very pretty Fellows; for they ſeem to be the proper Men to officer, animate and keep

up

up an Army: But, pray Sir, how did that soci
ble Manner of Tilting grow out of Mode?

Col. *Plume.* WHY, Sir, I'll tell you: It w
a Law among the Combatants, That the Par
which happened to have the firſt Man diſarm
or kill'd, ſhould yield as vanquiſhed; whi
ſome People thought might encourage the M
diſhes and Smarts in quarrelling, to the Deſtruc
on of only the very topping Fellows; and as ſoo
as this Reflection was ſtarted, the very toppi
Fellows thought it an Incumbrance upon the
Honour to fight at all themſelves. Since th
Time, the Modiſhes and the Smarts, throug
out all *Europe*, have extoll'd the *French* King
Edict.

Sir *Mark.* OUR very pretty Fellows, whom
take to be the Succeſſors of the very topping Fe
lows, think a Quarrel ſo little faſhionable, th
they will not be expoſed to it by another Man
Vanity, or Want of Senſe.

Mr. *Sage.* BUT, Colonel, I have obſerved i
your Account of Duels, that there was a gre
Exactneſs in avoiding all Advantage that migh
poſſibly be between the Combatants.

Col. *Plume.* THAT's true, Sir; for the We
pons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage.* YES, Sir; but ſuppoſe an active
adroit ſtrong Man, had inſulted an aukward o
a feeble, or an unpractiſed Swords-Man.

Col. *Plume.* THEN, Sir, they fought wit
Piſtols.

Mr. *Sage.* BUT, Sir, There might be a cer
tain Advantage that Way; for a good Marks
man will be ſure to hit his Man at 20 Yards D
ſtance; and a Man whoſe Hand ſhakes (which
common to Men that debauch in Pleaſures, o
have not us'd Piſtols out of their Hoſtlers) won
venture to fire, unleſs he touches the Perſon h
ſhoots at. Now, Sir, I am of Opinion, that on
can get no Honour in killing a Man (if one ha
it all Rug) as the Gameſters ſay, when they hav

a Trick

a Trick to make the Game ſecure, though they ſeem to play upon the Square.

Sir *Mark.* IN Truth, Mr. *Sage*, I think ſuch a Fact muſt muſt be Murder in a Man's own private Conſcience, whatever it may appear to the World.

Col. *Plume.* I HAVE known ſome Men ſo nice, that they would not fight but upon a Cloak without Piſtols.

Mr. *Sage.* I BELIEVE a Cuſtom well eſtabliſhed would outdo the grand Monarch's Edict.

Sir *Mark.* AND Bullies would then leave off their long Swords; but I don't find that a very Pretty Fellow can ſtay to change his Sword when he is inſulted by a Bully with a long Diego, though his own at the ſame Time be no longer than a Pen-knife; which will certainly be the Caſe, if ſuch little Swords are in Mode. Pray, Colonel, how was it between the Hectors of your Time and the very Topping Fellows?

Col. *Plume.* SIR, Long Swords happened to be generally worn in thoſe Times.

Mr. *Sage.* IN anſwer to what you were ſaying, Sir *Mark*, give me Leave to inform you, that your Knights-Errant, (who were the very Pretty Fellows of thoſe ancient Times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own truſty Weapons to the Stumps; but would venture as boldly with the Page's leaden Sword, as if it had been of inchanted Metal. Whence, I conceive, there muſt be a Spice of Romantick Gallantry in the Compoſition of that very Pretty Fellow.

Sir *Mark.* I AM of Opinion, Mr. *Sage*, that Faſhion governs a very Pretty Fellow; Nature, or common Senſe, your ordinary Perſons, and ſometimes Men of fine Parts.

Mr. *Sage.* BUT what is the Reaſon, that Men of the moſt excellent Senſe and Morals (in other Points) aſſociate their Underſtandings with

the very Pretty Fellows in that Chimera of a Duel?

Sir *Mark.* THERE's no diſputing againſt ſo great a Majority.

Mr. *Sage.* BUT there is one Scruple, (Col. *Plume*) and I have done: Don't you believe, there may be ſome Advantage even upon a Cloak with Piſtols? Which a Man of nice Honour would ſcruple to take.

Col. *Plume.* FAITH, I can't tell, Sir; but ſince one may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that (in ſuch a Caſe) there can be but one ſo far in the Wrong as to occaſion Matters to come to that Extremity, I think the Chance of being kill'd ſhould fall but on one; whereas, by their cloſe and deſperate Manner of Fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark.* WHY Gentlemen, if they are Men of ſuch nice Honour, (and muſt fight) there will be no Fear of foul Play, if they threw up Croſs or Pile who ſhould be ſhot.

Nº. 40. *Tueſday, July* 12. 1709.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, July* 11.

LETTERS from the City of *London* give an Account of a very great Conſternation that Place is in at preſent, by reaſon of a late Enquiry made at *Guildhall*, Whether a noble Perſon has Parts enough to deſerve the Enjoyment of the great Eſtate of which he is poſſeſs'd? The City is apprehenſive, that this Precedent may go further than was at firſt imagined. The Perſon againſt whom this Inquiſition is ſet up by his Relations, is a Peer of a neighbouring Kingdom, and has in his Youth made ſome few Bulls, by which it is inſinuated, that he has forfeited his Goods and Chattels. This is the more aſtoniſhing,

ing, in that there are many Perſons in the ſaid City who are ſtill more guilty than his Lordſhip, and who, though they are Idiots, do not only poſſeſs, but have alſo themſelves acquired great Eſtates, contrary to the known Laws of this Realm, which veſts their Poſſeſſions in the Crown.

THERE is a Gentleman in the Coffee-houſe at this Time exhibiting a Bill in Chancery againſt his Father's younger Brother, who by ſome ſtrange Magick has arrived at the Value of half a Plumb, as the Citizens call an hundred thouſand Pounds; and in all the Time of growing up to that Wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary Words or Actions to diſcover any Proof of Reaſon. Upon this Foundation my Friend has ſet forth, that he is illegally Maſter of his Coffers, and has writ two Epigrams to ſignify his own Pretenſions and Sufficiency for ſpending that Eſtate. He has inſerted in his Plea ſome Things which I fear will give Offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a Man has a little of the Knave mix'd with the Fool, he is nevertheleſs liable to the Loſs of Goods; and makes the Abuſe of Reaſon as juſt an Avoidance of an Eſtate as the total Abſence of it. This is what can never paſs; but witty Men are ſo full of themſelves, that there is no perſwading them; and my Friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting *Solomon*, who always uſes the Word *Fool* as a Term of the ſame Signification with unjuſt, and makes all Deviation from Goodneſs and Virtue to come under the Notion of *Folly*, I ſay he doubts not, but by the Force of this Authority, let his Idiot Uncle appear never ſo great a Knave, he ſhall prove him a Fool at the ſame Time.

THIS Affair led the Company here into an Examination of theſe Points; and none coming here but Wits, what was aſſerted by a young Lawyer, that a Lunatick is in the Care of the Chancery, but a Fool in that of the Crown, was recei-

ved with general Indignation. 'Why that? say
'old *Renault*. Why that? Why muſt a Fool b
'a Courtier more than a Madman? This is th
'Iniquity of this dull Age: I remember th
'Time when it went on the mad Side; all you
'Top-Wits were Scourers, Rakes, Roarers, an
'Demoliſhers of Windows. I knew a mad Lor
'who was drunk five Years together, and was th
'Envy of that Age, who is faintly imitated b
'the dull Pretenders to Vice and Madneſs in thi
'Had he lived to this Day, there had not bee
'a Fool in Faſhion in the whole Kingdom. Whe
'*Renault* had done ſpeaking, a very worthy Ma
'aſſumed the Diſcourſe: This is (ſaid he) M
'*Bickerſtaff*, a proper Argument for you to trea
'of in your Argument from this Place; and i
'you would ſend your *Paacolet* into all our Brains
'you would find, that a little Fibre or Valve
'ſcarce diſcernable, makes the Diſtinction be
'tween a Politician and an Idiot. We ſhoul
'therefore throw a Veil upon thoſe unhappy In
'ſtances of human Nature, who ſeem to breath
'without the Direction of Reaſon and Under
'ſtanding, as we ſhould avert our Eyes with Ab
'horrence from ſuch as live in perpetual Abuſ
'and Contradiction to theſe noble Faculties. Sha
'this unfortunate Man be diveſted of his Eſtate
'becauſe he is tractable and indolent, runs in n
'Man's Debt, invades no Man's Bed, nor ſpend
'the Eſtate he owes his Children and his Cha-
'racter; when one who ſhews no Senſe above
'him, but in ſuch Practices, ſhall be eſteemed in
'his Senſes, and poſſibly may pretend to th
'Guardianſhip of him who is no ways his Infe
'rior, but in being leſs wicked? We ſee old Ag
'brings us indifferently into the ſame Impotenc
'of Soul, wherein Nature has placed this Lord.

THERE is ſomething very fantaſtical in th
Diſtribution of Civil Power and Capacity amon
Men. The Law certainly gives theſe Perſons in
to the Ward and Care of the Crown, becauſe tha

is beſt able to protect them from Injuries, and the Impoſitions of Craft and Knavery; that the Life of an Idiot may not ruin the Intail of a noble Houſe, and his Weakneſs may not fruſtrate the Induſtry or Capacity of the Founder of his Family. But when one of bright Parts, as we ſay, with his Eyes open, and all Mens Eyes upon him, deſtroys thoſe Purpoſes, there is no Remedy. Folly and Ignorance are puniſhed! Folly and Guilt are tolerated! Mr. *Lock* has ſomewhere made a Diſtinction between a Madman and a Fool: A Fool is he that from right Principles makes a wrong Concluſion; but a Madman is one who draws a juſt Inference from falſe Principles. Thus the Fool who cut off the Fellow's Head that lay aſleep, and hid it, and then waited to ſee what he would ſay when he awak'd, and miſs'd his Head-piece, was in the Right in the firſt Thought, that a Man would be ſurprized to find ſuch an Alteration in Things ſince he fell aſleep; but he was a little miſtaken to imagine he could awake at all after his Head was off. A Madman fancies himſelf a Prince; but upon his Miſtake, he acts ſuitably to that Character; and though he is out in ſuppoſing he has Principalities, while he drinks Gruel, and lies in Straw, yet you ſhall ſee him keep the Port of a diſtreſſed Monarch in all his Words and Actions. Theſe two Perſons are equally taken into Cuſtody: But what muſt be done to half this good Company, who every Hour of their Life are knowingly and willingly both Fools and Madmen, and yet have Capacities both of forming Principles, and drawing Concluſions, with the full Uſe of Reaſon?

*From my own Apartment, July* 11.

THIS Evening ſome Ladies came to viſit my Siſter *Jenny*; and the Diſcourſe after very many frivolous and publick Matters, turned upon the main Point among the Women, the Paſſion of

Love. *Sappho*, who always leads on this Occaſion, began to ſhew her Reading, and told us, That Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* had, upon a parallel Occaſion, ſaid the tendereſt Things ſhe had ever read. The Circumſtance, ſaid ſhe, is ſuch as gives us a Notion of that protecting Part which is the Duty of Men in their honourable Deſigns upon, or Poſſeſſion of, Women. In *Suckling*'s Tragedy of *Brennoralt* he makes the Lover ſteal into his Miſtreſs's Bedchamber, and draw the Curtains; then, when his Heart is full of her Charms, as ſhe lies ſleeping, inſtead of being carried away by the Violence of his Deſires into Thoughts of a warmer Nature, Sleep, which is the Image of Death, gives this generous Lover Reflections of a different Kind, which regard rather her Safety than his own Paſſion. For, beholding her as ſhe lies ſleeping, he utters theſe Words:

'So Miſers look upon their Gold,
'Which, while they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe:
'The Pleaſure of the Sight ſcarce equalling
'The Jealouſy of being diſpoſſeſs'd by others.
'Her Face is like the *Milky Way* i'th' Sky,
'A Metting of gentle Lights without Name!

*Heav'ns! Shall this freſh Ornament of the World,*
*Theſe precious Love-Lines, paſs with other common Things*
*Amongſt the Waſtes of Time? What Pity 'twere!*

WHEN *Milton* makes *Adam* leaning on his Arm, beholding *Eve*, and lying in the Contemplation of her Beauty, he deſcribes the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Guardian Affection in one Word:

Adam *with Looks of Cordial Love*
*Hung over her enamour'd.*

THIS

THIS is that Sort of Paſſion which truly deſerves the Name of Love, and has ſomething more generous than Friendſhip it ſelf; for it has a conſtant Care of the Object beloved, abſtracted from its own Intereſts in the Poſſeſſion of it. *Sappho* was proceeding on the Subject, when my Siſter produced a Letter ſent to her in the Time of my Abſence, in Celebration of the Marriage-State, which is the Condition wherein only this Sort of Paſſion reigns in full Authority. The Epiſtle is as follows:

*Dear Madam,*

'YOUR Brother being abſent, I dare take 'the Liberty of writing to you my Thoughts 'of that State, which our whole Sex either is or 'deſires to be in: You'll eaſily gueſs I mean Ma'trimony, which I hear ſo much decry'd, that 'it was with no ſmall Labour I maintained my 'Ground againſt two Opponents; but, as your 'Bro her obſerved of *Socrates*, I drew them into 'my Concluſion, from their own Conceſſions; 'thus:

*In Marriage are two happy Things allow'd,*
*A Wife in Wedding-Sheets, and in a Shroud.*
*How can a Marriage-State then be accurs'd,*
*Since the laſt Day's as happy as the firſt?*

'IF you think they were too eaſily confuted, 'you may conclude them not of the firſt Senſe, 'by their talking againſt Marriage.

*Yours,*

Maria.

I OBSERVED *Sappho* began to redden at this Epiſtle; and turning to a Lady, who was playing with a Dog ſhe was ſo fond of, as to carry him abroad with her; Nay, ſays ſhe, I cannot blame the Men if they have mean Ideas of our Souls and Affections, and wonder ſo many are

brought to take us for Companions for Life, when they ſee our Endearments ſo triflingly plac'd: For to my Knowledge, Mr. *Trueman* would give half his Eſtate for half the Affection you have ſhewn to that *Shock*: Nor do I believe you would be aſhamed to confeſs, that I ſaw you cry, when he had the Cholick laſt Week with lapping ſour Milk. What more could you do for your Lover himſelf? What more! reply'd the Lady: There is not a Man in *England* for whom I could lament half ſo much. Then ſhe ſtifled the Animal with Kiſſes, and call'd him Beau, Life, Dear, Monſieur, pretty Fellow, and what not, in the Hurry of her Impertinence. *Sappho* roſe up; as ſhe always does at any thing ſhe obſerves done, which diſcovers in her own Sex a Levity of Mind, which renders them inconſiderable in the Opinion of ours.

——— *Celebrare Domeſtica Facta.*

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Nº 41. *Thurſday, July* 14. 1709.

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*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 12.

THERE is no one Thing more to be lamented in our Nation, than their general Affectation of every Thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it ſo far, that we are more anxious for our own Countrymen when they have croſſed the Seas, than when we ſee them in the ſame dangerous Condition before our Eyes at Home: Elſe how is it poſſible, that on the 29th of the laſt Month, there ſhould have been a Battel fought in our very Streets of *London*, and no Body at this End of the Town have heard of it. I proteſt, I, who make it my Buſineſs to enquire after Adventures, ſhould

should never have known this, had not the following Account been sent me inclosed in a Letter. This, it seems, is the Way of giving out of Orders in the Artillery-Company; and they prepare for a Day of Action with so little Concern, as only to call it, *An Exercise of Arms.*

*An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery Company, to be performed on* Wednesday June 29. 1709. *under the Command of Sir* Joseph Woolfe, *Knight and Alderman, General*; Charles Hopson, *Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-General*; *Captain* Richard Synge, *Major*; *Major* John Shorey, *Captain of Granadiers*; *Captain* William Grayhurst, *Capt.* John Butler, *Capt.* Robert Carellis, *Captains.*

'THE Body march from the *Artillery-Ground* through *Moregate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broad-street, Finch-lane, Cornhil, Cheapside*, St. *Martins*, St. *Anne's Lane*, Hault the Pikes under the Wall in *Noble-street*, Draw up the Firelocks facing the *Goldsmiths* Hall, make ready and face to the Left, and fire, and so *ditto* three Times. Beat to Arms, and march round the Hall, as up *Lad-Lane, Gutter-Lane, Honey-Lane*, and so wheel to the Right, and make your Salute to my Lord, and so down St. *Anne's Lane*, up to *Aldersgate-street, Barbican*, and draw up into *Red-Cross-street*, the Right at St. *Paul's Alley* in the Rear. March of Lieutenant-General with half the Body up *Beech-Lane*: He sends a Sub-Division up *Kings Head-Court*, and takes Post in it, and marches two Divisions round into *Red-Lion-Market*, to defend that Pass, and succour the Division in *Kings-Head-Court*, but keeps in *White-Cross-street*, facing *Beech-Lane*, the rest of the Body ready drawn up. Then the General marches up *Beech-Lane*, is attacked, but forces the Division in the Court into the Market, and enters with three Divisions while he presses the

'Lieutenant-General's main Body; and at the
'ſame Time, the three Diviſions force thoſe o
'the Revolters out of the Market, and ſo all th
'Lieutenant-General's Body retreats into *Chiſwel*
'*ſtreet*, and lodges two Diviſions in *Grub-ſtreet*
'and as the General marches on, they fall o
'his Flank, but ſoon made to give Way; bu
'having a Retreating Place in *Red-Lion-Court*
'but could not hold it, being put to Fligh
'through *Paul's Alley*, and purſued by the Gene
'ral's Granadiers, while he marches up and a
'tacks their main Body, but are oppoſed agai
'by a Party of Men as lay in *Black-Raven*
'*Court*; but they are forced alſo to retire ſoo
'in the utmoſt Confuſion, and at the ſame Tim
'thoſe brave Diviſions in *Paul's Alley* ply the
Rear with Granadiers, that with Precipitatio
'they take to the Rout along *Bunhill-Row*: S
'the General marches into the *Artillery-Groun*
'and being drawn up, finds the Revolting Part
'to have found Entrance, and makes a Show
'if for a Battel, and both Armies ſoon engage i
'Form, and fire by Plateons.

Much might be ſaid for the Improvement o
this Syſtem; which, for its Style and Invention
may inſtruct Generals and their Hiſtorians, bot
in fighting a Battel, and deſcribing it when 'ti
over. Theſe elegant Expreſſions, *Ditto — An
ſo — But ſ on — But having — But could not —
But are — But they — Finds the Party to hav
found*, &c. — do certainly give great Life an
Spirit to the Relation.

INDEED I am extreamly concerned for th
Lieutenant-General, who, by his Overthrow an
Defeat, is made a deplorable Inſtance of th
Fortune of War, and Viciſſitudes of Human A
fairs. He, alas! has loſt in *Beech-Lane* and *Chiſ
wel-ſtreet*, all the Glory he lately gained in an
about *Holborn* and St. *Giles's*. The Art of Subdi
viding firſt, and Dividing afterwards, is new an
ſurprizing; and according to this Method, th

Troops are diſpoſed in *Kings-Head-Court*, and *Red-Lion-Market*: Nor is the Conduct of theſe Leaders leſs conſpicuous in their Choice of the Ground or Field of Battel. Happy was it, that the greateſt Part of the Atchievements of this Day was to be performed near *Grub-ſtreet*, that there might not be wanting a ſufficient Number of faithful Hiſtorians, who being Eye-witneſſes of theſe Wonders, ſhould impartially tranſmit them to Poſterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the Dark as to the Name and Title of that extraordinary Hero who commanded the Diviſions in *Paul's Alley*; eſpecially becauſe thoſe Diviſions are juſtly ſtyled brave, and accordingly were to puſh the Enemy along *Bunhill-Row*, and thereby occaſion a general Battel. But *Pallas* appeared in the Form of a Shower of Rain, and prevented the Slaughter and Deſolation which were threatned by theſe extraordinary Preparations.

*Hi Motus Animorum atque hæc Certamina tanta*
*Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.*

*Will's Coffee-houſe, July* 13.

SOME Part of the Company keep up the old Way of Converſation in this Place, which uſually turned upon the Examination of Nature, and an Enquiry into the Manners of Men. There is one in the Room ſo very judicious, that he manages Impertinents with the utmoſt Dexterity. It was diverting this Evening to hear a Diſcourſe between him and one of theſe Gentlemen. He told me before that Perſon joined us, that he was a *Queſtioner*, who, according to his Deſcription, is one who aſks Queſtions not with a Deſign to receive Information, but an Affectation to ſhew his Uneaſineſs for Want of it. He went on in aſſerting, that there are Crowds of that modeſt Ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonſtrate that

that they are in Doubt. By this Time *Will Why not* was ſate down by us. *So Gentlemen*, ſays he, *In how many Days, think you, we ſhall be Maſters of* Tournay? *Is the Account of the Action of the* Vivarois *to be depended upon? Could you have imagined that* England *had ſo much Money in it as you ſee it has produced? Pray Sirs, what do you think? Will the Duke of* Savoy *make an Irruption into* France? *But* (ſays he) *Time will clear all theſe Myſteries.* His Anſwer to himſelf gave me the Altitude of his Head, and to all his Queſtions he anſwered very ſatisfactorily —— *Sir, have you heard that this* Slaughterford *never own'd the Fact for which he died? Have the News-Papers mentioned that Matter? But, pray, Can you tell me what Method will be taken to provide for theſe* Palatines? *But this*, as you ſay, *Time will clear. Ay, ay*, ſays he, and whiſpers me, *They will never let us into theſe Things beforehand.* I whiſpered him again, *We ſhall know it as ſoon as there is a Proclamation* —— He tells me in t'other Ear, *You are in the right of it.* Then he whiſpered my Friend to know what my Name was; then made an obliging Bow, and went to examine another Table. This led my Friend and me to weigh this wandering Manner in many other Incidents, and he took out of his Pocket ſeveral little Notes or Tickets to ſollicit for Votes to Employments: As 'Mr. *John Taplaſh* 'having ſerved all Offices, and being reduced to 'great Poverty, deſires your Vote for Singing-'Clerk of this Pariſh. Another has had ten 'Children, all whom his Wife has ſuckled her 'ſelf; therefore humbly deſires to be a School-'Maſter.

THERE is nothing ſo frequent as this Way of Application for Offices. It is not that you are fit for the Place, but becauſe the Place would be convenient for you, that you claim a Merit to it. But commend me to the great *Kirleus*, who has lately ſet up for Midwifery, and to help Child-birth, for no other Reaſon, but that he is himſelf

himſelf the *Unborn* Doctor. The Way is, to hit upon ſomething that puts the Vulgar upon the Stare, or that touches their Compaſſion, which is often the weakeſt Part about us. I know a good Lady, who has taken her Daughters from their old Dancing-maſter, to place them with another, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the new Man has broke his Leg, which is ſo ill ſet, that he can never dance more.

*From my own Apartment, July* 13.

AS it is a frequent Mortification to me to receive Letters, wherein People tell me, without a Name, they know I meant them in ſuch and ſuch a Paſſage; ſo that very Accuſation is an Argument, That there are ſuch Beings in human Life, as fall under our Deſcription, and our Diſcourſe is not altogether fantaſtical and groundleſs. But in this Caſe I am treated as I ſaw a Boy was t'other Day, who gave out pocky Bills: Every plain Fellow took it that paſs'd by, and went on his Way without farther Notice: At laſt came one with his Noſe a little abridg'd; who knocks the Lad down, with a, *Why you Son of a W — e, do you think I am p — d?* But *Shakeſpear* has made the beſt Apology for this Way of talking againſt the publick Errors: He makes *Jaques*, in the Play, call'd, *As you like it*, expreſs himſelf thus:

*Why, Who cries out on Pride,*
*That can therein tax any private Party?*
*What Woman in the City do I name,*
*When that I ſay, the City Woman bears*
*The Coſt of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?*
*Who can come in and ſay that I mean her,*
*When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her Neighbour?*
*Or, What is he of baſeſt Function,*
*That ſays his Bravery is not on my Coſt?*
*Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits*
*His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech.*

*There*

*There then! How then? Then let me see wherein*
*My Tongue hath wrong'd him: If it do him Right*
*Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,*
*Why then my Taxing like a wild Goose flies,*
*Unclaimed of any Man.*

——*Celebrare Domestica Facta.*

Nº 33. *Saturday, July* 16. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, July* 15.

LOOKING over some old Papers, I found a little Treatise written by my Great-Grandfather concerning *Bribery*, and thought his Manner of treating that Subject not unworthy my Remark. He there has a Digression concerning a Possibility, that in some Circumstances a Man may receive an Injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine Things said on the Subject; but the whole wrap'd up in so much Jingle and Pun, (which was the Wit of those Times) that it is scarce intelligible; but I thought the Design was well enough in the following Sketch of the old Gentleman's Poetry: For in this Case, where two are Rivals for the same Thing, and propose to obtain it by Presents, he that attempts the Judge's Honesty, by making him Offers of Reward, ought not to complain when he loses his Cause by a better Bidder. The good old Dogrel runs thus:

*A poor Man once a Judge besought,*
*To judge aright his Cause,*
*And with a Pot of Oil salutes*
*This Judger of the Laws.*

*My Friend, quoth he, thy Cauſe is good:*
*He glad away did trudge;*
*Anon his wealthy Foe did come*
*Before this partial Judge.*

*An Hog well fed this Churl preſents,*
*And craves a Strain of Law;*
*The Hog receiv'd, the poor Man's Right*
*Was judg'd not worth a Straw.*

*Therewith he cry'd, O! Partial Judge,*
*Thy Doom has me undone;*
*When Oil I gave, my Cauſe was good,*
*But now to Ruin run.*

*Poor Man, quoth he, I thee forgot,*
*And ſee thy Cauſe of Foil;*
*An Hog came ſince into my Houſe,*
*And broke thy Pot of Oil.*

*Will's Coffee-houſe, July 15.*

THE Diſcourſe happened this Evening to fall upon Characters drawn in Plays, and a Gentleman remark'd, That there was no Method in the World of knowing the Taſte of an Age, or Period of Time ſo good, as by the Obſervations of the Perſons repreſented in their Comedies. There were ſeveral Inſtances produced, as *Ben Johnſon's* bringing in a Fellow ſmoaking, as a Piece of Foppery; but, ſaid the Gentleman, (who entertained us on this Subject) this Matter is no where ſo obſervable as in the Difference of the Characters of Women on the Stage in the laſt Age, and in this. It is not to be ſuppoſed that it was a Poverty of Genius in *Shakeſpear*, that his Women made ſo ſmall a Figure in his Dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew Women as they then were in Life; for that Sex had not in thoſe Days that Freedom in Converſation; and their Characters

racters were only, that they were Mothers, Siſters, Daughters, and Wives. There were not then among the Ladies, ſhining Wits, Politicians, Virtuoſæ, Free-Thinkers, and Diſputants; nay, there was then hardly ſuch a Creature even as a Coquet: But Vanity had quite another Turn, and the moſt conſpicuous Woman at that Time of Day was only the beſt Houſewife. Were it poſſible to bring into Life an Aſſembly of Matrons of that Age, and introduce the learned Lady *Woodby* into their Company, they would not believe the ſame Nation could produce a Creature ſo unlike any Thing they ever ſaw in it.

BUT theſe Ancients would be as much aſtoniſhed to ſee in the ſame Age ſo illuſtrious a Pattern to all who love Things Praiſe-worthy, as the divine *Aſpaſia*. Methinks, I now ſee her walking in her Garden like our firſt Parent, with unaffected Charms, before Beauty had Spectators, and bearing celeſtial conſcious Virtue in her Aſpect. Her Countenance is the lively Picture of her Mind, which is the Seat of Honour, Truth, Compaſſion, Knowledge, and Innocence.

*There dwells the Scorn of Vice and Pity too.*

In the midſt of the moſt ample Fortune, and Veneration of all that behold and know her, without the leaſt Affectation, ſhe conſults Retirement, the Contemplation of her own Being, and that ſupream Power which beſtow'd it. Without the Learning of Schools, or Knowledge of a long Courſe of Arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady Courſe of uninterrupted Piety and Virtue, and adds to the Severity and Privacy of the laſt Age all the Freedom and Eaſe of this. The Language and Mien of a Court ſhe is poſſeſſed of in the higheſt Degree; but the Simplicity and humble Thoughts of a Cottage, are her more welcome Entertainments. *Aſpaſia* is a Female Philoſopher, who does not only live up to the Reſignation of the

the moſt retired Lives of the ancient Sages, but alſo to the Schemes and Plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This Lady is the moſt exact Oeconomiſt, without appearing buſy; the moſt ſtrictly virtuous, without taſting the Praiſe of it; and ſhuns Applauſe with as much Induſtry, as others do Reproach. This Character is ſo particular, that it will very eaſily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; But I dare ſay, ſhe will be the laſt that finds it out.

BUT, alas! If we have one or two ſuch Ladies, How many Dozens are there like the reſtleſs *Polugloſſa*, who is acquainted with all the World but herſelf; who has the Appearance of all, and Poſſeſſion of no Virtue: She has indeed in her Practice the Abſence of Vice, but her Diſcourſe is the continual Hiſtory of it; and it is apparent, when ſhe ſpeaks of the criminal Gratifications of others, that her Innocence is only a Reſtraint, with a certain Mixture of Envy. She is ſo perfectly oppoſite to the Character of *Aſpaſia*, that as Vice is terrible to her only as it is the Object of Reproach, ſo Virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with Applauſe.

*St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 15.*

IT is now twelve a Clock at Noon, and no Mail come in; therefore I am not without Hopes, that the Town will allow me the Liberty which my Brother News-Writers take, in giving them what may be for their Information in another Kind, and indulge me in doing an Act of Friendſhip by publiſhing the following Account of Goods and Moveables.

THIS is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great Variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-works, may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewiſe ſeveral Caſtles

to

to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; a
also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and
Country-Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on
all sides of them; being the Moveables of
*Ch——r R——ch*, Esq; who is breaking up
House-keeping, and has many curious Pieces of
Furniture to dispose of, which may be seen be-
tween the Hours of six and ten in the Evening.

## *The* INVENTORY.

SPIRITS of right *Nantz* Brandy, for Lam-
bent Flames and Apparitions.

THREE Bottles and a half of Lightning.

ONE Shower of Snow in the whitest *French*
Paper.

TWO Showerrs of bowner Sort.

A SEA, consisting of a Dozen of large Waves;
the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little da-
maged.

A DOZEN and a half of Clouds, trimm'd
with black, and well conditioned.

A RAINBOW a little faded.

A SET of Clouds after the *French* Mode,
streaked with Lightning, and furbelow'd.

A NEW Moon something decay'd.

A PINT of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being all
that is left of two Hogsheads sent over last Win-
ter.

A COACH very finely gilt, and little used,
with a Pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A SETTING-SUN, a Pennyworth.

AN Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus* the
*Great*, and worn by *Julius Cæsar*, *Bajazet*, King
*Harry* the Eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A BASKET-HILT Sword, very convenient
to carry Milk in.

*ROXANA*'s Night-Gown.

*OTHELLO*'s Handkerchief.

THE Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn
but once.

A WILD

A WILD Boar, kill'd by Mrs. *Tofts* and *Dioclesian*.

A SERPENT to ſting *Cleopatra*.

A MUSTARD-BOWL to make Thunder with.

ANOTHER of a bigger Sort, by Mr. *D—is*'s Directions, little uſed.

SIX Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-Dances, with ſix Flower-Pots for their Partners.

THE Whiskers of a *Turkiſh* Baſſa.

THE Complexion of a Murderer in a Band-Box; conſiſting of a large Piece of burnt Cork, and a Cole-black Peruke.

A SUIT of Clothes for a Ghoſt, *viz.* a bloody Shirt, a Doublet curiouſly pink'd, and a Coat with three great Eyelet-Holes upon the Breaſt.

A BALE of red *Spaniſh* Wool.

MODERN Plots, commonly known by the Name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizard-Maſques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

THREE Oak Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree; all bought for the Uſe of Mr. *Penkethman*.

MATERIALS for Dancing; as Maſques, Caſtanets, and a Ladder of ten Rounds.

*AURENGEZEBE*'s Scymeter, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A PLUME of Feathers, never uſed but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Eſſex*.

THERE are alſo Swords, Halberts, Sheep-Hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-Wheel, an Altar, an Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breaſt-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed-Baby.

THESE are the hard Shifts we Intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuſe us, if a Weſterly Wind blowing for a Fortnight together, generally fills every Paper with an Order of Battle; when we ſhow our Martial Skill in each Line, and according to the Space

to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and Country-Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all sides of them; being the Moveables of *Ch——r R——ch*, Esq; who is breaking up House-keeping, and has many curious Pieces of Furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the Hours of six and ten in the Evening.

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Space we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever obſerving that no Muſter is to be made, but when the Wind is in a Croſs-Point, which often happens at the End of a Campaign, when half the Men are deſerted or killed. The *Courant* is ſometimes ten deep, his Ranks cloſe: The *Poſt-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater Exactneſs; and the *Poſt-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkiſh* Way, Sword in Hand, Pell-Mell, without Form or Diſcipline; but ſure to bring Men enough into the Field; and where-ever they are raiſed, never to loſe a Battel for Want of Numbers.

—*Bene Nummatum decorat Suaedela Venuſque.* Hor

Nº 43. *Tueſday, July* 19. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 18.

I WRITE from hence at preſent to complain That Wit and Merit are ſo little encouraged by People of Rank and Quality, that the Wits of the Age are obliged to run within *Temple-Bar* for Patronage. There is a deplorable Inſtance of this in the Caſe of Mr. *D* —— *y*, who has dedicated his inimitable Comedy, called, *The Modern Prophets*, to a worthy Knight, to whom, it ſeems, he had before communicated his Plan, which was, *To ridicule the Ridiculers of our eſtabliſhed Doctrine.* I have elſewhere celebrated the Contrivance of this excellent *Drama*; but was not, till I read the Dedication, wholly let into the religious Deſign of it. I am afraid it has ſuffered Diſcontinuance at this gay End of the Town, for no other Reaſon but the *Piety* of the Purpoſe. There

is however in this Epiſtle the true Life of Panegyrital Performance; and I do not doubt but, if the Patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good Pretenſions to it, *viz.* of *Uncommon Underſtanding*, who would give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble Perſon to whom theſe Words (which are the Body of the Panegyrick) would fit to a Hair.

'YOUR Eaſineſs of Humour, or rather your 'harmonious Diſpoſition, is ſo admirably mixed 'with your Compoſure, that the rugged Cares and 'Diſturbance that publick Affairs brings with it, 'which does ſo vexatiouſly affect the Heads of o'ther great Men of Buſineſs, *&c.* does ſcarce e'ver ruffle your unclouded Brow ſo much as 'with a Frown. And what above all is Praiſe'worthy, you are ſo far from thinking your ſelf 'better than others, that a flouriſhing and opu'lent Fortune, which by a certain natural Cor'ruption in its Quality, ſeldom fails to infect o'ther Poſſeſſors with Pride, ſeems in this Caſe as 'if only providentially diſpoſed to enlarge your 'Humility.

'BUT I find, Sir, I am now got into a very 'large Field, where though I could with great 'Eaſe raiſe a Number of Plants in Relation to 'your Merit of this plauditory Nature; yet for 'fear of an Author's general Vice, and that the 'plain Juſtice I have done you ſhould by my 'Proceeding and others miſtaken Judgment, be 'imagined Flattery, a Thing the Bluntneſs of 'my Nature does not care to be concerned with, 'and which I alſo know you abominate.

IT is wonderful to ſee how many Judges of theſe fine Things ſpring up every Day by the Riſe of Stocks, and other elegant Methods of abridging the Way to Learning and Criticiſm. But I do hereby forbid all Dedications to any Perſons within the City of *London*, except Sir *Francis*, Sir *Stephen*,

*Stephen*, and the Bank, will take Epigrams and Epiſtles as Value received for their Notes; and the *Eaſt-India* Companies accept of Heroick Poems for their ſealed Bonds. Upon which Bottom, our Publiſhers have full Power to treat with the City in Behalf of us Authors, to enable Traders to become Patrons and Fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain Degrees of Skill in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, according to the Quantity of the Commodities which they take off our Hands.

*Grecian Coffee-houſe, July* 18.

THE Learned have ſo long laboured under the Imputation of Drineſs and Dulneſs in their Accounts of their Phænomena, that an ingenious Gentleman of our Society has reſolved to write a Syſtem of Philoſophy in a more lively Method, both as to the Matter and Language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the Plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his Account by Way of Fable of the Worlds about us, had ſo much Vivacity in it, that I could not forbear tranſcribing his Hypotheſis, to give the Reader a Taſte of my Friend's Treatiſe, which is now in the Preſs.

'The Inferior Deities having deſigned on a 'Day to play a Game at Football, knead toge-'ther a numberleſs Collection of dancing Atoms 'into the Form of ſeven rowling Globes: And 'that Nature might be kept from a dull Inacti-'vity, each ſeparate Particle is endued with a 'Principle of Motion, or a Power of Attraction, 'whereby all the ſeveral Parcels of Matters draw 'each other proportionably to their Magnitudes 'and Diſtances, into ſuch a remarkable Variety 'of different Forms, as to produce all the won-'derful Appearances we now obſerve in Empire, 'Philoſophy and Religion. But to proceed,

"AT

'AT the beginning of the Game, each of the 'Globes being ſtruck forward with a vaſt Violence, 'ran out of Sight, and wandered in a ſtraight Line 'through the infinite Spaces. The nimble Dei-'ties purſue, breathleſs almoſt, and ſpent in the 'eager Chace; each of them catched hold of 'one, and ſtamped it with his Name; as *Saturn*, '*Jupiter*, *Mars*, and ſo of the reſt. To prevent 'this Inconvenience for the future, the ſeven are 'condemned to a Precipitation, which in our in-'ferior Style we call *Gravity*. Thus the Tangen-'tial and Centripetal Forces, by their Counter-'ter-ſtruggle make the Celeſtial Bodies deſcribe 'an exact Ellipſis.

*THERE will be added to this, an Appendix, in Defence of the firſt Day of the Term according to the* Oxford Almanack, *by a learned Knight of this Realm, with an Apology for the ſaid Knight's Manner of Dreſs; proving, That his Habit, according to this Hypotheſis, is the true* Modern *and* Faſhionable; *and that Buckles are not to be worn, by this Syſtem, till the* 10th *of* March, *in the Year* 1714, *which, according to the Computation of ſome of our greateſt Divines, is to be the firſt Year of the* Millenium; *in which bleſſed Age, all Habits will be reduced to a Primitive Simplicity; and whoever ſhall be found to have perſevered in a Conſtancy of Dreſs, in ſpight of all the Allurements of prophane and heathen Habits, ſhall be rewarded with a never-fading Doublet of a thouſand Years. All Points in the Syſtem which are doubted, ſhall be atteſted by the Knight's extemporary Oath, for the Satisfaction of his Readers.*

*Will's Coffee-houſe, July* 18.

WE were upon the Heroick Strain this Even-ing, and the Queſtion was, What is the true Sub-lime? Many very good Diſcourſes happened thereupon; after which a Gentleman at the Ta-ble, who is, it ſeems, writing on that Subject, aſ-

umed the Argument; and though he ran throug
many Inſtances of Sublimity from the ancien
Writers, ſaid, He had hardly known an Occaſio
wherein the true Greatneſs of Soul, which ani
mates a General in Action, is ſo well repreſented
with regard to the Perſon of whom it was ſpoken
and the Time in which it was writ, as in a fe
Lines in a modern Poem: There is (continue
he) nothing ſo forc'd and conſtrain'd, as wha
we frequently meet with in Tragedies; to mak
a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, o
full of Meditation upon what he is ſoon to exe
cute, caſt about for a Simile to what he himſe
is, or the Thing which he is going to act: Bu
there is nothing more proper and natural for
Poet, whoſe Buſineſs it is to deſcribe, and wh
is Spectator of one in that Circumſtance when hi
Mind is working upon a great Image, and tha
the Idea's hurry upon his Imagination; I ſay
there is nothing ſo natural, as for a Poet to re
lieve and clear himſelf from the Burthen o
Thought at that Time, by uttering his Concep
tion in Simile and Metaphor. The higheſt Ac
of the Mind of Man, is to poſſeſs it ſelf wit
Tranquillity in imminent Danger, and to hav
its Thoughts ſo free, as to act at that Time with
out Perplexity. The ancient Authors have com
pared this ſedate Courage to a Rock that remain
immoveable amidſt the Rage of Wind and Waves
but that is too ſtupid and inanimate a Similitude
and could do no Credit to the Hero. At other
Times they are all of them wonderfully obliged
to a *Lybian* Lion, which may give indeed very a
greeable Terrors to a Deſcription; but is no
Compliment to the Perſon to whom it is applied
Eagles, Tigers and Wolves, are made uſe of on
the ſame Occaſion, and very often with much
Beauty; but this is ſtill an Honour done to the
Brute, rather than the Hero. *Mars*, *Pallas*, *Bac-
chus* and *Hercules* have each of them furniſhed ve
ry good Similes in their Time, and made, doubt-
leſs,

leſs, a greater Impreſſion on the Mind of a Heathen, than they have on that of a modern Reader. But the ſublime Image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the Thought of Man, is in the Poem called, *The Campaign*; where the Simile of a miniſtring Angel ſets forth the moſt ſedate and the moſt active Courage, engaged in an Uproar of Nature, a Confuſion of Elements, and a Scene of Divine Vengeance. Add to all, That theſe Lines compliment the General and his Queen at the ſame Time, and have all the natural Horrors heighten'd by the Image that was ſtill freſh in the Mind of every Reader.

*'Twas then Great* Marlbro's *mighty Soul was prov'd,*
*That, in the Shock of charging Hoſts unmov'd,*
*Amidſt Confuſion, Horror and Deſpair,*
*Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;*
*In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,*
*To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,*
*Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,*
*And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.*
*So when an Angel by Divine Command,*
*With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,*
*Such as of late o'er pale* Britannia *paſt,*
*Calm and ſerene he drives the furious Blaſt;*
*And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,*
*Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.*

THE whole Poem is ſo exquiſitely noble and Poetick, that I think it an Honour to our Nation and Language. The Gentleman concluded his Critick on this Work, by ſaying, that he eſteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful Attempt to keep up the ordinary Ideas of a March of an Army, juſt as they happen'd in ſo warm and great a Style, and yet be at once familiar and heroick. Such a Performance is a Chronicle as well as a Poem, and will preſerve the Memory of our Heroe, when all the Edifices and Statues erected to his Honour are blended with common Duſt.

*——Nullis Amor eſt medicabilis Herbis.*

N° 44. *Thurſday, July* 21. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 19.

THIS Day, paſſing through *Convent-Garden*, I was ſtopp'd in the Piazza by *Pacolet*, to obſerve what he called the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turned to the Object he pointed at, and there I ſaw a gay gilt Chariot drawn by freſh prancing Horſes; the Coachman with a new Cockade, and the Lacquies with Inſolence and Plenty in their Countenances. I asked immediately, What young Heir or Lover own'd that glittering Equipage? But my Companion interrupted: Do you not ſee there the mourning *Æſculapius*? The Mourning? ſaid I. Yes, *Iſaac*, ſaid *Pacolit*, He is in deep Mourning, and is the languiſhing hopeleſs Lover of the Divine *Hebe*, the Emblem of Youth and Beauty. The excellent and learned Sage you behold in that Furniture, is the ſtrongeſt Inſtance imaginable, that Love is the moſt powerful of all Things.

YOU are not ſo ignorant as to be a Stranger to the Character of *Æſculapius*, as the Patron and moſt ſucceſsful of all who profeſs the Art of Medicine. But as moſt of his Operations are owing to a natural Sagacity or Impulſe, he has very little troubled himſelf with the Doctrine of Drugs; but has always given Nature more Room to help herſelf, than any of her Learned Aſſiſtants; and conſequently has done greater Wonders than is in the Power of Art to perform: For which Reaſon he is half deify'd by the People, and has ever been juſtly courted by all the World, as if he were a Seventh Son.

IT

IT happen'd, that the charming *Hebe* was reduced, by a long and violent Fever, to the moſt extream Danger of Death; and when all Skill failed, they went for *Æſculapius*. The renowned Artiſt was touch'd with the deepeſt Compaſſion to ſee the faded Charms and faint Bloom of *Hebe*; and had a generous Concern in beholding a Struggle, not between Life, but rather between Youth and Death. All his Skill and his Paſſion tended to the Recovery of *Hebe*, beautiful even in Sickneſs: But, alas! the unhappy Phyſician knew not, that in all his Care he was only ſharpening Darts for his own Deſtruction. In a Word, his Fortune is the ſame with that of the Statuary, who fell in Love with the Image of his own making; and the unfortunate *Æſculapius* is become the Patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this Diſaſter, *Æſculapius* was far gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Amuſements of Old Age, in increaſing unwieldy Stores, and providing in the midſt of an Incapacity of Enjoyment of what he had, for a Supply of more Wants than he had Calls for in Youth it ſelf. But theſe low Conſiderations are now no more, and Love has taken Place of Avarice, or rather is become an Avarice of another Kind, which ſtill urges him to purſue what he does not want. But behold the Metamorphoſis; the anxious mean Cares of an Uſurer are turned into the Languiſhments and Complaints of a Lover. Behold, ſays the aged *Æſculapius*, I ſubmit, I own, great Love, thy Empire: Pity, *Hebe*, the Fop you have made: What have I to do with Gilding but on Pills? Yet, O Fair! For thee I ſit amidſt a Crowd of painted Deities on my Chariot, button'd in Gold, claſp'd in Gold, without having any Value for that beloved Metal, but as it adorn's the Perſon, and laces the Hat of thy dying Lover. I ask not to live, O *Hebe*! Give me but gentle Death: *Euthanaſia*, *Euthanaſia*, that is all I implore. When *Æſculapius* had finiſhed his

Complaint, *Pacolet* went on in deep Morals on th Uncertainty of Riches with this remarkable Ex clamation; O Wealth! How impotent art thou And how little doſt thou ſupply us with real Hap pineſs, when the Uſurer himſelf can forget the for the Love of what is as foreign to his Felicity as thou art!

*Will's Coffee-houſe, July* 19.

THE Company here, who have all a delicate Taſte of Theatrical Repreſentations, had made a Gathering to purchaſe the Moveables of the neighbouring Playhouſe, for the Encouragemen of one which is ſetting up in the *Hay-Market*. But the Proceedings at the Auction (by which Me thod the Goods have been ſold this Evening) have been ſo unfair, that this generous Deſign ha been fruſtrated; for the *Imperial Mantle made f Cyrus* was miſſing, as alſo the *Chariot and two Dra gons*: But upon Examination it was found, tha a Gentleman of *Hampſhire* had clandeſtinel bought them both, and is gone down to his Coun try-Seat; and that on *Saturday* laſt he paſs through *Staines* attired in that Robe, and draw by the ſaid *Dragons*, aſſiſted by two only of hi own Horſes. This Theatrical Traveller has alſ left Orders with Mr. *Hall* to ſend the faded Rain bow to the Scowrers, and when it comes Home to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame Time C— R— Eſq; is invited to bring down his *Setting Sun* himſelf, and be Box-keeper to a Theatr erected by his Gentleman near *Southampton*. Thu there has been nothing but Artifice in the Ma nagement of this Affair; for which Reaſon I be Pardon of the Town, that I inſerted the Inven tory in my Paper, and ſolemnly proteſt, I knew nothing of this artful Deſign of vending thei Rarities: But I meant only the Good of th World in that and all other Things which I di vulge.

AND

AND now I am upon this Subject, I muſt do my ſelf Juſtice in Relation to an Article in a former Paper, wherein I made Mention of a Perſon who keeps a Puppet-Show in the Town of *Bath*; I was tender of naming Names, and only juſt hinted, that he makes larger Promiſes, when he invites People to his Dramatick Repreſentations, than he is able to perform: But I am credibly informed, that he makes a prophane lewd Jeſter, whom he calls *Punch*, ſpeak to the Diſhonour of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* with great Familiarity; and before all my learned Friends in that Place, takes upon to diſpute my Title to the Appellation of *Eſquire*. I think I need not ſay much to convince all the World, that this Mr. *Powell* (for that is his Name) is a pragmatical and vain Perſon to pretend to argue with me on any Subject. *Mecum certaſſe feretur*; that is to ſay, It will be an Honour to him to have it ſaid he contended with me; but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his Wires, and know very well the whole Trick of his Art, and that it is only by theſe Wires that the Eye of the Spectator is cheated, and hinder'd from ſeeing that there is a Thread on one of *Punch*'s Chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the Diſcretion of the ſaid *Powell*, who ſtands behind and plays him, and makes him ſpeak ſawcily of his Betters. He! To pretend to make Prologues againſt me! ——— but a Man never behaves himſelf with Decency in his own Caſe; therefore I ſhall command my ſelf, and never trouble me further with this little Fellow, who is himſelf but a tall Puppet, and has not Brains enough to make even Wood ſpeak as it ought to do: And I, that have heard the Groaning Board, can diſpiſe all that his Puppets ſhall be able to ſpeak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius*. He has pretended to write to me alſo from the *Bath*, and ſays, He thought to have deferred giving me an Anſwer till he came *to his Books*; but that my Writ-

tings might do well with the Waters: Which are pert Expreſſions that become a School-boy, better than one that is to teach others: And when I have ſaid a civil Thing to him, he cries, *Oh! I thank you for that*——*I am your humble Servant for that.* Ah! Mr. *Powell*, theſe ſmart Civilities will never run down Men of Learning: I know well enough your Deſign is to have all Men *Automata* like your Puppets; but the World is grown too wiſe, and can look through theſe thin Devices. I know you deſign to make a Reply to this; but beſure you ſtick cloſe to my Words; for if you bring me into Diſcourſes concerning the Government of your Puppets, I muſt tell you. *I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at Leiſure to anſwer you.* It is really a burning Shame this Man ſhould be tolerated in abuſing the World with ſuch Repreſentations of Things: But his Parts decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge*.

*From my own Apartment, July* 14.

I MUST beg Pardon of my Readers that for this Time I have, I fear, huddled up my Diſcourſe having been very buſy in helping an old Friend of mine out of Town. He has a very good Eſtate, is a Man of Wit; but he had been three Years abſent from Town, and can't bear a Jeſt; for which Reaſon I have, with ſome Pains, convinc'd him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright Bankrupt. He was ſo fond of dear *London*, that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laugh'd at, I took a Place in the Northern Coach for him and his Family; and hope he is got to Night ſafe from all Sneerers in his own Parlour.

St.

*St. Jame's Coffee-houſe, July* 20.

THIS Morning we received by Expreſs, the agreeable News of the Surrender of the Town of *Tournay* on the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* The Place was aſſaulted at the Attacks of General *Schuylemberg*, and that of General *Lottum*, at the ſame Time. The Action at both thoſe Parts of the Town was very obſtinate, and the Allies loſt a conſiderable Number at the beginning of the Diſpute; but the Fight was continued with ſo great Bravery, that the Enemy obſerving our Men to be Maſters of all the Poſts which were neceſſary for a general Attack, beat the *Chamade*, and Hoſtages were received from the Town, and others ſent from the Beſiegers, in Order to come to a formal Capitulation for the Surrender of the Place. We have alſo this Day received Advice, That Sir *John Leak*, who lies off of *Dunkirk*, had intercepted ſeveral Ships laden with Corn from the *Baltick*; and that the *Dutch* Privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into *Holland*. The *French* Letters adviſe, That the young Son to the Duke of *Anjou* lived but eight Days.

*Credo Pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam*
*In Terris.* ——

N° 45. *Saturday, July* 23. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 22.

THE other Day I took a Walk a Mile or two out of Town, and ſtrolling where-ever Chance led me, I was inſenſibly carried into a By-Road, along which was a very agreeable Quickſet, of an extraordinary Heigth, which ſurrounded a

very delicious Seat and Garden. From one Angle of the Hedge, I heard a Voice cry, Sir, Sir ——This raiſed my Curioſity, and I heard the ſame Voice ſay, but in a gentle Tone, Come forward, come forward. I did ſo, and one through the Hedge called me by my Name, and bad me go on to the Left, and I ſhould be admitted to viſit an old Acquaintance in Diſtreſs. The Laws of Knight-Errantry made me obey the Summons without Heſitation; and I was let in at the Back-Gate of a lovely Houſe by a Maid-Servant, who carried me from Room to Room, till I came into a Gallery; at the End of which, I ſaw a fine Lady dreſſed in the moſt ſumptuous Habit, as if ſhe were going to a Ball, but with the moſt abject and diſconſolate Sorrow in her Face that I ever beheld. As I came near, ſhe burſt into Tears, and cry'd, Sir, Do not you know the unhappy *Teraminta*? I ſoon recollected her whole Perſon: But (ſaid I) Madam, The Simplicity of Dreſs, in which I have ever ſeen you at your Father's Houſe, and the Chearfulneſs of Countenance with which you always appeared, are ſo unlike the Faſhion and Temper you are now in, that I did not eaſily recover the Memory of you. Your Habit was then decent and modeſt, your Looks ſerene and beautiful: Whence then this unaccountable Change? Nothing can ſpeak ſo deep a Sorrow as your preſent Aſpect; yet your Dreſs is made for Jollity and Revelling. It is (ſaid ſhe) an unſpeakable Pleaſure to meet with one I know, and to bewail my ſelf to any that is not an utter Stranger to Humanity.

WHEN your Friend my Father died, he left me to a wide World, with no Defence againſt the Inſults of Fortune; but rather, a thouſand Snares to intrap me in the Dangers to which Youth and Innocence are expoſed, in an Age wherein Honour and Virtue are become meer Words, and uſed only as they ſerve to betray thoſe who underſtand them in their native Senſe, and

and obey them as the Guides and Motives of their Being. The wickedeſt of all Men living, the abandoned *Delius*, who has no Knowledge of any good Art or Purpoſe of human Life, but as it tends to the Satisfaction of his Appetites, had Opportunities of frequently ſeeing and entertaining me at a Houſe where mixed Company boarded, and where he placed himſelf for the baſe Intention which he has ſince brought to paſs. *Delius* ſaw enough in me to raiſe his brutal Deſires, and my Circumſtances gave him Hopes of accompliſhing them. But all the glittering Expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private Terrors of Poverty it ſelf, could not for ſome Months prevail upon me; yet however I hated his Intention, I ſtill had a ſecret Satisfaction in his Courtſhip, and always expoſed my ſelf to his Solicitations. See here the Bane of our Sex! Let the Flattery be never ſo apparent, the Flatterer never ſo ill thought of, his Praiſes are ſtill agreeable, and we contribute to our own Deceit. I was therefore ever fond of all Opportunities and Pretences of being in his Company. In a Word, I was at laſt ruined by him, and brought to this Place, Where I have been ever ſince murm'd; and from the fatal Day after my Fall from Innocence, my Worſhiper became my Maſter and my Tyrant.

THUS you ſee me habited in the moſt gorgeous Manner, not in Honour of me as a Woman he loves, but as this Attire charms his own Eye, and urges him to repeat the Gratification he takes in me, as the Servant of his brutiſh Luſts and Appetites. I know not where to fly for Redreſs; but am here pining away Life in the Solitude and Severity of a Nun, but the Conſcience and Guilt of an Harlot. I live in this lewd Practice with a religious Awe of my Miniſter of Darkneſs, upbraided with the Support I receive from him, for the ineſtimable Poſſeſſion of Youth, of Innocence, of Honour, and of Conſcience.

ſcience. I ſee, Sir, my Diſcourſe grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint in ſo ſtrong Colours, as to let *Decius* ſee I am diſcovered to be in his Poſſeſſion, that I may be turned out of this deteſtable Scene of regular Iniquity, and either think no more, or ſin no more. If your Writings have the good Effect of gaining my Enlargement, I promiſe you I will attone for this unhappy Step, by preferring an innocent laborious Poverty, to all the guilty Affluence the World can offer me.

*Will's Coffee-houſe, July* 21.

TO ſhew that I do not bear an irreconcilable Hatred to my mortal Enemy, Mr. *Powel* at *Bath*, I do his Function the Honour to publiſh to the World, that Plays repreſented by Puppets are permitted in our Univerſities, and that ſort of *Drama* is not wholly thought unworthy the Critick of learned Heads: But as I have been converſant rather with the greater Ode, as I think the Criticks call it, I muſt be ſo humble as to make a Requeſt to Mr. *Powell*, and deſire him to apply his Thoughts to anſwering the Difficulties with which my Kinſman, the Author of the following Letter, ſeems to be embarraſſed.

To my Honoured Kinſman, *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

Dear Couſin,

HAD *the Family of the* Beadleſtaffs, *whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at* Oxon, *we had in our own Name, and in the Univerſity's, (as it is our Office) made you a Compliment: But your ſhort Stay here robbed us of an Opportunity of paying our due Reſpects, and you of receiving an ingenious Entertainment, with which we at preſent divert our ſelves and Strangers. A* Puppet-Show *at this Time ſupplies the want of an* ACT. *And ſince*

*the Nymphs of this City are diſappointed of a luſcious Muſick-Speech, and the Country Ladies of hearing their Sons or Brothers ſpeak Verſe; yet the vocal Machines, like them, by the Help of a Prompter, ſay Things as much to the Benefit of the Audience, and almoſt as properly their own. The Licence of a* Terræ-Filius *is refined to the well-bred Satire of* Punchenello. *Now, Couſin* Bickerſtaff, *though* Punch *has neither a* French *Nightcap, nor Long Pockets, yet you muſt own him to be a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow; Nay, ſince he ſeldom leaves the Company, without calling, Son of a Whore, demanding Satisfaction, and Duelling, he muſt be owned a* Smart *Fellow too. Yet, by ſome Indecencies towards the Ladies, he ſeems to be of a third Character, diſtinct from any you have yet touch'd upon. A young Gentleman who ſate next me (for I had the Curioſity of ſeeing this Entertainment) in a tufted Gown, red Stockings, and long Wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red Heels, and a dangling Cane) was enraged when* Punchenello *diſturbed a ſoft Love-Scene with his Ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down ſome Rules for adjuſting the extravagant Behaviour of this* Almanzor *of the Play, and by writing a Treatiſe on this Sort of Dramatick Poetry, ſo much favoured, and ſo little underſtood, by the learned World.*

*FROM its being conveyed in a Cart after the* Theſpian *Manner, all the Parts being recited by one Perſon, as the Cuſtom was before* Æſchylus, *and from the Behaviour of* Punch *as if he had won the Goal, you may poſſibly deduce its Antiquity, and ſettle the Chronology, as well as ſome of our modern Criticks. In its natural Tranſitions from mournful to merry; as, from the hanging of a Lover, to dancing upon the Rope; from the Stalking of a Ghoſt, to a Lady's preſenting you with a Fig; you may diſcover ſuch a Decorum, as is not to be found elſewhere than in our* Tragi-Comedies. *But I forget my ſelf; 'tis not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear Couſin, to give you theſe Hints, to ſhew you, that the* Beadleſtaffs *don't walk before Men of Letters to no Purpoſe; and that though we do but hold up the*

*Train*

*Train of Arts and Sciences, yet like other Pages, we are now and then let into our Ladies Secrets. I am*

*Your moſt affectionate Kinſman,*

From Mother *Gourdon's* at *Hedington* near *Oxon, June* 18.

Benjamin Beadleſtaff.

*From my own Apartment, July* 22.

I AM got hither ſafe, but never ſpent Time with ſo little Satisfaction as this Evening; for you muſt know, I was five Hours with three *merry* and two *honeſt Fellows*. The former ſang Catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the Noiſe they made. Well, (ſays *Tom. Belfrey*) You Scholars, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, are the worſt Company in the World. Ay, (ſays his Oppoſite) You are dull to Night; prithee be merry. With that I huzza'd, and took a Jump croſs the Table, then came clever upon my Legs, and fell a Laughing. Let Mr. *Bickerſtaff* alone (ſays one of the *honeſt Fellows*) when he's in a good Humour, he's as good Company as any Man in *England*. He had no ſooner ſpoke, but I ſnatched his Hat off his Head, and clap'd it upon my own, and burſt out a laughing again; upon which we all fell a laughing for half an Hour. One of the *honeſt Fellows* got behind me in the Interim, and hit me a ſound Slap on the Back; upon which he got the Laugh out of my Hands, and it was ſuch a Twang on my Shoulders, that I confeſs he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but reſolved to keep up the good Humour of the Company; and after hollowing as loud as I could poſſibly, I drank off a Bumper of Claret, that made me ſtare again. Nay, (ſays one of the *honeſt Fellows*) Mr. *Iſaac* is in the right, there is no Converſation in this; What ſignifies Jumping, or hitting one another on the Back? Let's drink about. We did ſo from ſeven a Clock till eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the Manner of the wiſe

wiſe *Pythagoras*, begin to reflect upon the Paſſages of the Day. I remember nothing but that I am bruiſed to Death; and as it is my Way to write down all the good Things I have heard in the laſt Converſation to furniſh my Paper, I can from this only tell you my Sufferings and my Bangs.

I NAMED *Pythagoras* juſt now, and I proteſt to you, as he believed Men after Death entered into other Species, I am now and then tempted to think other Animals enter into Men, and could name ſeveral on two Legs, that never diſcover any Sentiments above what is common with the Species of a lower Kind; as we ſee in theſe bodily Wits whom I was with to Night, whoſe Parts conſiſt in Strength and Activity; but their boiſterous Mirth gives me great Impatience for the Return of ſuch Happineſs as I enjoyed in a Converſation laſt Week. Among others in that Company, we had *Floria*, who never interrupted any Man living when he was ſpeaking; or ever ceaſed to ſpeak, but others lamented that he had done. His Diſcourſe ever ariſes from the Fulneſs of the Matter before him, and not from Oſtentation or Triumph of his Underſtanding; for though he ſeldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he ſpeaks without having that End in View; and his Forbearance of Calumny or Bitterneſs, is owing rather to his good Nature than his Diſcretion; for which Reaſon, he is eſteemed a Gentleman perfectly qualified for Converſation, in whom a general Good-will to Mankind takes off the Neceſſity of Caution and Circumſpection.

WE had at the ſame Time that Evening the beſt Sort of Companion that can be, a good-natur'd old Man. This Perſon meets in the Company of young Men, Veneration for his Benevolence, and is not only valued for the good Qualities of which he is Maſter, but reaps an Acceptance from the Pardon he gives to other Mens Faults: And the ingenuous Sort of Men with whom

whom he converſes, have ſo juſt a Regard for him, that he rather is an Example, than a Check to their Behaviour. For this Reaſon, as *Senetio* never pretends to be a Man of Pleaſure before Youth, ſo young Men never ſet up for Wiſdom before *Senetio*; ſo that you never meet, where he is, thoſe Monſters of Converſation, who are grave or gay above their Years. He never converſes but with Followers of Nature and good Senſe, where all that is uttered is only the Effect of a communicable Temper, and not of Emulation to excel their Companions; all Deſire of Superiority being a Contradiction to that Spirit which makes a juſt Converſation, the very Eſſence of which is mutual Good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a Rule, that the natural, and not the acquired Man, is the Companion. Learning, Wit, Gallantry, and good Breeding, are all but ſubordinate Qualities in Society, and are of no Value, but as they are ſubſervient to Benevolence, and tend to a certain Manner of being or appearing equal to the reſt of the Company; for Converſation is compoſed of an Aſſembly of Men, as they are Men, and not as they are diſtinguiſhed by Fortune: Therefore he who brings his Quality with him into Converſation, ſhould always pay the Reckoning; for he came to receive Homage, and not to meet his Friends.—But the Din about my Ears from the Clamour of the People I was with this Evening, has carried me beyond my intended Purpoſe, which was to explain upon the Order of *Merry Fellows*; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good *Senetio*, with a Spice of the Wit of the laſt Age, ſay, *viz.* That a *merry Fellow* is the *ſaddeſt Fellow* in the World.

Now

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una Sede morantur,*
*Majestas & Amor.* ——

N°. 46. *Tuesday, July 26.* 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 25.*

WE see every Day Volumes written against that Tyrant of humane Life called *Love*, and yet there is no Help found against his Cruelties, or Barrier against the Inroads he is pleased to make into the Mind of Man. After this Preface, you will expect I am going to give particular Instances of what I have asserted. That Expectation cannot be raised too high for the Novelty of the History, and Manner of Life, of the Emperor *Aurengezebe*, who has resided for some Years in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, with the Air and Mien indeed of his Imperial Quality, but the Equipage and Appointment only of a private Gentleman. This Potentate, for a long Series of Time, appeared from the Hour of twelve till that of two at a Coffee-house near the *Change*, and had a Seat (though without a Canopy) sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal Audiences concerning Commerce, Politicks, Tare and Tret, Usury and Abatement, with all Things necessary for helping the Distressed, who are willing to give one Limb for the better Maintenance of the rest; or such joyous Youths, whose Philosophy is confined to the present Hour, and were desirous to call in the Revenue of next half Year to double the Enjoyment of this. Long did this growing Monarch employ himself after this Manner: And as Alliances are necessary to all great Kingdoms, he took particularly the Interests of *Lewis* the Fourteenth into his Care and Protection. When all

whom he converſes, have ſo juſt a Regard for him, that he rather is an Example, than a Check to their Behaviour. For this Reaſon, as *Senecio* never pretends to be a Man of Pleaſure before Youth, ſo young Men never ſet up for Wiſdom before *Senecio*; ſo that you never meet, where he is, thoſe Monſters of Converſation, who are grave or gay above their Years. He never converſes but with Followers of Nature and good Senſe, where all that is uttered is only the Effect of a communicable Temper, and not of Emulation to excel their Companions; all Deſire of Superiority being a Contradiction to that Spirit which makes a juſt Converſation, the very Eſſence of which is mutual Good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a Rule, that the natural, and not the acquired Man, is the Companion. Learning, Wit, Gallantry, and good Breeding, are all but ſubordinate Qualities in Society, and are of no Value, but as they are ſubſervient to Benevolence, and tend to a certain Manner of being or appearing equal to the reſt of the Company; for Converſation is compoſed of an Aſſembly of Men, as they are Men, and not as they are diſtinguiſhed by Fortune: Therefore he who brings his Quality with him into Converſation, ſhould always pay the Reckoning; for he came to receive Homage, and not to meet his Friends.——But the Din about my Ears from the Clamour of the People I was with this Evening, has carried me beyond my intended Purpoſe, which was to explain upon the Order of *Merry Fellows*; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good *Senecio*, with a Spice of the Wit of the laſt Age, ſay, *viz.* That a *merry Fellow* is the *ſaddeſt Fellow* in the World.

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N°. 46. *Tueſday, July* 26. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 25.

WE ſee every Day Volumes written againſt that Tyrant of humane Life called *Love*, and yet there is no Help found againſt his Cruelties, or Barrier againſt the Inroads he is pleaſed to make into the Mind of Man. After this Preface, you will expect I am going to give particular Inſtances of what I have aſſerted. That Expectation cannot be raiſed too high for the Novelty of the Hiſtory, and Manner of Life, of the Emperor *Aurengezebe*, who has reſided for ſome Years in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, with the Air and Mien indeed of his Imperial Quality, but the Equipage and Appointment only of a private Gentleman. This Potentate, for a long Series of Time, appeared from the Hour of twelve till that of two at a Coffee-houſe near the *Change*, and had a Seat (though without a Canopy) ſacred to himſelf, where he gave diurnal Audiences concerning Commerce, Politicks, Tare and Tret, Uſury and Abatement, with all Things neceſſary for helping the Diſtreſſed, who are willing to give one Limb for the better Maintenance of the reſt; or ſuch joyous Youths, whoſe Philoſophy is confined to the preſent Hour, and were deſirous to call in the Revenue of next half Year to double the Enjoyment of this. Long did this growing Monarch employ himſelf after this Manner: And as Alliances are neceſſary to all great Kingdoms, he took particularly the Intereſts of *Lewis* the Fourteenth into his Care and Protection. When all

all Mankind were attacking that unhappy Monarch, and those who had neither Valour or Wit to oppose against him, would be still shewing their impotent Malice by laying Wagers in Opposition to his Interests, *Aurengezebe* ever took the Part of his Contemporary, and laid immense Treasures on his Side in Defence of his important Magazine of *Toulon*. *Aurengezebe* also had all this while a constant Intelligence with *India*; and his Letters were answered in Jewels, which he soon made Brillant, and caused to be affixed to his Imperial Castor, which he always wears cock'd in Front, to show his Defiance; with an Heap of Imperial Snuff in the Middle of his ample Visage, to shew his Sagacity. The Zealots, for this little Spot called *Great Britain*, fell universally into this Emperor's Policies, and paid Homage to his superior Genius, in forfeiting their Coffers to his Treasury.

BUT Wealth and Wisdom are Possessions too solemn not to give Weariness to active Minds, without the Relief (in vacant Hours) of Wit and Love, which are the proper Amusements of the Powerful and the Wise: This Emperor therefore, with great Regularity, every Day at five in the Afternoon, leaves his Money-Changers, his Publicans, and little Hoarders of Wealth, to their low Pursuits, and ascends his Chariot to drive to *Will's*; where the Taste is refined, and a Relish given to Men's Possessions, by a polite Skill in gratifying their Passions and Appetites. There it is that the Emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a Miser, to gaze only on his Ingots or his Treasures; but with a nobler Satisfaction, to live the Admiration of others, for his Splendor and Happiness in being Master of them. But a Prince is no more to be his own Caterer in his Love, than in his Food; therefore *Aurengezebe* has ever in Waiting two Purveyors for his Dishes, and his Wenches for his retired Hours, by whom the Scene of his

his Diverſion is prepared in the following Manner:

THERE is near *Covent-Garden*, a Street known by the Name of *Drury*, which, before the Days of Chriſtianity, was purchaſed by the Queen of *Paphos*, and is the only Part of *Great Britain* where the Tenure of Vaſſalage is ſtill in Being. All that long Courſe of Building is under particular Diſtricts or Ladiſhips, after the Manner of Lordſhips in other Parts, over which Matrons of known Abilities preſide, and have, for the Support of their Age and Infirmities, certain Taxes paid out of the Rewards of the amorous Labours of the Young. This Seraglio of *Great Britain* is diſpoſed into convenient Allies and Apartments, and every Houſe, from the Cellar to the Garret, inhabited by Nymphs of different Orders, that Perſons of every Rank may be accommodated with an immediate Conſort, to allay their Flames, and partake of their Cares. Here it is, that when *Aurengezebe* thinks fit to give a Looſe to Dalliance, the Purveyors prepare the Entertainment; and what makes it more auguſt is, that every Perſon concerned in the Interlude has his ſet Part, and the Prince ſends before-hand Word what he deſigns to ſay, and directs alſo the very Anſwer which ſhall be made to him.

IT has been before hinted, that the Emperor has a continual Commerce with *India*; and it is to be noted, that the largeſt Stone that rich Earth has produced, is in our *Aurengezebe*'s Poſſeſſion.

BUT all Things are now diſpoſed for his Reception. At his Entrance into the *Seraglio*, a Servant delivers him his Bever of State and Love, on which is fixed this meſtimable Jewel as his Diadem. When he is ſeated, the Purveyors, *Pandarus* and *Nuncio*, marching on each Side of the Matron of the Houſe, introduce her into

his

his Preſence. In the midſt of the Room, they bow all together to the Diadem.

WHEN the Matron ——

*WHOEVER thou art, (as thy awful Aſpect ſpeaks thee a Man of Power) be propitious to the Manſion of Love, and let not the Severity of thy Wiſdom diſdain, that by the Repreſentation of naked Innocence, or paſtoral Figures, we revive in thee the Memory at leaſt of that Power of* Venus, *to which all the Wiſe and the Brave are ſome Part of their Lives devoted.* *Aurengezebe* conſents by a Nod, and they go out backward.

AFTER this, an unhappy Nymph, who is to be ſuppoſed juſt eſcaped from the Hands of a Raviſher, with her Treſſes diſhevel'd, runs into the Room with a Dagger in her Hand, and falls before the Emperor.

*PITY! Oh, pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy Virgin, whom one of thy Train has robbed of her Innocence, which was all her Portion —— Or rather, let me die like the memorable* Lucretia —— Upon which ſhe ſtabs herſelf. The Body is immediately examined after the Manner of our Coronets. *Lucretia* recovers by a Cup of right *Nants*; and the Matron, who is her next Relation, ſtops all Proceſs at Law.

THIS unhappy Affair is no ſooner over, but a naked Mad-woman breaks into the Room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies *Aurengezebe*, the Object of all her Fury and Love, ſhe calls for Petticoats, is ready to ſink with Shame, and is dreſſed in all haſte in new Attire at his Charge. This unexpected Accident of the Mad-woman, makes *Aurengezebe* curious to know, whether others who are in their Senſes can gueſs at his Quality. For which Reaſon the whole Convent is examined one by one. The Matron marches in with a tawdry Country-Girl —— Pray *Winifred* (ſays ſhe) Who do you think that fine Man with thoſe Jewels and Pearls is? —— I believe (ſays *Winifred*) it is our Land-

lord ——

lord — It muſt be the 'Squire himſelf — The Emperor laughs at her Simplicity — Go Fool, ſays the Matron: Then turning to the Emperor — Your Greatneſs will pardon her Ignorance! After her, ſeveral others of different Characters are inſtructed to miſtake who he is in the ſame Manner: Then the whole Siſterhood are called together, and the Emperor riſes, and cocking his Hat, declares, He is the *Great Mogul*, and they are his Concubines. A general Murmur goes through the whole Aſſembly, and *Aurengezebe* certifying, that he keeps them for State rather than Uſe, tells them, they are permitted to receive all Men into their Apartments; then proceeds through the Crowd, among whom he throws Medals ſhaped like Half-Crowns, and returns to his Chariot.

THIS being all that paſſed the laſt Day in which *Aurengezebe* viſited the Womens Apartments, I conſulted *Pacolet* concerning the Foundation of ſuch ſtrange Amuſements in Old Age: To which he anſwered; You may remember, when I gave you an Account of my good Fortune in being drowned on the 30th Day of my humane Life, I told you of the Diſaſters I ſhould otherwiſe have met with before I arrived at the End of my *Stamen*, which was ſixty Years. I may now add an Obſervation to you, That all who exceed that Period, except the latter Part of it is ſpent in the Exerciſe of Virtue and Contemplation of Futurity, muſt neeeſſarily fall into an indecent Old Age, becauſe, with regard to all the Enjoyments of the Years of Vigour and Manhood, Childhood returns upon them: And as Infants ride on Sticks, build Houſes in Dirt, and make Ships in Gutters, by a faint Idea of Things they are to act hereafter; ſo old Men play the Lovers, Potentates and Emperors, for the decaying Image of the more perfect Performances of their ſtronger Years: Therefore be ſure to inſert *Æſculapius* and *Aurengezebe* in your

your next Bill of Mortality of the Metaphorically Defunct.

*Will's Coffee-House, July 24.*

AS ſoon as I came hither this Evening, no leſs than ten People produced the following Poem, which they all reported was ſent to each of them by the Penny-Poſt from an unknown Hand. All the Battel-Writers in the Room were in Debate, who could be the Author of a Piece ſo martially written; and every Body applauded the Addreſs and Skill of the Author, in calling it a *Poſtſcript*: It being the Nature of a Poſtſcript to contain ſomething very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expreſſed in the Letter it ſelf. Thus the Verſes being occaſioned by a March without Beat of Drum, and that Circumſtance being no ways taken notice of in the Stanza's, the Author calls it a Poſtſcript; not that it is a Poſtſcript, but figuratively, becauſe it wants a Poſtſcript. Common Writers, when what they mean is not expreſſed in the Book it ſelf, ſupply it by a Preface; but a Poſtſcript ſeems to me the more juſt Way of Apology; becauſe otherwiſe a Man makes an Excuſe before the Offence is committed. All the Heroick Poets were gheſſed at for its Author; but though we could not find out his Name, yet one repeated a Couplet in *Hudibras* which ſpoke his Qualifications.

*I'th' Midſt of all this warlike Rabble,*
Crowdero *march'd, expert and able.*

THE Poem is admirably ſuited to the Occaſion: For to write without diſcovering your Meaning, bears a juſt Reſemblance to Marching without Beat of Drum.

On

*On the March to* Tournay *without Beat of Drum.*

## The *Bruſſels* POSTSCRIPT.

*Could I with plaineſt Words expreſs*
*That great Man's wonderful Addreſs,*
*His Penetration, and his tow'ring Thought;*
*It would the gazing World ſurprize,*
*To ſee one Man at all Times wiſe,*
*To view the Wonders he with Eaſe has wrought.*

*Refining Schemes approach his Mind,*
*Like Breezes of a Southern Wind,*
*To temperate a ſultry glorious Day;*
*Whoſe Fannings, with an uſeful Pride,*
*Its mighty Heat doth ſoftly guide,*
*And having clear'd the Air, glide ſilently away.*

*Thus his Immenſity of Thought,*
*Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,*
*His Temper always ſoftning Life's Diſeaſe;*
*That Fortune, when ſhe does intend*
*To rudely frown, ſhe turns his Friend,*
*Admires his Judgment, and applauds his Eaſe.*

*His great Addreſs in this Deſign,*
*Does now, and will for ever ſhine,*
*And wants a* Waller *but to do him Right:*
*The whole Amuſement was ſo ſtrong,*
*Like Fate he doom'd them to be wrong,*
*And* Tournay's *took by a peculiar Slight.*

*Thus, Madam, all Mankind behold*
*Your vaſt Aſcendant, not by Gold,*
*But by your Wiſdom, and your pious Life:*
*Your Aim no more, than to deſtroy*
*That which does* Europe's *Eaſe annoy,*
*And ſuperſede a Reign of Shame and Strife.*

*St. James's*

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 24.*

MY Brethren of the Quill, the ingenious Society of News-Writers, having with great Spirit and Elegancy already informed the World, that the Town of *Tournay* capitulated on the 28th Inſtant, there is nothing left for me to ſay, but to congratulate the good Company here, that we have Reaſon to hope for an Opportunity of thanking Mr. *Withers* next Winter in this Place, for the Service he has done his Country. No Man deſerves better of his Friends than that Gentleman, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character it is, that he gives his Orders with the Familiarity, and enjoys his Fortune with the Generoſity of a Fellow-Soldier. His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* had alſo an eminent Part in the Reduction of this important Place. That illuſtrious Youth diſcovers the peculiar Turn of Spirit and Greatneſs of Soul, which only make Men of high Birth and Quality uſeful to their Country; and conſiders Nobility as an imaginary Diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the Practice of thoſe generous Virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But that our Military Glory is arrived at its preſent Height, and that Men of all Ranks ſo paſſionately affect their Share in it, is certainly owing to the Merit and Conduct of our glorious General. For as the great Secret in Chymiſtry, tho' not in Nature, has occaſioned many uſeful Diſcoveries; and the fantaſtick Notion of being wholly diſintereſted in Friendſhip, has made Men do a thouſand generous Actions above themſelves; ſo, though the preſent Grandeur and Fame of the Duke of *Marlborough* is a Station of Glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their Actions to an higher Pitch, by having that great Example laid before them.

*Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli*

N° 47. *Thurſday, July* 28. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, July* 27.

MY Friend Sir *Thomas* has communicated to me his Letters from *Epſom* of the 25th Inſtant, which give, in general, a very good Account of the preſent Poſture of Affairs in that Place; but that the Tranquillity and Correſpondence of the Company begins to be interrupted by the Arrival of Sir *Taffety Trippet*, a Fortune-hunter, whoſe Follies are too groſs to give Diverſion; and whoſe Vanity is too ſtupid to let him be ſenſible that he is a publick Offence. If People will indulge a ſplenetick Humour, it is impoſſible to be at Eaſe, when ſuch Creatures as are the Scandal of our Species, ſet up for Gallantry and Adventures. It will be much more eaſy therefore to laugh Sir *Taffety* into Reaſon, than convert him from his Foppery by any ſerious Contempt. I knew a Gentleman that made it a Maxim to open his Doors, and ever run into the Way of Bullies, to avoid their Inſolence. The Rule will hold as well with Coxcombs: They are never mortified, but when they ſee you receive and deſpiſe them; otherwiſe they reſt aſſured, that it is your Ignorance makes them out of your good Graces; or, that 'tis only Want of Admittance prevents their being amiable where they are ſhunn'd and avoided. But Sir *Taffety* is a Fop of ſo ſanguine a Complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the Fair One he at preſent purſues to get rid of the Chace, without being ſo tired,

as

as for her own Eaſe to fall into the Mouth of the Mongrel ſhe runs from. But the Hiſtory of Sir *Taffety* is as pleaſant as his Character.

IT happened, that when he firſt ſet up for a Fortune-hunter, he choſe *Tunbridge* for the Scene of Action; where were at that Time two Siſters upon the ſame Deſign. The Knight believed of Courſe the elder muſt be the better Prize; and conſequently makes all his Sail that Way. People that want Senſe, do always in an egregious Manner want Modeſty, which made our Hero triumph in making his Amour as publick as was poſſible. The adored Lady was no leſs vain of his publick Addreſſes. An Attorney with one Cauſe is not half ſo reſtleſs as a Woman with one Lover. Where-ever they met, they talked to each other aloud, choſe each other Partner at Balls, ſaluted at the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the Service at Church, and practiſed in Honour of each other all the remarkable Particularities which are uſual for Perſons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the reſt of the World. Theſe two Lovers ſeemed as much made for each other as *Adam* and *Eve*, and all pronounced it a Match of Nature's own making; but the Night before the Nuptials, (ſo univerſally approved) the younger Siſter, envious of the good Fortune even of her Siſter, who had been preſent at moſt of their Interviews, and had an equal Taſte for the Charms of a Fop (as there are a Set of Women made for that Order of Men;) the younger, I ſay, unable to ſee ſuch a Prize paſs by her, diſcovered to Sir *Taffety*, that a Coquet Air, much Tongue, and three Suits, was all the Portion of his Miſtreſs. His Love vaniſhed that Moment, himſelf and Equipage the next Morning. It is uncertain where the Lover has been ever ſince engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his Character as a Follower of Love and Fortune till he arrived at *Epſom*, where there is at preſent a young Lady of Youth, Beauty and Fortune,

tune, who has alarmed all the Vain and Impertinent to infeſt that Quarter. At the Head of this Aſſembly, Sir *Taffety* ſhines in the brighteſt Manner, with all the Accompliſhments which uſually enſnare the Heart of Woman; with this particular Merit, (which often is of great Service) that he is laughed at for her Sake. The Friends of the Fair One are in much Pain for the Suffetings ſhe goes through from the Perſeverance of this Hero; but they may be much more ſo from the Danger of his ſucceeding, toward which they give an helping Hand, if they diſſuade her with Bitterneſs; for there is a fantaſtical Generoſity in the Sex, to approve Creatures of the leaſt Merit imaginable, when they ſee the Imperfections of their Admirers are become Marks of Deriſion for their Sakes; and there is nothing ſo frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a Woman in her own Judgment, has won her by being too violently oppoſed by others.

*Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 27.*

IN the ſeveral Capacities I bear, of Aſtrologer, Civilian and Phyſician, I have with great Application ſtudied the publick Emolument: To this End ſerve all my Lucubrations, Speculations, and whatever other Labours I take, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this Motive am I induced to publiſh a never-failing Medicine for the Spleen: My Experience in this Diſtemper came from a very remarkable Cure on my ever worthy Friend *Tom Spindle*, who through exceſſive Gaiety, had exhauſted that natural Stock of Wit and Spirits he had long been bleſſed with: He was ſunk and flattened to the loweſt Degree imaginable, ſitting whole Hours over the *Book of Martyrs*, and *Pilgrim's Progreſs*; his other Contemplations never riſing higher than the Colour of his Urine, or the Regularity of his Pulſe. In this Condition I found him, accompanied by the

learned Dr. *Drachm*, and a good old Nurſe. *Drachm* had preſcribed Magazines of Herbs, and Mines of Steel. I ſoon diſcovered the Malady, and deſcanted on the Nature of it, till I convinced both the Patient and his Nurſe, that the Spleen is not to be cured by Medicine, but by Poetry. *Apollo*, the Author of Phyſick, ſhone with diffuſive Rays on the beſt of Poets as well as of Phyſicians; and it is in this double Capacity that I have made my Way, and have found ſweet, eaſy, flowing Numbers, are oft ſuperior to our nobleſt Medicines. When the Spirits are low, and Nature ſunk, the Muſe with ſprightly and harmonious Notes, gives an unexpected Turn with a Grain of Poetry, which I prepare without the Uſe nf Mercury. I have done Wonders in this Kind; for the Spleen is like the *Tarantula*, the Effects of whoſe malignant Poiſon are to be prevented by no other Remedy but the Charms of Muſick: For you are to underſtand, that as ſome noxious Animals carry Antidotes for their own Poiſons; ſo there is ſomething equally unaccountable in Poetry: For though it is ſometimes a Diſeaſe, it is to be cured only by it ſelf. Now I knowing *Tom Spindle*'s Conſtitution, and that he is not only a pretty Gentleman, but alſo a pretty Poet, found the true Cauſe of his Diſtemper was a violent Grief that moved his Affections too ſtrongly: For during the late Treaty of Peace, he had writ a moſt excellent Poem on that Subject; and when he wanted but two Lines in the laſt Stanza for finiſhing the whole Piece, there comes News that the *French* Tyrant would not ſign. *Spindle* in a few Days took his Bed, and had lain there ſtill, had not I been ſent for. I immediately told him, there was great Probability the *French* would now ſue to us for Peace. I ſaw immediately a new Life in his Eyes; and knew, that nothing could help him forward ſo well, as hearing Verſes which he would believe worſe than his own; I read him therefore the

*Bauſſels*

*Bruſſels Poſtſcript.* After which I recited ſome Heroick Lines of my own, which operated ſo ſtrongly on the Tympanum of his Ear, that I doubt not but I kept out all other Sounds for a Fortnight; and have Reaſon to hope, we ſhall ſee him abroad the Day before his Poem.

THIS (you ſee) is a particular Secret I have found out, *viz.* That you are not to chuſe your Phyſician for his Knowledge in your Diſtemper, but for having it himſelf. Therefere I am at Hand for all Maladies ariſing from Poetical Vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other Day to one in Love, I took indeed their three Guineas, and gave them my Advice, which was to ſend for *Æſculapius*. *Æſculapius*, as ſoon as he ſaw the Patient, cries out, 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Oh! the unequal Pulſe! Theſe are the Symptoms a Lover feels; ſuch Sighs, ſuch Pangs, attend the uneaſy Mind; nor can our Art, or all our boaſted Skill, avail—— Yet, O Fair! for thee —— Thus the Sage ran on, and owned the Paſſion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater Pain than ever he cured: After which he concluded, All I can adviſe, is Marriage: Charms and Beauty will give new Life and Vigour, and turn the Courſe of Nature to its better Proſpect. This is the new Way; and thus *Æſculapius* has left his beloved Powders, and writes a *Recipe* for a Wife at ſixty. In ſhort, my Friend followed the Preſcription, and married Youth and Beauty in its perfect Bloom.

*Supine in* Silvia's *ſnowy Arms he lies,*
*And all the buſy Care of Life deſies:*
*Each happy Hour is fill'd with freſh Delight,*
*While Peace the Day, and Pleaſure crowns the Night.*

*From my own Apartment, July* 27.

TRAGICAL Paſſion was the Subject of the Diſcourſe where I laſt viſited this Evening; and

a Gentleman who knows that I am at preſent Writing a very deep Tragedy, directed his Diſcourſe in a particular Manner to me. It is the common Fault (ſaid he) of you, Gentlemen, who write in the Buskin Style, that you give us rather the Sentiments of ſuch who behold Tragical Events, than of ſuch who bear a Part in 'em themſelves. I would adviſe all who pretend this Way, to read *Shakeſpear* with Care, and they will ſoon be deterred from putting forth what is uſually called Tragedy. The Way of common Writers in this Kind, is rather the *Deſcription* than the *Expreſſion* of Sorrow. There is no Medium in theſe Attempts; and you muſt go to the very Bottom of the Heart, or it is all meer Language; and the Writer of ſuch Lines is no more a Poet, than a Man is a Phyſician for knowing the Names of Diſtempers, without the Cauſes of them. Men of Senſe are profeſſed Enemies to all ſuch empty Labours: For he who pretends to be ſorrowful, and is not, is a Wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a Tragedian is only maudlin drunk. The Gentleman went on with much Warmth; but all he could ſay had little Effect upon me: But when I came hither, I ſo far obſerved his Counſel, that I looked into *Shakeſpear*. The Tragedy I dipped into, was *Henry the Fourth*. In the Scene where *Morton* is preparing to tell *Northumberland* of his Son's Death, the old Man does not give him Time to ſpeak, but ſays,

*The Whiteneſs of thy Cheeks*
*Is apter than thy Tongue to tell thy Errand;*
*Even ſuch a Man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,*
*So dull, ſo dead in Look, ſo Woe be-gone,*
*Drew* Priam's *Curtain at the Dead of Night,*
*And would have told him half his* Troy *was burnt*
*But* Priam *found the Fire, ere he his Tongue,*
*And I my* Piercy's *Death ere thou report'ſt it.*

THI

THE Image in this Place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this Man in all this is but riſing towards his great Affliction, and is ſtill enough himſelf, as you ſee, to make a Simile? But when he is certain of his Son's Death, he is loſt to all Patience, and gives up all the Regards of this Life; and ſince the laſt of Evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the World.

*Now let not Nature's Hand*
*Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,*
*And let the World no longer be a Stage,*
*To feed Contention in a lingring Act;*
*But let one Spirit of the firſt-born* Cain
*Reign in all Boſoms, that each Heart being ſet*
*On bloody Courſes, the wide Scene may end,*
*And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead.*

READING but this one Scene has convinced me, that he who deſcribes the Concern of great Men, muſt have a Soul as noble, and as ſuſceptible of high Thoughts, as they whom he repreſents: I ſhall therefore lay by my *Drama* for ſome Time, and turn my Thoughts to Cares and Griefs, ſomewhat below that of Heroes, but no leſs moving. A Misfortune proper for me to take Notice of, has too lately happened: The diſconſolate *Maria* has three Days kept her Chamber for the Loſs of the beauteous *Fidelia*, her Lapdog. *Lesbia* herſelf did not ſhed more Tears for her Sparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether *Fidelia* was kill'd or ſtolen; but ſhe was ſeen in the Parlour-Window when the Train-Bands went by, and never ſince. Whoever gives Notice of her, dead or alive, ſhall be rewarded with a Kiſs of her Lady.

——*Virtutem verba putant, ut*
*Lucum Ligna*—————— Hor.

Nº 48. *Saturday, July* 30. 1709.

*From my own Apartment, July* 29.

THIS Day I ob'iged *Pacolet* to entertain me with Matters which regarded Perſons of his own Character and Occupation. We choſe to take our Walk on *Tower-hill*; and as we were coming from thence in order to ſtroll as far as *Garraway's*, I obſerved two Men, who had but juſt landed, coming from the Water-ſide. I thought there was ſomething uncommon in their Mien and Aſpect; but though they ſeemed by their Viſage to be related, yet was there a Warmth in their Manner, as if they differed very much in their Sentiments of the Subject on which they were talking. One of them ſeem'd to have a natural Confidence, mixed with an ingenuous Freedom in his Geſture, his Dreſs very plain, but very graceful and becoming: The other in the midſt of an over-bearing Carriage, betrayed (by frequent looking round him) a Suſpicion that he was not enough regarded by thoſe he met, or that he feared they would make ſome Attack upon him. This Perſon was much taller than his Companion, and added to that Height the Advantage of a Feather in his Hat, and Heels to his Shoes ſo monſtrouſly high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been ſupported by his Friend. They made a full Stop as they came within a few Yards of the Place where we ſtood. The plain Gentleman bowed to *Pacolet*; the other looked upon him with ſome Diſplea-

Diſpleaſure: Upon which I asked him, Who they both were? When he thus informed me of their Perſons and Circumſtances.

YOU may remember, *Iſaac*, that I have often told you, there are Beings of a ſuperior Rank to Mankind, who frequently viſit the Habitations of Men, in order to call them from ſome wrong Purſuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from Methods which will lead them into Errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the Occurrences of his Life, will find he has been ſometimes extricated out of Difficulties, and received Favours where he could never have expected ſuch Benefits; as well as met with croſs Events from ſome unſeen Hand, which have diſappointed his beſt-laid Deſigns. Such Accidents arrive from the Interventions of Aerial Beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the Nature of Man, and attend his Steps in the Tracks of Ambition, of Buſineſs, and of Pleaſure. Before I ever appeared to you in the Manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your Evening-Walks, and have often, by throwing ſome Accident in your Way, as the paſſing by of a Funeral, or the Appearance of ſome other ſolemn Object, given your Imagination a new Turn, and changed a Night you have deſtined to Mirth and Jollity, into an Exerciſe of Study and Contemplation. I was the old Soldier who met you laſt Summer in *Chelſea* Fields, and pretended that I had broken my Wooden-Leg, and could not get Home; but I ſnap'd it ſhort off on purpoſe that you might fall into the Reflections you did on that Subject, and take me into your Hack. If you remember, you made yourſelf very merry on that Fracture, and asked me, Whether I thought I ſhould next Winter feel Cold in the Toes of that Leg? As is uſually obſerved, that thoſe who loſe Limbs are ſenſible of Pains in the extreme Parts, even after thoſe Limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you

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then in the Story of the Battle of the *Boin*, prevented an Aſſignation, which would have led you into more Diſaſters than I then related.

TO be ſhort: Thoſe two Perſons you ſee yonder are ſuch as I am; they are not real Men, but are mere Shades and Figures: One is named *Alethes*, the other *Veriſimilis*. Their Office is to be the Guardians and Repreſentatives of *Conſcience* and *Honour*. They are now going to viſit the ſeveral Parts of the Town, to ſee how their Intereſts in the World decay or flouriſh, and to purge themſelves from the many falſe Imputations they daily meet with in the Commerce and Converſation of Men. You obſerved *Veriſimilis* frowned when he firſt ſaw me. What he is provoked at, is, that I told him one Day, though he ſtrutted and dreſſed with ſo much Oſtentation, if he kept himſelf within his own Bounds, he was but a Lacquey, and wore only that Gentleman's Livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the Heart; for you muſt know he has pretended a long Time to ſet up for himſelf, and gets among a Crowd of the more unthinking Part of Mankind, who take him for a Perſon of the firſt Quality; though his Introduction into the World was wholly owing to his preſent Companion.

THIS Encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was reſolved to dog them, and deſired *Pacolet* to accompany me. I ſoon perceived what he told me in the Geſture of the Perſons: For when they look'd at each other in Diſcourſe, the well-dreſs'd Man ſuddenly caſt down his Eyes, and diſcovered that the other had a painful Superiority over him. After ſome further Diſcourſe, they took Leave. The plain Gentleman went down towards *Thames-ſtreet*, in order to be preſent, at leaſt, at the Oaths taken at the *Cuſtom-houſe*; and the other made directly for the Heart of the City. It is incredible how great a Change there immediately appeared in the Man of Honour when he got rid of his uneaſy Companion: He adjuſted

juſted the Cock of his Hat a-new, ſettled his Sword-Knot, and had an Appearance that attracted a ſudden Inclination for him and his Intereſts in all who beheld him. For my Part (ſaid I to *Pacolet*) I cannot but think you are miſtaken in calling this Perſon, of the lower Quality; for he looks much more like a Gentleman than the other. Don't you obſerve all Eyes are upon him as he advances: How each Sex gazes at his Stature, Aſpect, Addreſs and Motion? *Pacolet* only ſmiled, and ſhaked his Head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further Obſervation. We kept on our Way after him till we came to *Exchange-Alley*, where the plain Gentleman again came up to the other; and they ſtood together after the Manner of eminent Merchants, as if ready to receive Application; but I could obſerve no Man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a Fop; and I heard many Whiſpers againſt the other, as a whimſical Sort of Fellow, and a great Enemy to Trade. They croſſed *Cornhill* together, and came into the full *Change*, where ſome bowed, and gave themſelves Airs in being known to ſo fine a Man as *Veriſimilis*, who, they ſaid, had great Intereſt in all Princes Courts; and the other was taken Notice of by ſeveral as one they had ſeen ſomewhere long before. One more particularly ſaid, He had formerly been a Man of Conſideration in the World; but was ſo unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by ſome ſtrange Infatuation or other, had a Way of cutting off their own Bills, and were prodigiouſly ſlow in improving their Stock. But as much as I was curious to obſerve the Reception theſe Gentlemen met with upon *Change*, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every Body made their Compliments. He was of the common Height, and in his Dreſs there ſeemed great Care to appear no Way particular, except in a certain exact and feat Manner of Behaviour and Circumſpec-

tion. He was wonderfully careful that his Shoes and Cloathes ſhould be without the leaſt Speck upon them; and ſeemed to think, that on ſuch an Accident depended his very Life and Fortune. There was hardly a Man on *Change* who had not a Note upon him; and each ſeemed very well ſatisfied that their Money lay in his Hands, without demanding Payment. I asked *Pacolet*, What great Merchant that was, who was ſo univerſally addreſſed to, yet made too familiar an Appearance to command that extraordinary Deference? *Pacolet* anſwered, This Perſon is the Dæmon or Genius of Credit; his Name is *Umbra*. If you obſerve, he follows *Alethes* and *Veriſimilis* at a Diſtance; and indeed has no Foundation for the Figure he makes in the World, but that he is thought to keep their Caſh; though at the ſame Time, none who truſt him, would truſt the others for a Groat. As the Company rolled about, the three Spectres were jumbled into one Place: When they were ſo, and all thought there was an Alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the Buſineſs of the whole *Change*. But their Affairs ſoon encreaſed to ſuch an unwieldy Bulk, that *Alethes* took his Leave, and ſaid, He would not engage further than he had an immediate Fund to anſwer. *Veriſimilis* pretended, that though he had Revenues large enough to go on his own Bottom, yet it was below one of his Family to condeſcend to trade in his own Name; therefore he alſo retired. I was extremely troubled, to ſee the glorious Mart of *London* left with no other Guardian but him of Credit. But *Pacolet* told me, That Traders had nothing to do with the *Honour* and *Conſcience* of their Correſpondents, provided they ſupported a general Behaviour in the World, which could not hurt their Credit or their Purſes: For (ſaid he) you may in this one Tract of Building of *London* and *Weſtminſter* ſee the imaginary Motives on which the greateſt Affairs move, as well as in the rambling over the

Face

Face of the Earth. For though *Alethes* is the real Governor, as well as Legiſlator of Mankind, he has very little Buſineſs but to make up Quarrels, and is only a general Referree, to whom every Man pretends to appeal: but is ſatisfied with his Determinations no farther than they promote his own Intereſt. Hence it is, that the Soldier and the Courtier model their Actions according to *Veriſimilis*'s Manner, and the Merchant according to that of *Umbra*. Among theſe Men, Honour and Credit are not valuable Poſſeſſions in themſelves, or purſued out of a Principle of Juſtice; but meerly as they are ſerviceable to Ambition and to Commerce. But the World will never be in any Manner of Order or Tranquillity, till Men are firmly convinced, that Conſcience, Honour and Credit, are all in one Intereſt; and that without the Concurrence of the former, the latter are but Impoſitions upon our ſelves and others. The Force theſe deluſive Words have, is not ſeen in the Tranſactions of the buſy World only, but alſo have their Tyranny over the Fair Sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, what Pangs of Reflection, preferring the Conſideration of her Honour to her Conſcience, has given her? She could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a Gallon this Winter of *Tom Daſſapas*'s Potions; That ſhe ſtill pines away for fear of being a Mother; and knows not, but the Moment ſhe is ſuch, ſhe ſhall be a Murdereſs: But if Conſcience had as ſtrong a Force upon the Mind as Honour, the firſt Step to her unhappy Condition had never been made; ſhe had ſtill been innocent, as ſhe is beautiful. Were Men ſo enlighten'd and ſtudious of their own Good, as to act by the Dictates of their Reaſon and Reflection, and not the Opinion of others, Conſcience would be the ſteady Ruler of humane Life; and the Words, *Truth*, *Law*, *Reaſon*, *Equity* and *Religion*, would be but ſynonymous Terms for that only

only Guide which makes us pass our Days in our own Favour and Approbation.

*Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.*

Nº 49. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 2. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt* 4.

THE Impoſition of honeſt Names and Words upon improper Subjects, has made ſo regular a Confuſion amongſt us, that we are apt to ſit down with our Errors, well enough ſatisfied with the Methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver our ſelves from the Tyranny under which we are reduced by ſuch Innovations. Of all the laudable Motives of humane Life, none has ſuffered ſo much in this Kind, as Love; under which rever'd Name a brutal Deſire call'd Luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a Matron from a Proſtitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. *Philander* the other Day was bewailing this Misfortune with much Indignation, and upbraided me for having ſome Time ſince quoted thoſe excellent Lines of the Satiriſt:

*To an exact Perfection they have brought*
*The Action Love, the Paſſion is forgot.*

HOW could you (ſaid he) leave ſuch a Hint ſo coldly? How could *Aſpaſia* and *Semphronia* enter into your Imagination at the ſame Time, and you never declare to us the different Reception you gave them?

THE

THE Figures which the ancient Mythologiſts and Poets put upon Love and Luſt in their Writings, are very inſtructive. Love is a beauteous blind Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and ſhoots around him, without Deſign or Direction; to intimate to us, that the Perſon beloved has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with; but that the Beauties of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant: They cannot but attract your Concern and Fondneſs, though the Child ſo regarded is as inſenſible of the Value you put upon it, as it is that it deſerves your Benevolence. On the other Side, the Sages figured Luſt in the Form of a Satire; of Shape, Part humane, Part beſtial; to ſignify that the Followers of it proſtitute the Reaſon of a Man to purſue the Appetites of a Beaſt. This Satire is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the Wood-Nymphs and Shepherdeſſes, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, (as the Reſorts of retired Virgins) to ſhew, that lawleſs Deſire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has ſomething ſo unnatural in it, that it hates its own Make, and ſhuns the Object it lov'd, as ſoon as it has made it like it ſelf. Love therefore is a Child that complains and bewails its Inability to help it ſelf, and weeps for Aſſiſtance, without an immediate Reflection or Knowledge of the Food it wants: Luſt, a watchful Thief which ſeizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being Innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the ſame Time.

FROM this Idea of a *Cupid* and a *Satire*, we may ſettle our Notions of theſe different Deſires, and accordingly rank their Followers. *Aſpaſia* muſt therefore be allow'd to be the firſt of the beauteous Order of Love, whoſe unaffected Freedom, and conſcious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Diſtance which we bear towards her in all our

our Thoughts of her, and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, are certain Inſtances of her being the trueſt Object of Love of any of her Sex. In this accompliſh'd Lady, Love is the conſtant Effect, becauſe it is never the Deſign. Yet, though her Mien carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to looſe Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education: For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Perſon in the Lover, a Regard for *Aſpaſia* naturally produces Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers. If therefore the giggling *Lucippe* could but ſee her Train of Fops aſſembled, and *Aſpaſia* move by them, ſhe would be mortified at the Veneration with which ſhe is beheld, even by *Lucippe*'s own unthinking Equipage, whoſe Paſſions have long taken Leave of their Underſtandings.

AS Charity is eſteemed a Conjunction of the good Qualities neceſſary to a virtuous Man, ſo Love is the happy Compoſition of all the Accompliſhments that make a fine Gentleman. The Motive of a Man's Life is ſeen in all his Actions; and ſuch as have the beauteous Boy for their Inſpirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenneſs of Deſire, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the Satire, are ever tortured by Jealouſies of the Object of their Wiſhes; often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often conſciouſly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

*FLORIO*, that generous Husband, and *Limberham*, the kind Keeper, are noted Examples of the different Effects which their Deſires produce in the Mind. *Amanda*, who is the Wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual Enjoyment of new Inſtances of her Husband's Friendſhip, and ſees it the End of all his Ambition to make her Life one Series of Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and *Amanda*'s

Reliſh

Reliſh of the Goods of Life is all that makes them pleaſing to *Florio*: They behave themſelves to each other when preſent with a certain apparent Benevolence, which tranſports above Rapture; and they think of each other in Abſence with a Confidence unknown to the higheſt Friendſhip: Their Satisfactions are doubled, their Sorrows leſſen'd by Participation.

ON the other Hand, *Corinna*, who is the Miſtreſs of *Limberham*, lives in conſtant Torment: Her Equipage is an old Woman, who was what *Coriuna* is now; an antiquated Footman, who was Pimp to *Limberham*'s Father; and a Chambermaid, who is *Limberham*'s Wench by Fits, out of a Principle of Politicks to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this Guard, and in this Converſation, *Corinna* lives in State: The Furniture of her Habitation, and her own gorgeous Dreſs, make her the Envy of all the ſtrolling Ladies in the Town; but *Corinna* knows ſhe herſelf is but Part of *Limberham*'s Houſholdſtuff, and is as capable of being diſpoſed of elſewhere, as any other Moveable. But while her Keeper is perſwaded by his Spies, that no Enemy has been within his Doors ſince his laſt Viſit, no *Perſian* Prince was ever ſo magnificently bountiful: A kind Look or falling Tear is worth a Piece of Brocade, a Sigh is a Jewel, and a Smile is a Cupboard of Plate. All this is ſhar'd between *Corinna* and her Guard in his Abſence. With this great Oeconomy and Induſtry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchaſe the conſtant Tortures of Jealouſy, the Favour of ſpending his Eſtate, and the Opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and deſpiſed. Theſe are the ordinary and common Evils which attend Keepers; and *Corinna* is a Wench but of common Size of Wickedneſs, were you to know what paſſes under the Roof where fair *Meſſalina* reigns with her humble Adorer.

*MESSA-*

*MESSALINA* is the profeſs'd Miſtreſs of Mankind; ſhe has left the Bed of her Husband and beauteous Offspring, to give a Looſe to Want of Shame and Fulneſs of Deſire. Wretched *Nocturnus*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creature fribbles in his Gait, and skuttles from Place to Place to diſpatch his neceſſary Affairs in painful Day-light, that he may return to the conſtant Twilight preſerved in that Scene of Wantonneſs, *Meſſalina*'s Bed-chamber! How does he, while he is abſent from thence, conſider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Potter's Shoulders, the ſpruce Nightcap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows ſhe admits, and profeſſes to approve of. This, alas! is the Gallantry, this the Freedom of our fine Gentlemen: For this they preſerve their Liberty, and keep clear of the Bugbear, Marriage. But he does not underſtand either Vice or Virtue, who will not allow, that Life without the Rules of Morality is a wayward uneaſy Being, with Snatches only of Pleaſure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reaſonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment. I have ſeen in a Play of old *Haywood*'s, a Speech at the End of an Act, which touch'd this Point with much Spirit. He makes a married Man in the Play, upon ſome endearing Occaſion, look at his Spouſe with an Air of Fondneſs, and fall into the following Reflection on his Condition:

*Oh Marriage! Happieſt, eaſieſt, ſafeſt State:*
*Let Debauchees and Drunkards ſcorn thy Rites,*
*Who, in their nauſeous Draughts and Luſts, profane*
*Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.*
*How can the Savage call it Loſs of Freedom,*
*Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze at*
*A faithful, beauteous Friend?*
*Bluſh not, my Fair One, that thy Love applauds thee.*
*Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,*
*That my full Heart o'erflows in Praiſe of thee.*

*Thou*

*Thou art by Law, by Intereſt, Paſſion, mine:*
*Paſſion and Reaſon join in Love of thee.*
*Thus, through a World of Calumny and Fraud,*
*We paſs both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;*
*While in each other's Intereſt and Happineſs,*
*We without Art all Faculties employ,*
*And all our Senſes without Guilt enjoy.*

N° 50. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 4. 1709.

*White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt* 2.

*The Hiſtory of* Orlando *the Fair.* Chap. I.

WHATEVER malicious Men may ſay of our Lucubrations, we have no Deſign but to produce unknown Merit, or place in a proper Light the Actions of our Contemporaries who labour to diſtinguiſh themſelves, whether it be by Vice or Virtue. For we ſhall never give Accounts to the World of any Thing, but what the Lives and Endeavours of the Perſons (of whom we treat) make the Baſis of their Fame and Reputation. For this Reaſon it is to be hoped, that our Appearance is reputed a publick Benefit; and though certain Perſons may turn what we mean for Panegyrick into Scandal, let it be anſwered once for all, That if our Praiſes are really deſigned as Raillery, ſuch malevolent Perſons owe their Safety from it, only to their being too inconſiderable for Hiſtory. It is not every Man who deals in Ratsbane, or is unſeaſonably amorous, that can adorn Story like *Æſculapius*; nor every Stock-jobber of the *India* Company can aſſume the Port, and perſonate the Figure of *Aurengezebe*. My noble Anceſtor, Mr. *Shakeſpear*, who was of the Race of the

the *Staffs*, was not more fond of the memorable Sir *John Falſtaff*, than I am of thoſe Worthies; but the *Latins* have an admirable Admonition expreſs'd in two Words, to wit, *Nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging my ſelf on thoſe delightful Subjects, and calls me to do Juſtice to others, who make no leſs Figures in our Generation: Of ſuch, the firſt and moſt renowned is, that eminent Hero and Lover *Orlando* the Handſome, whoſe Diſappointments in Love, in Gallantry, and in War, have baniſhed him from publick View, and made him voluntarily enter into a Confinement, to which the ungrateful Age would otherwiſe have forced him. Ten *Luſtra* and more are wholly paſs'd ſince *Orlando* firſt appeared in the Metropolis of this Iſland: His Deſcent is noble, his Wit humourous, his Perſon charming. But to none of theſe recommendatory Advantages was his Title ſo undoubted, as that of his Beauty. His Complexion was fair, but his Countenance manly; his Stature of the talleſt, his Shape the moſt exact; and though in all his Limbs he had a Proportion as delicate as we ſee in the Works of the moſt skilful Statuaries, his Body had a Strength and Firmneſs little inferior to the Marble of which ſuch Images are form'd. This made *Orlando* the univerſal Flame of all the Fair Sex; innocent Virgins ſigh'd for him, as *Adonis*; experienced Widows, as *Hercules*. Thus did this Figure walk alone the Pattern and Ornament of our *Species*, but of courſe the Envy of all who had the ſame Paſſions, without his ſuperior Merit and Pretences to the Favour of that enchanting Creature, *Woman*. However, the generous *Orlando* believed himſelf formed for the World, and not to be engroſs'd by any particular Affection. He ſigh'd not for *Delia*, for *Chloris*, for *Chloe*, for *Betty*, nor my Lady, nor for the ready Chambermaid, nor diſtant Baroneſs: *Woman* was his Miſtreſs, and the whole Sex his Seraglio. His Form was always

always irreſiſtible: And if we conſider, that not one of five hundred can bear the leaſt Favour from a Lady without being exalted above himſelf; if alſo we muſt allow, that a Smile from a Side-Box has made *Jack Spruce* half mad; we can't think it wonderful that *Orlando*'s repeated Conqueſts touch'd his Brain: So it certainly did, and *Orlando* became an Enthuſiaſt in Love; and in all his Addreſs, contracted ſomething out of the ordinary Courſe of Breeding and Civility. However, (powerful as he was) he would ſtill add to the Advantages of his Perſon, that of a Profeſſion which the Ladies always favour, and immediately commenced Soldier. Thus equipp'd for Love and Honour, our Hero ſeeks diſtant Climes and Adventures, and leaves the deſpairing Nymphs of *Great Britain* to the Courtſhips of Beaus and Witlings till his Return. His Exploits in foreign Nations and Courts, have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that Veracity which we profeſs in our Narrations: But after many Feats of Arms, (which thoſe who were Witneſſes to them have ſuppreſs'd out of Envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own Mouh in our publick Streets) *Orlando* returns home full, but not loaded with Years. Beaus born in his Abſence made it their Buſineſs to decry his Furniture, his Dreſs, his Manner; but all ſuch Rivalry he ſuppreſſed (as the Philoſopher did the Sceptick, who argued there was no ſuch Thing as Motion) by only moving. The beauteous *Villaria*, who only was formed for his Paramour, became the Object of his Affection. His firſt Speech to her was as follows.

Madam,

*It is not only that Nature has made us two the moſt accompliſhed of each Sex, and pointed to us to obey her Dictates in becoming one; but that there is alſo an Ambition*

*Ambition in following the mighty Perſons you have favoured. Where Kings and Heroes, as great as* Alexander, *or ſuch as could perſonate* Alexander, *have bowed, permit your General to lay his Laurels.*

ACCORDING to *Milton*;

*The Fair with conſcious Majeſty approv'd*
*His pleaded Reaſon.* ——

FORTUNE having now ſupplied *Orlando* with Neceſſaries for his high Taſte of Gallantry and Pleaſure, his Equipage and Oeconomy had ſomething in them more ſumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate Age; therefore his Figure (though highly graceful) appeared ſo exotick, that it aſſembled all the *Britnos* under the Age of ſixteen, who ſaw his Grandeur, to follow his Chariot with Shouts and Acclamations, which he regarded with the Contempt which great Minds affect in the midſt of Applauſes. I remember I had the Honour to ſee him one Day ſtop, and call the Youths about him, to whom he ſpake as follows?

*Good Baſtards* —— *Go to School, and don't loſe your Time in following my Wheels: I am loth to hurt you, becauſe I know not but you are all my own Offspring: Hark'ee, you Sirrah with the white Hair, I am ſure you are mine: There's Half a Crown. Tell your Mother, This, with the Half Crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five Shillings. Thou haſt coſt me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young Dogs, did you never ſee a Man before?* Never ſuch a one as you, Noble General, *replied a Truant from* Weſtminſter. *Sirrah, I believe thee: There is a Crown for thee. Drive on Coachman.*

THIS

THIS Vehicle, though ſacred to Love, was not adorn'd with Doves. Such an Hieroglyphick denoted too languiſhing a Paſſion. *Orlando* therefore gave the Eagle, as being of a Conſtitution which inclined him rather to ſeize his Prey with Talons, than pine for it with Murmurs.

*From my own Apartment, Auguſt 2.*

I have received the following Letter from Mr. *Powell* of the *Bath*, who, I think, runs from the Point between us, which I leave the whole World to judge.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

*SIR*,

'HAVING a great deal of more advantageous Buſineſs at preſent on my Hands, 'I thought to have deferred anſwering your *Tatler* of the 21ſt Inſtant, till the Company was 'gone, and Seaſon over; but having reſolved 'not to regard any Impertinences of your Paper, except what relate particularly to me, I 'am the more eaſily induced to anſwer you (as 'I ſhall find Time to do it:) Firſt, partly leſt 'you ſhould think your ſelf neglected, which I 'have Reaſon to believe you would take heinouſly ill. Secondly, partly becauſe it will encreaſe my Fame, and conſequently my Audience, when all the Quality ſhall ſee with how 'much Wit and Raillery I ſhew you —— I don't 'care a Farthing for you. Thirdly, partly becauſe being *wiehout Books*, if I don't ſhew much 'Learning, it will not be imputed to my having 'none.

'I HAVE travelled *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, 'and fully comprehend whatever any *German* Artiſt in the World can do; yet cannot I imagine,

'gine, why you ſhould endeavour to diſturb the 'Repoſe and Plenty which (though unworthy) I 'enjoy at this Place. It cannot be, that you 'take Offence at my Prologues and Epilogues, 'which you are pleaſed to miſcall Fooliſh and 'Abuſive. No, no, until you give a better, I 'ſhall not forbear thinking that the true Reaſon 'of your picking a Quarrel with me was, be-'cauſe it is more agreeable to your Principles, 'as well as more to the Honour of your aſſured 'Victory, to attack a Governour. Mr. *Iſaac*, 'Mr. *Iſaac*, I can ſee into a Mill-ſtone as far as 'another (as the Saying is.) You are for ſowing 'the Seeds of Sedition and Diſobedience among 'my Puppets, and your Zeal for the (Good old) 'Cauſe would make you perſwade *Punch* to pull 'the String from his Chops, and not move his 'Jaw when I have a Mnid he ſhould harangue. 'Now I appeal to all Men, if this be not con-'trary to that unaccountable and uncontroulable 'Dominion, which by the Laws of Nature I ex-'erciſe over them; for all Sorts of Wood and 'Wire were made for the Uſe and Benefit of 'Man: I have therefore an unqueſtionable Right 'to frame, faſhion, and put them together, as I 'pleaſe; and having made them what they are, 'my Puppets are my Property, and therefore 'my Slaves: Nor is there in Nature any Thing 'more juſt, than the Homage which is paid by a 'leſs to a more excellent Being: So that by the 'Right therefore of a ſuperior Genius, I am 'their ſupreme Moderator, although you would 'inſinuate (agreeably to your levelling Princi-'ples) that I am my ſelf but a great Puppet, 'and can therefore have but a co-ordinate Juriſ-'diction with them. I ſuppoſe I have now ſuffi-'ciently made it appear, that I have a paternal 'Right to keep a Puppet-Show, and this Right 'I will maintain in my Prologues on all Occa-'ſions.

'AND

'AND therefore, if you write a Defence of 'your ſelf againſt this my Self-Defence, I admo-'niſh you to keep within Bounds; for every Day 'will not be ſo propitious to you as the 29th of '*April*; and perhaps my Reſentment may get 'the better of my Generoſity, and I may no 'longer ſcorn to fight one who is not my Equal 'with unequal Weapons: There are ſuch Things 'as *Scandalums Magnatums*; therefore take heed 'hereafter how you write ſuch Things as I can-'not eaſily anſwer, for that will put me in a 'Paſſion.

'I ORDER you to handle only theſe two 'Propoſitions, to which our Diſpute may be re-'duced: The Firſt, Whether I have not an ab-'ſolute Power, whenever I pleaſe, to light a Pipe 'with one of *Punch*'s Legs, or warm my Fingers 'with his whole Carcaſs? The Second, Whether 'the Devil would not be in *Punch*, ſhould he by 'Word or Deed oppoſe my ſovereign Will and 'Pleaſure? And then, perhaps, I may (if I can 'find Leiſure for it) give you the Trouble of a 'ſecond Letter.

'BUT if you intend to tell me of the Origi-'nal of Puppet-Shows, and the ſeveral Changes 'and Revolutions that have happened in them, 'ſince *Theſpis*, and I don't care who, that's *Noli 'me tangere*; I have ſolemnly engaged to ſay no-'thing of what I can't approve. Or, if you talk 'of certain Contracts with the Mayor and Bur-'geſſes, or Fees to the Conſtables, for the Privi-'lege of acting, I will not write one ſingle Word 'about any ſuch Matters; but ſhall leave you 'to be mumbled by the learned and very inge-'nious Author of a late Book, who knows very 'well what's to be ſaid and done in ſuch Caſes. 'He is now ſhuffling the Cards, and dealing to '*Timothy*; but if he wins the Game, I will ſend 'him to play at Backgammon with you; and 'then he will ſatisfy you, that Deuce-Ace makes 'five.

'AND

'AND ſo, ſubmitting my ſelf to be tried by 'my Country, and allowing any Jury of twelve 'good Men, and true, to be that Country; not 'excepting any (unleſs Mr. *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*) to 'be of the Panel, for you are neither good nor 'true; I bid you heartily farewel; and am,

*SIR,*

*Your Loving Friend,*

*Bath, July* 28. Powell.

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*The End of the Firſt Volume.*

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A FAITHFUL

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## Dull as well as ingenious Paſſages

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